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THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA.

BOOK FIRST.

VIII.

PAUL MUNIMENT took a match out of his pocket and lighted it on the sole of his shoe; after which he applied it to a tallow candle which stood in a tin receptacle on the low mantel-shelf. This enabled Hyacinth to perceive a narrow bed in a corner, and a small figure stretched upon it — a figure revealed to him mainly by the bright fixedness of a pair of large eyes, of which the whites were sharply contrasted with the dark pupil, and which gazed at him across a counterpane of gaudy patchwork. The brown room seemed crowded with heterogeneous objects, and had, moreover, for Hyacinth, thanks to a multitude of small prints, both plain and colored, fastened all over the walls, a highly decorated appearance. The little person in the corner had the air of having gone to bed in a picture-gallery, and as soon as Hyacinth became aware of this his impression deepened that Paul Muniment and his sister were very remarkable people. Lady Aurora hovered before him with a kind of drooping erectness, laughing a good deal, vaguely and shyly, as if there were something rather awkward in her being found still on the premises. "Rosy, girl, I've brought you a visitor," Paul

Muniment said. "This young man has walked all the way from Lisson Grove to make your acquaintance." Rosy continued to look at Hyacinth from over her counterpane, and he felt slightly embarrassed, for he had never yet been presented to a young lady in her position. "You must n't mind her being in bed — she's always in bed," her brother went on. "She's in bed just the same as a little trout is in the water."

"Dear me, if I did n't receive company because I was in bed, there would n't be much use, would there, Lady Aurora?"

Rosy made this inquiry in a light, gay tone, darting her brilliant eyes at her companion, who replied, instantly, with still greater hilarity, and in a voice which struck Hyacinth as strange and affected, "Oh, dear, no, it seems quite the natural place!" Then she added, "And it's such a pretty bed, such a comfortable bed!"

"Indeed it is, when your ladyship makes it up," said Rosy; while Hyacinth wondered at this strange phenomenon of a peer's daughter (for he knew she must be that) performing the functions of a housemaid.

"I say, now, you have n't been doing that again to-day?" Muniment asked, punching the mattress of the invalid with a vigorous hand.

"Pray, who would, if I did n't?" Lady Aurora inquired. "It only takes a minute, if one knows how." Her manner was jocosely apologetic, and she seemed to plead guilty to having been absurd; in the dim light Hyacinth thought he saw her blush, as if she were much embarrassed. In spite of her blushing, her appearance and manner suggested to him a personage in a comedy. She sounded the letter *r* peculiarly.

"I can do it, beautifully. I often do it, when Mrs. Major does n't come up," Paul Muniment said, continuing to thump his sister's couch in an appreciative but somewhat subversive manner.

"Oh, I have no doubt whatever!" Lady Aurora exclaimed, quickly. "Mrs. Major must have so very much to do."

"Not in the making-up of beds, I'm afraid; there are only two or three, down there, for so many," Paul Muniment remarked, loudly, and with a kind of incongruous cheerfulness.

"Yes, I have thought a great deal about that. But there would n't be room for more, you know," said Lady Aurora, this time in a very serious tone.

"There's not much room for a family of that sort anywhere — thirteen people, of all ages and sizes," the young man rejoined. "The world's pretty big, but there does n't seem room."

"We are also thirteen at home," said Lady Aurora, laughing again. "We are also rather crowded."

"Surely you don't mean at Inglefield?" Rosy inquired, eagerly, in her dusky nook.

"I don't know about Inglefield. I am so much in town." Hyacinth could see that Inglefield was a subject she wished to turn off, and to do so she added, "We too are of all ages and sizes."

"Well, it's fortunate you are not all *your* size!" Paul Muniment exclaimed, with a freedom at which Hyacinth was rather shocked, and which led him to

suspect that, though his new friend was a very fine fellow, a delicate tact was not his main characteristic. Later, he explained this by the fact that he was rural and provincial, and had not had, like himself, the benefit of metropolitan culture; and later still, he asked himself what, after all, such a character as that had to do with tact or with compliments, and why its work in the world was not most properly performed by the simple exercise of a rude, manly strength.

At this familiar allusion to her stature. Lady Aurora turned hither and thither, a little confusedly; Hyacinth saw her high, lean figure sway to and fro in the dim little room. Her commotion carried her to the door, and with ejaculations of which it was difficult to guess the meaning she was about to depart, when Rosy detained her, having evidently much more social art than Paul. "Don't you see it's only because her ladyship is standing up that she's so, you gump? We are not thirteen, at any rate, and we have got all the furniture we want, so that there's a chair for every one. Do be seated again, Lady Aurora, and help me to entertain this gentleman. I don't know your name, sir; perhaps my brother will mention it when he has collected his wits. I am very glad to see you, though I don't see you very well. Why should n't we light one of her ladyship's candles? It's very different from that common thing."

Hyacinth thought Miss Muniment very charming; he had begun to make her out better by this time, and he watched her little wan, pointed face, framed, on the pillow, by thick black hair. She was a diminutive, dark person, pale and wasted with a lifelong infirmity. Hyacinth thought her manner denoted high cleverness; he judged it impossible to tell her age. Lady Aurora said she ought to have gone, long since; but she seated herself, neverthe-

less, on the chair that Paul pushed toward her.

"Here's a go!" this young man exclaimed. "You told me your name, but I've clean forgotten it." Then, when Paul had announced it again, he said to his sister, "That won't tell you much; there are bushels of Robinsons in the north. But you'll like him; he's a very smart little fellow; I met him at the Poupins." "Puppin" would represent the sound by which he designated the French bookbinder, and that was the name by which Hyacinth always heard him called at Mr. Crookenden's. Hyacinth knew how much nearer to the right thing he himself came.

"Your name, like mine, represents a flower," said the little woman in the bed. "Mine is Rose Muniment, and her ladyship's is Aurora Langrish. That means the morning, or the dawn; it's the most beautiful of all, don't you think so?" Rose Muniment addressed this inquiry to Hyacinth, while Lady Aurora gazed at her shyly and mutely, as if she admired her manner, her self-possession and flow of conversation. Her brother lighted one of the visitor's candles, and the girl went on, without waiting for Hyacinth's response: "Is n't it right that she should be called the dawn, when she brings light where she goes? The Puppins are the charming foreigners I have told you about," she explained to her friend.

"Oh, it's so pleasant knowing a few foreigners!" Lady Aurora exclaimed, with a spasm of expression. "They are often so very fresh."

"Mr. Robinson's a sort of foreigner, and he's very fresh," said Paul Muniment. "He meets Mr. Puppin quite on his own ground. If I had his command of the lingo it would give me a lift."

"I'm sure I should be very happy to help you with your French. I feel the advantage of knowing it," Hyacinth,

remarked, finely, and became conscious that his declaration drew the attention of Lady Aurora towards him; so that he wondered what he could go on to say, to keep at that level. This was the first time he had encountered, socially, a member of that aristocracy to which he had now for a good while known it was Miss Pynsent's theory that he belonged; and the occasion was interesting, in spite of the lady's appearing to have so few of the qualities of her caste. She was about thirty years of age; her nose was large, and, in spite of the sudden retreat of her chin, her face was long and lean. She had the manner of extreme near-sightedness; her front teeth projected from her upper gums, which she revealed when she smiled, and her fair hair in tangled, silky skeins (Rose Muniment thought it too lovely) drooped over her pink cheeks. Her clothes looked as if she had worn them a good deal in the rain, and the note of a certain disrepair in her apparel was given by a hole in one of her black gloves, through which a white finger gleamed. She was plain and diffident, and she might have been poor; but in the fine grain and sloping, shrinking slimness of her whole person, the delicacy of her curious features, and a kind of cultivated quality in her sweet, vague, civil expression there was a suggestion of race, of long transmission, of an organism highly evolved. She was not a common woman; she was one of the caprices of an aristocracy. Hyacinth did not define her in this manner to himself, but he received from her the impression that, though she was a simple creature (which he learned later she was not), aristocracies were complicated things. Lady Aurora remarked that there were many delightful books in French, and Hyacinth rejoined that it was a torment to know that (as he did, very well), when you did n't see your way to getting hold of them. This led Lady Aurora to say, after a moment's

hesitation, that she had a good lot of her own, and that if he liked she should be most happy to lend them to him. Hyacinth thanked her — thanked her even too much, and felt both the kindness and the brilliant promise of the offer (he knew the exasperation of having volumes in his hands, for external treatment, which he could n't take home at night, having tried that system, surreptitiously, during his first weeks at Mr. Crookenden's and come very near losing his place in consequence), while he wondered how it could be put into practice; whether she would expect him to call at her house and wait in the hall till the books were sent out to him. Rose Muniment exclaimed that that was her ladyship all over — always wanting to make up to people for being less fortunate than herself: she would take the shoes off her feet for any one that might take a fancy to them. At this the visitor declared that she would stop coming to see her, if the girl took her up, that way, for everything; and Rosy, without heeding this remonstrance, explained to Hyacinth that she thought it the least she could do to give what she had. She was so ashamed of being rich that she wondered the lower classes did n't break into Inglefield and take possession of all the treasures in the Italian room. She was a tremendous socialist; she was worse than any one — she was worse, even, than Paul.

"I wonder if she is worse than me," Hyacinth said, at a venture, not understanding the allusions to Inglefield and the Italian room, which Miss Muniment made as if she knew all about these places. After Hyacinth knew more of the world he remembered this tone of Muniment's sister (he was to have plenty of observation of it on other occasions) as that of a person who was in the habit of visiting the nobility at their country-seats; she talked about Inglefield as if she had stayed there.

"Hullo, I did n't know you were so

advanced!" exclaimed Paul Muniment, who had been sitting silent, sidewise, in a chair that was too narrow for him, with his big arm hugging the back. "Have we been entertaining an angel unawares?"

Hyacinth seemed to see that he was laughing at him, but he knew the way to face that sort of thing was to exaggerate his meaning. "You did n't know I was advanced? Why, I thought that was the principal thing about me. I think I go about as far as it is possible to go."

"I thought the principal thing about you was that you knew French," Paul Muniment said, with a laugh which showed Hyacinth that he would n't put that ridicule upon him unless he liked him, at the same time that it revealed to him that he himself had just been posturing a little.

"Well, I don't know it for nothing. I'll say something very sharp and clever to you, if you don't look out — just the sort of thing they say so much in French."

"Oh, do say something of that kind; we should enjoy it so much!" cried Rosy, in perfect good faith, clasping her hands in expectation.

The appeal was embarrassing, but Hyacinth was saved from the consequences of it by a remark from Lady Aurora, who quavered out the words after two or three false starts, appearing to address him, now that she spoke to him directly, with a sort of overdone consideration: "I should like so very much to know — it would be so interesting — if you don't mind — how far exactly you do go." She threw back her head very far, and thrust her shoulders forward, and if her chin had been more adapted to such a purpose would have appeared to point it at him.

This challenge was hardly less alarming than the other, for Hyacinth was far from having ascertained the extent of his advance. He replied, however,

with an earnestness with which he tried to make up as far as possible for his vagueness: "Well, I'm very strong indeed. I think I see my way to conclusions from which even M. and Madame Poupin would shrink. Poupin, at any rate; I'm not so sure about his wife."

"I should like so much to know Madame," Lady Aurora murmured, as if politeness demanded that she should content herself with this answer.

"Oh, Puppin is n't strong," said Muniment; "you can easily look over his head. He has a sweet assortment of phrases—they are really pretty things to hear, some of them; but he has n't had a new idea since 1848. It's the old stock faded with being kept in the window. All the same, he warms one up; he has got a spark of the sacred fire. The principal conclusion that Mr. Robinson sees his way to," he added to Lady Aurora, "is that your father ought to have his head chopped off and carried on a pike."

"Ah, yes, the French Revolution."

"Heavens! I don't know anything about your father, ma'am!" Hyacinth interposed.

"Did n't you ever hear of the Earl of Inglefield?" cried Rose Muniment.

"He is one of the best," said Lady Aurora, as if she were pleading for him.

"Very likely, but he is a landlord, and he has an hereditary seat and a park of five thousand acres all to himself, while we are bundled together into this sort of kennel." Hyacinth admired the young man's consistency until he saw that he was chaffing; after which he still admired the way he mixed up merriment with the tremendous opinions our hero was sure he entertained. In his own imagination Hyacinth associated bitterness with the revolutionary passion; but the young chemist, at the same time that he was planning far ahead, seemed capable of turning revolutionists themselves into ridicule, even

for the entertainment of the revolutionized.

"Well, I have told you often enough that I don't go with you at all," said Rose Muniment, whose recumbency appeared not in the least to interfere with her vivacity. "You'll make a tremendous mistake if you try to turn everything round. There ought to be differences, and high and low, and there always will be, true as ever I lie here. I think it's against everything, pulling down them that's above."

"Everything points to great changes in this country, but if once our Rosy's again' them, how can you be sure? That's the only thing that makes me doubt," her brother went on, looking at her with a placidity which showed the habit of indulgence.

"Well, I may be ill, but I ain't buried, and if I'm content with my position—such a position as it is—surely other folk might be with theirs. Her ladyship may think I'm as good as her, if she takes that notion; but she'll have a deal to do to make *me* believe it."

"I think you are much better than I, and I know very few people so good as you," Lady Aurora remarked, blushing, not for her opinions, but for her timidity. It was easy to see that, though she was original, she would have liked to be even more original than she was. She was conscious, however, that such a declaration might appear rather gross to persons who did n't see exactly how she meant it, so she added, as quickly as her hesitating manner permitted, to cover it up, "You know there's one thing you ought to remember, apropos of revolutions and changes and all that sort of thing; I just mention it because we were talking of some of the dreadful things that were done in France. If there were to be a great disturbance in this country—and of course one hopes there won't—it would be my impression that the people would behave in a different way altogether."

"What people do you mean?" Hyacinth allowed himself to inquire.

"Oh, the upper class, the people that have got all the things."

"We don't call them the people," observed Hyacinth, reflecting the next instant that his remark was a little primitive.

"I suppose you call them the wretches, the villains!" Rose Muniment suggested, laughing merrily.

"All the things, but not all the brains," her brother said.

"No, indeed, aren't they stupid?" exclaimed her ladyship. "All the same, I don't think they would go abroad."

"Go abroad?"

"I mean like the French nobles, who emigrated so much. They would stay at home and resist; they would make more of a fight. I think they would fight very hard."

"I'm delighted to hear it, and I'm sure they would win!" cried Rosy.

"They wouldn't collapse, don't you know," Lady Aurora continued. "They would struggle till they were beaten."

"And you think they would be beaten in the end?" Hyacinth asked.

"Oh, dear, yes," she replied, with a familiar brevity at which he was greatly surprised. "But of course one hopes it won't happen."

"I infer from what you say that they talk it over a good deal among themselves, to settle the line they will take," said Paul Muniment.

But Rosy cut in before Lady Aurora could answer. "I think it's wicked to talk it over, and I'm sure we haven't any business to talk it over here! When her ladyship says that the aristocracy will make a fine stand, I like to hear her say it, and I think she speaks in a manner that becomes her own position. But there is something else in her tone which, if I may be allowed to say so, I think a great mistake. If her ladyship expects, in case of the lower classes coming up in that odious manner, to

be let off easily, for the sake of the concessions she may have made in advance, I would just advise her to save herself the disappointment and the trouble. They won't be a bit the wiser, and they won't either know or care. If they are going to trample over their betters, it is n't on account of her having seemed to give up everything to us here that they will let her off. They will trample on her just the same as on the others, and they'll say that she has got to pay for her title and her grand relations and her fine appearance. Therefore I advise her not to waste her good nature in trying to let herself down. When you're up so high as that you've got to stay there; and if Providence has made you a lady, the best thing you can do is to hold up your head. I can promise your ladyship I should."

The close logic of this speech and the quaint self-possession with which the little bedridden speaker delivered it struck Hyacinth as amazing, and confirmed his idea that the brother and sister were a most extraordinary pair. It had a terrible effect upon poor Lady Aurora, by whom so stern a lesson from so humble a quarter had evidently not been expected, and who sought refuge from her confusion in a series of bewildered laughs, while Paul Muniment, with his humorous density, which was deliberate and clever, too, not seeing, or at any rate not heeding, that she had been sufficiently snubbed by his sister, inflicted a fresh humiliation by saying, "Rosy's right, my lady. It's no use trying to buy yourself off. You can't do enough; your sacrifices don't count. You spoil your fun now, and you don't get it made up to you later. To all you people nothing will ever be made up. Enjoy your privileges while they last; it may not be for long."

Lady Aurora listened to him with her eyes on his face; and as they rested there Hyacinth scarcely knew what to make of her expression. Afterward he

thought he could attach a meaning to it. She got up quickly when Muniment had ceased speaking; the movement suggested that she had taken offense, and he would have liked to show her that he thought she had been rather roughly used. But she gave him no chance, not glancing at him for a moment. Then he saw that he was mistaken, and that, if she had flushed considerably, it was only with the excitement of pleasure, the enjoyment of such original talk, and of seeing her friends at last as free and familiar as she wished them to be. "You are the most delightful people — I wish every one could know you!" she broke out. "But I must really be going." She went to the bed, and bent over Rosy and kissed her.

"Paul will see you as far as you like on your way home," this young woman remarked.

Lady Aurora protested against this, but Paul, without protesting in return, only took up his hat and looked at her, smiling, as if he knew his duty; upon which her ladyship said, "Well, you may see me down-stairs; I forgot it was so dark."

"You must take her ladyship's own candle, and you must call a cab," Rosy directed.

"Oh, I don't go in cabs. I walk."

"Well, you may go on the top of a 'bus, if you like; you can't help being superb," Miss Muniment declared, watching her sympathetically.

"Superb? Oh, mercy!" cried the poor devoted, grotesque lady, leaving the room with Paul, who asked Hyacinth to wait for him a little. She neglected to bid good-night to our young man, and he asked himself what was to be hoped from that sort of people, when even the best of them — those that wished to be agreeable to the *demos* — reverted inevitably to the supercilious. She had said no more about lending him her books.

IX.

"She lives in Belgrave Square; she has ever so many brothers and sisters; one of her sisters is married to Lord Warmington," Rose Muniment instantly began, not, apparently, in the least decomposed at being left alone with a strange young man in a room which was now half dark again, thanks to her brother's having carried off the second and more brilliant candle. She was so interested, for the time, in telling Hyacinth the history of Lady Aurora that she appeared not to remember how little she knew about himself. Her ladyship had dedicated her life and her pocket-money to the poor and sick; she cared nothing for parties, and races, and dances, and picnics, and life in great houses, the usual amusements of the aristocracy; she was like one of the saints of old, come to life again, out of a legend. She had made their acquaintance, Paul's and hers, about a year before, through a friend of theirs, such a fine, brave young woman, who was in St. Thomas's Hospital for a surgical operation. She had been laid up there for weeks, during which Lady Aurora, always looking out for those who could n't help themselves, used to come and talk to her and read to her, till the end of her time in the ward, when the poor girl, parting with her kind friend, told her how she knew of another unfortunate creature (for whom there was no place there, because she was incurable), who would be mighty thankful for any little attention of that sort. She had given Lady Aurora the address in Audley Court, and the very next day her ladyship had knocked at their door. It was n't because she was poor — though in all conscience they were pinched enough — but because she had no use of her body. Lady Aurora came very often, for several months, without meeting Paul, because he was always at his

work ; but one day he came home early, on purpose to find her, to thank her for her goodness, and also to see (Miss Muniment rather slyly intimated) whether she were really so good as his extravagant little sister made her out. Rosy had a triumph after that : Paul had to admit that her ladyship was beyond anything that any one in his waking senses would believe. She seemed to want to give up everything to those who were below her, and never to expect any thanks at all. And she was n't always preaching and showing you your duty ; she wanted to talk to you sociable-like, as if you were just her own sister. And *her* own sisters were the highest in the land, and you might see her name in the newspapers the day they were presented to the Queen. Lady Aurora had been presented, too, with feathers in her head and a long tail to her gown ; but she had turned her back upon it all with a kind of terror — a sort of shivering, sinking feeling, which she had often described to Miss Muniment. The day she had first seen Paul was the day they became so intimate (the three of them together), if she might apply such a word as that to such a peculiar connection. The little woman, the little girl, as she lay there (Hyacinth scarcely knew how to characterize her), told our young man a very great secret, in which he found himself too much interested to think of criticising so headlong a burst of confidence. The secret was that, of all the people she had ever seen in the world, her ladyship thought Rosy's Paul the very cleverest. And she had seen the greatest, the most famous, the brightest of every kind, for they all came to stay at Inglefield, thirty and forty of them at once. She had talked with them all and heard them say their best (and you could fancy how they would try to give it out at such a place as that, where there was nearly a mile of conservatories, and a hundred wax candles were lighted at a

time), and at the end of it all she had made the remark to herself — and she had made it to Rosy, too — that there was none of them had such a head on his shoulders as the young man in Audley Court. Rosy would n't spread such a rumor as that in the court itself, but she wanted every friend of her brother's (and she could see Hyacinth was that, by the way he listened) to know what was thought of him by them that had an experience of talent. She did n't wish to give it out that her ladyship had lowered herself in any manner to a person that earned his bread in a dirty shop (clever as he *might* be), but it was easy to see she minded what he said as if he had been a bishop — or more, indeed, for she did n't think much of bishops, any more than Paul himself, and that was an idea she had got from him. Oh, she took it none so ill if he came back from his work before she had gone ; and to-night Hyacinth could see for himself how she had lingered. This evening, she was sure, her ladyship would let him walk home with her half the way. This announcement gave Hyacinth the prospect of a considerable session with his communicative hostess ; but he was very glad to wait, for he was vaguely, strangely excited by her talk, fascinated by the little queer-smelling, high-perched interior, encumbered with relics, treasured and polished, of a poor North Country house, bedecked with penny ornaments, and related in so unexpected a manner to Belgrave Square and the great landed estates. He spent half an hour with Paul Muniment's small, odd, crippled, chattering, clever, trenchant sister, who gave him an impression of education and native wit (she expressed herself far better than Pinnie, or than Millicent Henning), and who startled, puzzled, and at the same time rather distressed him by the manner in which she referred herself to the most abject class — the class that prostrated itself, that was in a fever and flutter in the

presence of its betters. That was Pinnie's turn, of course; but Hyacinth had long ago perceived that his adoptive mother had generations of plebeian patience in her blood, and that, though she had a tender soul, she had not a great one. He was more entertained than afflicted, however, by Miss Muniment's tone, and he was thrilled by the frequency and familiarity of her allusions to a kind of life he had often wondered about; this was the first time he had heard it described with that degree of authority. By the nature of his mind he was perpetually, almost morbidly, conscious that the circle in which he lived was an infinitesimally small, shallow eddy in the roaring vortex of London, and his imagination plunged again and again into the waves that whirled past it and round it, in the hope of being carried to some brighter, happier vision — the vision of societies in which, in splendid rooms, with smiles and soft voices, distinguished men, with women who were both proud and gentle, talked about art, literature, and history. When Rosy had delivered herself to her complete satisfaction on the subject of Lady Aurora, she became more quiet, asking, as yet, however, no questions about Hyacinth, whom she seemed to take very much for granted. He presently remarked that she must let him come very soon again, and he added, to explain this wish, "You know you seem to me very curious people."

Miss Muniment did not in the least repudiate the imputation. "Oh, yes, I dare say we seem very curious. I think we are generally thought so, especially me, being so miserable and yet so lively." And she laughed till her bed creaked again.

"Perhaps it's lucky you are ill; perhaps if you had your health you would be all over the place," Hyacinth suggested. And he went on, candidly, "I can't make it out, your being so up in everything."

"I don't see why you need make it out! But you would, perhaps, if you had known my father and mother."

"Were they such a rare lot?"

"I think you would say so if you had ever been in the mines. Yes, in the mines, where the filthy coal is dug out. That's where my father came from — he was working in the pit when he was a child of ten. He never had a day's schooling in his life; but he climbed up out of his black hole into daylight and air, and he invented a machine, and he married my mother, who came out of Durham, and (by her people) out of the pits and misery, too. My father was short and stumpy, but she was magnificent — the finest woman in the country, and the bravest, and the best. She's in her grave now, and I could n't go to look at it even if it were in the nearest churchyard. My father was small and quick and black: I know I'm just his pattern, barring that *he* did have his legs, when the liquor had n't got into them. But between him and my mother, for grand, high intelligence, there was n't much to choose. But what's the use of brains if you have n't got a backbone? My poor father had no more of that in his character than I have in my poor body. He invented a machine, and he sold it, at Bradford, for fifteen pounds: I mean the whole right of it, and every hope and pride of his family. He was always straying, and my mother was always bringing him back. She had plenty to do, with me a puny, ailing brat from the moment I opened my eyes. Well, one night he strayed so far that he never came back; or only came back a loose bloody bundle of clothes. He had fallen into a gravel-pit; he did n't know where he was going. That's the reason my brother will never touch so much as you could wet your finger with, and that I only have a drop once a week or so, in the way of a strengthener. I take what her ladyship brings me, but I take no more. If

she could have come to us before my mother went, that would have been a saving. I was only nine when my father died, and I'm three years older than Paul. My mother did for us with all her might, and she kept us decent — if such a scrap as me can be said to be decent. At any rate, she kept me alive, and that's a proof she was handy. She went to the wash-tub, and she might have been a queen, as she stood there with her bare arms in the foul linen and her long hair braided on her head. She was wonderful handsome, but he would have been a bold man that would have taken upon himself to tell her so. And it was from her we got our education — she was determined we should rise above the common. You might have thought, in her position, that she couldn't go into such things; but she was a rare one for keeping you at your book. She could hold to her idea when my poor father couldn't; and her idea, for us, was that Paul should get learning and should look after me. You can see for yourself that that's what has come about. How he got it is more than I can say, as we never had a penny to pay for it; and of course my mother's cleverness wouldn't have been of much use if he hadn't been clever himself. Well, it was all in the family. Paul was a boy that would learn more from a yellow placard pasted on a wall, or a time-table at a railway station, than many a young fellow from a year at college. That was his only college, poor lad — picking up what he could. Mother was taken when she was still needed, nearly five years ago. There was an epidemic of typhoid, and of course it must pass me over, the goose of a thing — only that I'd have made a poor feast — and just lay that gallant creature on her back. Well, she never again made it ache over her soapsuds; straight and broad as it was. Not having seen her, you wouldn't believe," said Rosy Muniment, in conclusion;

"but I just wanted you to understand that our parents had intellect, at least, to give us."

Hyacinth listened to this recital with the deepest interest, and without being in the least moved to allow for filial exaggeration; inasmuch as his impression of the brother and sister was such as it would have taken a much more marvelous tale to account for. The very way Rose Muniment sounded the word "intellect" made him feel this; she pronounced it as if she were distributing prizes for a high degree of it. No doubt the tipsy inventor and the queenly laundress had been fine specimens, but that didn't diminish the merit of their highly original offspring. The girl's insistence upon her mother's virtues (even now that her age had become more definite to him he thought of her as a girl) touched in his heart a chord that was always ready to throb — the chord of melancholy, bitter, aimless wonder as to the difference it would have made in *his* spirit if there had been some pure, honorable figure like that to shed her influence over it.

"Are you very fond of your brother?" he inquired, after a little.

The eyes of his hostess glittered at him for a moment. "If you ever quarrel with him, you will see whose side I'll take."

"Ah, before that I shall make you like *me*."

"That's very possible, and you'll see I will fling you over!"

"Why, then, do you object so to his views — his ideas about the way the people will come up?"

"Because I think he'll get over them."

"Never — never!" cried Hyacinth. "I have only known him an hour or two, but I deny that with all my strength."

"Is that the way you are going to make me like you — contradicting me so?" Miss Muniment inquired, with familiar archness.

"What's the use, when you tell me I shall be sacrificed? One might as well perish for a lamb as for a sheep."

"I don't believe you're a lamb at all. Certainly you are not, if you want all the great people pulled down, and the most dreadful scenes enacted."

"Don't you believe in human equality? Don't you want anything done for the groaning, toiling millions — those who have been cheated, and crushed, and bamboozled from the beginning of time?"

Hyacinth asked this question with considerable heat, but the effect of it was to send his companion off into a new fit of laughter. "You say that just like a man that my brother described to me three days ago; a little man at some club, whose hair stood up — Paul imitated the way he glared and screamed. I don't mean that you scream, you know; but you use almost the same words that he did." Hyacinth scarcely knew what to make of this allusion, or of the picture offered to him of Paul Muniment casting ridicule upon those who spoke in the name of the down-trodden. But Rosy went on before he had time to do more than reflect that there would evidently be a great deal more to learn about her brother: "I have n't the least objection to seeing the people improved; but I don't want to see the aristocracy lowered an inch. I like so much to look at it up there."

"You ought to know my aunt Pinnie — she's just such another benighted idolater!" Hyacinth exclaimed.

"Oh, you are making me like you very fast! And pray, who is your aunt Pinnie?"

"She's a dressmaker, and a charming little woman. I should like her to come and see you."

"I'm afraid I'm not in her line — I never had on a dress in my life. But, as a charming woman, I should be delighted to see her."

"I will bring her some day," said Hyacinth. And then he added, rather incongruously, for he was irritated by the girl's optimism, thinking it a shame that her sharpness should be enlisted on the wrong side, "Don't you want, for yourself, a better place to live in?"

She jerked herself up, and for a moment he thought she would jump out of her bed at him. "A better place than this? Pray, how could there be a better place? Every one thinks it's lovely; you should see our view by daylight — you should see everything I've got. Perhaps you are used to something very fine, but Lady Aurora says that in all Belgrave Square there is n't such a cosy little room. If you think I'm not perfectly content, you are very much mistaken."

Such a sentiment as that could only exasperate Hyacinth, and his exasperation made him indifferent to the fact that he had appeared to cast discredit on Miss Muniment's apartment. Pinnie herself, submissive as she was, had spared him that sort of displeasure; she groaned over the dinginess of Lomax Place sufficiently to remind him that she had not been absolutely stultified by misery. "Don't you sometimes make your brother very angry?" he asked, smiling, of Rose Muniment.

"Angry? I don't know what you take us for! I never saw him lose his temper in his life."

"He must be a rum customer! Does n't he really care for — for what we were talking about?"

For a moment Rosy was silent; then she replied, "What my brother really cares for — well, one of these days, when you know, you'll tell me."

Hyacinth stared. "But is n't he tremendously deep in" — He hesitated.

"Deep in what?"

"Well, in what's going on, beneath the surface. Does n't he belong to things?"

"I'm sure I don't know what he be-

longs to — you may ask him!" cried Rosy, laughing gayly again, as the opening door readmitted the subject of their conversation. "You must have crossed the water with her ladyship," she went on. "I wonder who enjoyed their walk most."

"She's a tidy old girl, and she has a goodish stride," said the young man.

"I think she's in love with you, simply, Mr. Muniment."

"Really, my dear, for an admirer of the aristocracy you allow yourself a license," Paul murmured, smiling at Hyacinth.

Hyacinth got up, feeling that really he had paid a long visit; his curiosity was far from satisfied, but there was a limit to the time one should spend in a young lady's sleeping apartment. "Perhaps she is; why not?" he remarked.

"Perhaps she is, then; she's daft enough for anything."

"There have been fine folks before who have patted the people on the back and pretended to enter into their life," Hyacinth said. "Is she only playing with that idea, or is she in earnest?"

"In earnest — in terrible earnest, my dear fellow. I think she must be rather crowded out at home."

"Crowded out of Inglefield? Why there's room for three hundred!" Rosy broke in.

"Well, if that's the kind of mob that's in possession, no wonder she prefers Lambeth. We must be kind to the poor lady," Paul added, in a tone which Hyacinth noticed. He attributed a remarkable meaning to it; it seemed to say that people such as he were now so sure of their game that they could afford to be magnanimous; or else it expressed a prevision of the doom which hung over her ladyship's head. Muniment asked if Hyacinth and Rosy had made friends, and the girl replied that Mr. Robinson had made himself very agreeable. "Then you must tell me all about him after he goes, for you know

I don't know him much myself," said her brother.

"Oh, yes, I'll tell you everything; you know how I like describing."

Hyacinth was laughing to himself at the young lady's account of his efforts to please her, the fact being that he had only listened to her own eager discourse, without opening his mouth; but Paul, whether or no he guessed the truth, said to him, very pertinently, "It's very wonderful: she can describe things she has never seen. And they are just like the reality."

"There's nothing I've never seen," Rosy rejoined. "That's the advantage of my lying here in such a manner. I see everything in the world."

"You don't seem to see your brother's meetings — his secret societies and clubs. You put that aside when I asked you."

"Oh, you must n't ask her that sort of thing," said Paul, lowering at Hyacinth with a fierce frown — an expression which he perceived in a moment to be humorously assumed.

"What am I to do, then, since you won't tell me anything definite yourself?"

"It will be definite enough when you get hanged for it!" Rosy exclaimed, mockingly.

"Why do you want to poke your head into black holes?" Muniment asked, laying his hand on Hyacinth's shoulder, and shaking it gently.

"Don't you belong to the party of action?" said Hyacinth, solemnly.

"Look at the way he has picked up all the silly bits of catchwords!" Paul cried, laughing, to his sister. "You must have got that precious phrase out of the newspapers, out of some drivelling leader. Is that the party you want to belong to?" he went on, with his clear eyes ranging up and down our hero's few inches.

"If you'll show me the thing itself I shall have no more occasion to mind

the newspapers," Hyacinth pleaded. It was his view of himself, and it was not an unfair one, that his was a character that would never beg for a favor; but now he felt that in any relation he might have with Paul Muniment such a law would be suspended. This man he could entreat, pray to, go on his knees to, without a sense of humiliation.

"What thing do you mean, infatuated, deluded youth?" Paul went on, refusing to be serious.

"Well, you know you do go to places you had far better keep out of, and that often when I lie here and listen to steps on the stairs I'm sure they are coming in to make a search for your papers," Miss Muniment lucidly interposed.

"The day they find my papers, my dear, will be the day you'll get up and dance."

"What did you ask me to come home with you for?" Hyacinth demanded, twirling his hat. It was an effort for him, for a moment, to keep the tears out of his eyes; he found himself forced to put such a different construction on his new friend's hospitality. He had had a happy impression that Muniment perceived in him a possible associate, of a high type, in a subterranean crusade against the existing order of things, and now it came over him that the real use he had been put to was to beguile an hour for a pert invalid. That was all very well, and he would sit by Miss Rosy's bedside, were it a part of his service, every day in the week; only in such a case it should be his reward to enjoy the confidence of her brother. This young man, at the present juncture, justified the high estimate that Lady Aurora Langrish had formed of his intelligence: whatever his natural reply to Hyacinth's question would have been, he invented, at the moment, a better one, and said, at random, smiling, and not knowing exactly what he meant,

"What did I ask you to come with me for? To see if you would be afraid."

What there was to be afraid of was to Hyacinth a quantity equally vague; but he rejoined, quickly enough, "I think you have only to try me to see."

"I'm sure, if you introduce him to some of your low, wicked friends, he'll be quite satisfied after he has looked round a bit," Miss Muniment remarked, irrepressibly.

"Those are just the kind of people I want to know," said Hyacinth, ingenuously.

This quality appeared to touch Paul Muniment. "Well, I see you're a good un. Just meet me some night."

"Where, where?" asked Hyacinth, eagerly.

"Oh, I'll tell you where when we get away from *her*," said his friend, laughing, but leading him out of the room again.

X.

Several months after Hyacinth had made the acquaintance of Paul Muniment, Millicent Henning remarked to him that it was high time he should take her to some place of amusement. He proposed the Canterbury Music Hall; whereupon she tossed her head, and remarked that when a young lady had done for a young man what she had done for him, the least he could do was to take her to some theatre in the Strand. Hyacinth would have been a good deal at a loss to say exactly what she had done for him but it was familiar to him, by this time, that she regarded him as under great obligations. From the day she came to look him up in Lomax Place she had taken a position, largely, in his life, and he had seen poor Pinnie's wan countenance grow several degrees more blank. Amanda Pynsent's forebodings had been answered to the letter: that bold-faced apparition had become a permanent influence. She never spoke to him about Millicent but once, several weeks after her interview with

the girl; and this was not in a tone of rebuke, for she had divested herself forever of any maternal prerogative. Tearful, tremulous, deferential inquiry was now her only weapon, and nothing could be more humble and circumspect than the manner in which she made use of it. He was never at home of an evening, at present, and he had mysterious ways of spending his Sundays, with which church-going had nothing to do. The time had been when, often, after tea, he sat near the lamp with the dressmaker, and, while her fingers flew, read out to her the works of Dickens and of Scott; happy hours, when he appeared to have forgotten the wrong she had done him, and she almost forgot it herself. But now he gulped down his tea so fast that he hardly took off his hat while he sat there, and Pinnie, with her quick eye for all matters of costume, noticed that he wore it still more gracefully askew than usual, with a little victorious, exalted air. He hummed to himself; he fingered his mustache; he looked out of the window when there was nothing to look at; he seemed preoccupied, absorbed in intellectual excursions, half anxious and half delighted. During the whole winter Miss Pynsent explained everything by three words murmured beneath her breath: "That forward jade." On the single occasion, however, on which she sought relief from her agitation in an appeal to Hyacinth, she did not trust herself to designate the girl by any epithet or title.

"There is only one thing I want to know," she said to him, in a manner which might have seemed casual if in her silence, knowing her as well as he did, he had not already perceived the implication of her thought. "Does she expect you to marry her, dearest?"

"Does who expect me? I should like to see the woman who does!"

"Of course you know who I mean. The one that came after you — and picked you right up — from the other

end of London." And at the remembrance of that insufferable scene poor Pinnie flamed up for a moment. "Isn't there plenty of young fellows down in that low part where she lives, without her ravaging over here? Why can't she stick to her own beat, I should like to know?" Hyacinth had flushed at this inquiry, and she saw something in his face which made her change her tone. "Just promise me this, my precious child: that if you get into any sort of mess with that piece you'll immediately confide it to your poor old Pinnie."

"My poor old Pinnie sometimes makes me quite sick," Hyacinth remarked, for answer. "What sort of a mess do you suppose I'll get into?"

"Well, suppose she does come it over you that you promised to marry her?"

"You don't know what you're talking about. She does n't want to marry any one to-day."

"Then what does she want to do?"

"Do you suppose I would tell a lady's secrets?" the young man inquired.

"Dear me, if she was a lady, I should n't be afraid!" said Pinnie.

"Every woman's a lady when she has placed herself under one's protection," Hyacinth rejoined, with his little manner of a man of the world.

"Under your protection? Laws!" cried Pinnie, staring. "And pray, who's to protect *you*?"

As soon as she had said this she repented, because it seemed just the sort of exclamation that would have made Hyacinth bite her head off. One of the things she loved him for, however, was that he gave you touching surprises in this line, had sudden inconsistencies of temper that were all for your advantage. He was by no means always mild when he ought to have been, but he was sometimes so when there was no obligation. At such moments Pinnie wanted to kiss him, and she had often tried to make Mr. Vetch understand

what a fascinating trait of character this was on the part of their young friend. It was rather difficult to describe, and Mr. Vetch never would admit that he understood, or that he had observed anything that seemed to correspond to the dressmaker's somewhat confused psychological sketch. It was a comfort to her in these days, and almost the only one she had, that she was sure Theophilus Vetch understood a good deal more than he felt bound to acknowledge. He was always up to his old game of being a great deal cleverer than cleverness itself required; and it consoled her present weak, pinched feeling to know that, although he still talked of the boy as if it would be a pity to take him too seriously, that was n't the way he thought of him. He also took him seriously, and he had even a certain sense of duty in regard to him. Miss Pynsent went so far as to say to herself that the fiddler probably had savings, and that no one had ever known of any one else belonging to him. She would n't have mentioned it to Hyacinth for the world, for fear of leading up to a disappointment; but she had visions of a foolscap sheet, folded away in some queer little bachelor's box (she could n't fancy what men kept in such places), on which Hyacinth's name would have been written down, in very big letters, before a solicitor.

"Oh, I'm unprotected, in the nature of things," he replied, smiling at his too scrupulous companion. Then he added, "At any rate, it isn't from that girl any danger will come to me."

"I can't think why you like her," Pinnie remarked, as if she had spent on the subject treasures of impartiality.

"It's jolly to hear one woman on the subject of another," Hyacinth said. "You're kind and good, and yet you're ready" — He gave a philosophic sigh.

"Well, what am I ready to do? I'm not ready to see you gobbled up before my eyes!"

"You need n't be afraid; she won't drag me to the altar."

"And pray, does n't she think you good enough — for one of the Hennings?"

"You don't understand, my poor Pinnie," said Hyacinth, wearily. "I sometimes think there is n't a single thing in life that you understand. One of these days she'll marry an alderman."

"An alderman — that creature?"

"An alderman, or a banker, or a bishop, or some one of that kind. She does n't want to end her career to-day; she wants to begin it."

"Well, I wish she would take you later!" the dressmaker exclaimed.

Hyacinth said nothing for a moment; then he broke out: "What are you afraid of? Look here, we had better clear this up, once for all. Are you afraid of my marrying a girl out of a shop?"

"Oh, you would n't, would you?" cried Pinnie, with a kind of conciliatory eagerness. "That's the way I like to hear you talk!"

"Do you think I would marry any one who would marry me?" Hyacinth went on. "The kind of girl who would look at me is the kind of girl I would n't look at." He struck Pinnie as having thought it all out; which did not surprise her, as she had been familiar, from his youth, with his way of following things up. But she was always delighted when he made a remark which showed he was conscious of being of fine clay — flashed out an allusion to his not being what he seemed. He was not what he seemed, but even with Pinnie's valuable assistance he had not succeeded in representing to himself, very definitely, what he was. She had placed at his disposal, for this purpose, a passionate optimism which, employed in some larger cause, might have been termed profligate, and which never cost her a scruple or a compunction.

"I'm sure a princess might look at

you and be none the worse!" she declared, in her delight at this assurance, more positive than any she had yet received, that he was safe from the worst danger. This the dressmaker considered to be the chance of his marrying some person like herself. Still it came over her that his taste might be lowered, and before the subject was dropped, on this occasion, she said to him that of course he must be quite aware of all that was wanting to such a girl as Millicent Henning — she pronounced her name at last.

"Oh, I don't bother about what's wanting to her; I'm content with what she has."

"Content, dearest — how do you mean?" the little dressmaker quavered. "Content to make an intimate friend of her?"

"It is impossible I should discuss these matters with you," Hyacinth replied, grandly.

"Of course I see that. But I should think she would bore you, sometimes," Miss Pynsent murmured, cunningly.

"She does, I assure you, to extinction!"

"Then why do you spend every evening with her?"

"Where should you like me to spend my evenings? At some beastly public house — or at the Italian opera?" His association with Miss Henning was not so close as that, but nevertheless he wouldn't take the trouble to prove to poor Pinnie that he enjoyed her society only two or three times a week; that on other evenings he simply strolled about the streets (this boyish habit clung to him), and that he had even occasionally the resource of going to the Poupins', or of gossiping and smoking a pipe at some open house-door, when the night was not cold, with a fellow-mechanic. Later in the winter, after he had made Paul Muniment's acquaintance, the aspect of his life changed considerably, though Millicent continued to

be exceedingly mixed up with it. He hated the taste of liquor, and, still more, the taste of the places where it was sold; besides which the types of misery and vice that one was liable to see collected in them frightened and harrowed him, made him ask himself questions that pierced the deeper because they were met by no answer. It was both a blessing and a drawback to him that the delicate, charming character of the work he did at Mr. Crookenden's, under Eustache Poupin's influence, was a kind of education of the taste, trained him in the finest discriminations, in the perception of beauty and the hatred of ugliness. This made the brutal, garish, stodgy decoration of public houses, with their deluge of gaslight, their glittering brass and pewter, their lumpish woodwork and false colors, detestable to him; he was still very young when the "gin palace" ceased to convey to him an idea of the palatial.

For this unfortunate but remarkably organized youth, every displeasure or gratification of the visual sense colored his whole mind, and though he lived in Lomax Place and worked in Soho, though he was poor, and obscure, and cramped, and full of unattainable desires, it may be said of him that what was most important in life for him was simply his impressions. They came from everything he touched, they kept him thrilling and throbbing during a considerable part of his waking consciousness, and they constituted, as yet, the principal events and stages of his career. Fortunately, they were sometimes very delightful. Everything in the field of observation suggested this or that; everything struck him, penetrated, stirred; he had, in a word, more impressions than he knew what to do with — felt, sometimes, as if they would consume or asphyxiate him. He liked to talk about them, but it was only a few, here and there, that he could discuss with Millicent Henning. He let Miss

Pynsent imagine that his hours of leisure were almost exclusively dedicated to this young lady, because, as he said to himself, if he were to account to her for every evening in the week, it would make no difference — she would stick to her suspicion; and he referred this perversity to the general weight of misconception under which (at this crude period of his growth) he held it was his lot to languish. It did n't matter to one whether one were a little more or a little less misunderstood. He might have remembered that it mattered to Pinnie, who, after her first relief at hearing him express himself so properly on the subject of a matrimonial connection with Miss Henning, allowed her faded, kind, weak face, little by little, to lengthen out to its old solemnity. This came as the days went on, for it was n't much comfort that he didn't want to marry the young woman in Pimlico, when he allowed himself to be held as tight as if he did. For the present, indeed, she simply said, "Oh, well, if you see her as she is, I don't care what you do" — a sentiment implying a certain moral recklessness on the part of the good little dressmaker. She was irreproachable herself, but she had lived for more than fifty years in a world of wickedness; like an immense number of London women of her class and kind, she had acquired a certain innocent cynicism, and she judged it quite a minor evil that Millicent should be left lamenting, if only Hyacinth might get out of the scrape. Between a forsaken maiden and a premature, lowering marriage for her beloved little boy, she very well knew which she preferred. It should be added that her impression of Millicent's power to take care of herself was such as to make it absurd to pity her in advance. Pinnie thought Hyacinth the cleverest young man in the world, but her state of mind implied somehow that the young lady in Pimlico was cleverer. Her ability, at any rate,

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was of a kind that precluded the idea of suffering, whereas Hyacinth's was rather associated with it.

By the time he had enjoyed for three months the acquaintance of the brother and sister in Audley Court the whole complexion of his life seemed changed; it was pervaded by an interest, an excitement, which overshadowed, though it by no means supplanted, the brilliant figure of Miss Henning. It was pitched in a higher key, altogether, and appeared to command a view of horizons equally fresh and vast. Millicent, therefore, shared her dominion, without knowing exactly what it was that drew her old playfellow off, and without indeed demanding of him an account which, on her own side, she was not prepared to give. Hyacinth was, in the language of the circle in which she moved, her fancy, and she was content to occupy, as regards himself, the same graceful and somewhat irresponsible position. She had an idea that she was a most beneficent friend: fond of him and careful of him as an elder sister might be; warning him as no one else could do against the dangers of the town; putting that sharp common sense, of which she was convinced that she possessed an extraordinary supply, at the service of his incurable verdancy; and looking after him, generally, as no one, poor child, had ever done. Millicent made light of the little dressmaker, in this view of Hyacinth's past (she thought Pinnie no better than a starved cat), and enjoyed herself immensely in the character of guide and philosopher, while she pushed the young man with a robust elbow, or said to him, "Well, you *are* a sharp one, you are!" Her theory of herself, as we know, was that she was the sweetest girl in the world, as well as the cleverest and handsomest, and there could be no better proof of her kindness of heart than her disinterested affection for a snippet of a bookbinder. Her sociability was certainly great, and so were her vanity, her

grossness, her presumption, her appetite for beer, for buns, for entertainment of every kind. She represented, for Hyacinth, during this period, the eternal feminine, and his taste, considering that he was fastidious, will be wondered at; it will be judged that she did not represent it very favorably.

It may easily be believed that he scrutinized his infatuation, even while he gave himself up to it, and that he often wondered that he should care for a girl in whom he found so much to object to. She was vulgar, clumsy, and grotesquely ignorant; her conceit was proportionate, and she had not a grain of tact or of quick perception. And yet there was something so fine about her, to his imagination, and she carried with such an air the advantages she did possess, that her figure constantly mingled itself even with those bright visions that hovered before him after Paul Muniment had opened a mysterious window. She was bold, and free, and generous, and if she was coarse she was neither false nor hard. She laughed with the laugh of the people, and if you hit her hard enough she would cry with its tears. When Hyacinth was not letting his imagination wander among the haunts of the aristocracy, and fancying himself stretched in the shadow of an ancestral beech, reading the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, he was occupied with contemplations of a very different kind; he was absorbed in the struggles and sufferings of the millions whose life flowed in the same current as his, and who, though they constantly excited his disgust, and made him shrink and turn away, had the power to chain his sympathy, to make it glow to a kind of ecstasy, to convince him, for the time at least, that real success in the world would be to do something with them and for them. All this, strange to say, was never so vivid to him as when he was in Millicent's company; which is a proof of his fantastic, erratic way of seeing

things. She had no such ideas about herself; they were almost the only ideas she did n't have. She had no theories about redeeming or uplifting the people; she simply loathed them, because they were so dirty, with the outspoken violence of one who had known poverty, and the strange bedfellows it makes, in a very different degree from Hyacinth, brought up, comparatively, with Pinnie to put sugar in his tea, and keep him supplied with neckties, like a little swell.

Millicent, to hear her talk, only wanted to keep her skirts clear, and marry some respectable tea-merchant. But for our hero she was magnificently plebeian, in the sense that implied a kind of loud recklessness of danger, and the qualities that shine forth in a row. She summed up the sociable, humorous, ignorant chatter of the masses, their capacity for offensive and defensive passion, their instinctive perception of their strength on the day they should really exercise it; and as much as any of this, their ideal of something smug and prosperous, where washed hands, and plates in rows on dressers, and stuffed birds under glass, and family photographs, would symbolize success. She was none the less plucky for being at bottom a shameless Philistine, ambitious of a front garden with rockwork; and she presented the plebeian character in none the less plastic a form. Having the history of the French Revolution at his fingers' ends, Hyacinth could easily see her (if there should ever be barricades in the streets of London), with a red cap of liberty on her head, and her white throat bared so that she should be able to shout the louder the Marseillaise of that hour, whatever it might be. If the festival of the Goddess of Reason should ever be enacted in the British metropolis (and Hyacinth could consider such possibilities without a smile, so much was it a part of the little religion he had to remember, always that there was no knowing what might happen)—if this solemnity, I say, should

be revived in Hyde Park, who was better designated than Miss Henning to figure in a grand, statuesque manner, as the heroine of the occasion? It was plain that she had laid her inconsequent admirer under a peculiar spell, since he could associate her with such scenes as that while she consumed beer and buns at his expense. If she had a weakness, it was for prawns; and she had, all winter, a plan for his taking her down to Gravesend, where this luxury was cheap and abundant, when the fine, long days should arrive. She was never so frank and humorous as when she dwelt on the details of a project of this kind, and then Hyacinth was reminded afresh that it was an immense good fortune for her that she was handsome. If she had been ugly he could n't have listened to her; but her beauty glorified even her accent, interfused her cockney genius with prismatic hues, gave her a large and constant impunity.

XI.

She desired at last to raise their common experience to a loftier level, to enjoy what she called a high-class treat. Their conversation was condemned, for the most part, to go forward in the streets, the wintry, dusky, foggy streets, which looked bigger and more numerous in their perpetual obscurity, and in which everything was covered with damp, gritty smut, an odor extremely agreeable to Miss Henning. Happily, she shared Hyacinth's relish of vague perambulation, and was still more addicted than he to looking into the windows of shops, before which, in long, contemplative halts, she picked out freely the articles she should n't mind calling her own. Hyacinth always pronounced the objects of her selection hideous, and made no scruple to tell her that she had the worst taste of any girl in the place. Nothing that he could say to her affronted her so much, as her pretensions in the way

of a cultivated judgment were boundless. Had not, indeed, her natural aptitude been fortified, in the Buckingham Palace Road (there was scarcely anything they did n't sell, in the great shop of which she was an ornament), by daily contact with the freshest products of modern industry? Hyacinth laughed this establishment to scorn, and told her there was nothing in it, from top to bottom, that a real artist would look at. She inquired, with answering derision, if this were a description of his own few inches; but in reality she was fascinated, as much as she was provoked, by his air of being difficult to please, of seeing indescribable differences among things. She had given herself out, originally, as very knowing, but he *could* make her feel stupid. When, once in a while, he pointed out a commodity that he condescended to like (this did n't happen often, because the only shops in which there was a chance of his making such a discovery were closed at night-fall), she stared, bruised him more or less with her elbow, and declared that if any one should give her such a piece of rubbish she would sell it for fourpence. Once or twice she asked him to be so good as to explain to her in what its superiority consisted — she could not rid herself of a suspicion that there might be something in his opinion, and she was angry at not finding herself as positive as any one. But Hyacinth replied that it was no use attempting to tell her; she would n't understand, and she had better continue to admire the insipid productions of an age which had lost the sense of quality — a phrase which she remembered, proposing to herself, even, to make use of it, on some future occasion, but was quite unable to interpret.

When the young man demeaned himself in this manner it was not with a view of strengthening the tie which united him to his childhood's friend; but the effect followed, on Millicent's side, and the girl was proud to think that she

was in possession of a young man whose knowledge was of so high an order that it was inexpressible. In spite of her vanity, she was not so convinced of her perfection as not to be full of ungratified aspirations; she had an idea that it might be to her advantage some day to exhibit a sample of that learning; and at the same time, when, in consideration, for instance, of a jeweler's gas-lighted display in Great Portland Street, Hyacinth lingered for five minutes in perfect silence, while she delivered herself according to her wont at such junctures, she was a thousand miles from guessing the feelings which made it impossible for him to speak. She could long for things she was not likely to have; envy other people for possessing them, and say it was a regular shame (she called it a *shime*); draw brilliant pictures of what she should do with them if she did have them; and pass immediately, with a mind unencumbered by superfluous inductions, to some other topic, equally intimate and personal. The sense of privation, with her, was often extremely acute; but she could always put her finger on the remedy. With the imaginative, airy-minded little bookbinder the case was very different; the remedy, with him, was terribly vague and impracticable. He was liable to moods in which the sense of exclusion from all that he would have liked most to enjoy in life settled upon him like a pall. They had a bitterness, but they were not invidious — they were not moods of vengeance, of imaginary spoliation: they were simply states of paralyzing melancholy, of infinite sad reflection, in which he felt that in this world of effort and suffering life was endurable, the spirit able to expand, only in the best conditions, and that a sordid struggle, in which one should go down to the grave without having tasted them, was not worth the misery it would cost, the dull demoralization it would entail.

In such hours the great roaring, indifferent world of London seemed to him a huge organization for mocking at his poverty, at his inanition; and then its vulgarest ornaments, the windows of third-rate jewelers, the young man in a white tie and a crush hat who dandled by, on his way to a dinner party, in a hansom that nearly ran over one — these familiar phenomena, because symbolic, insolent, defiant, took upon themselves to make him smart with the sense that *he* was out of it. He felt, moreover, that there was no consolation or refutation in saying to himself that the immense majority of mankind were out of it with him, and appeared to put up well enough with the annoyance — that was their own affair; he knew nothing of their reasons or their resignation, and if they chose neither to rebel nor to compare, he, at least, among the disinherited, would keep up the standard. When these fits were upon the young man, his brothers of the people fared, collectively, badly at his hands; their function then was to represent in massive shape precisely the groveling interests which demanded one's contempt, and the only acknowledgment one owed them was for the completeness of the illustration. Everything which, in a great city, could touch the sentient faculty of a youth on whom nothing was lost ministered to his conviction that there was no possible good fortune in life too delicate for him to appreciate — no privilege, no opportunity, no luxury, to which he should not do justice. It was not so much that he wished to enjoy as that he wished to know; his desire was not to be pampered, but to be initiated. Sometimes, of a Saturday, in the long evenings of June and July, he made his way into Hyde Park at the hour when the throng of carriages, of riders, of brilliant pedestrians, was thickest; and though lately, on two or three of these occasions, he had been accompanied by Miss Henning, whose criticism of th-

scene was loud and distinct, a tremendous little drama had taken place, privately, in his soul. He wanted to drive in every carriage, to mount on every horse, to feel on his arm the hand of every pretty woman in the place. In the midst of this his sense was vivid that he belonged to the class whom the upper ten thousand, as they passed, did n't so much as rest their eyes upon for a quarter of a second. They looked at Millicent, who was safe to be looked at anywhere, and was one of the handsomest girls in any company, but they only reminded him of the high human walls, the deep gulfs of tradition, the steep embankments of privilege, and dense layers of stupidity which fenced him off from social recognition.

And this was not the fruit of a morbid vanity on his part, or of a jealousy that could not be intelligent; his personal discomfort was the result of an exquisite admiration for what he had missed. There were individuals whom he followed with his eyes, with his thoughts, sometimes even with his steps; they seemed to tell him what it was to be the flower of a high civilization. At moments he was aghast when he reflected that the cause he had secretly espoused, the cause from which M. Poupin and Paul Muniment (especially the latter) had within the last few months drawn aside the curtain, proposed to itself to bring about a state of things in which that particular scene would be impossible. It made him even rather faint to think that he must choose; that he could n't (with any respect for his own consistency) work, underground, for the enthronement of the democracy, and continue to enjoy, in however platonic a manner, a spectacle which rested on a hideous social inequality. He must either suffer with the people, as he had suffered before, or he must apologize to others, as he sometimes came so near doing to himself, for the rich; inasmuch as the day was certainly near when

these two mighty forces would come to a death-grapple. Hyacinth thought himself obliged, at present, to have reasons for his feelings; his intimacy with Paul Muniment, which had now grown very great, laid a good deal of that sort of responsibility upon him. Muniment laughed at his reasons, whenever he produced them, but he appeared to expect him, nevertheless, to have them ready, on demand, and Hyacinth had an immense desire to do what he expected. There were times when he said to himself that it might very well be his fate to be divided, to the point of torture, to be split open by sympathies that pulled him in different ways; for had n't he an extraordinarily mingled current in his blood, and from the time he could remember was there not one half of him that seemed to be always playing tricks on the other, or getting snubs and pinches from it?

That dim, dreadful, confused legend of his mother's history, as regards which what Pinnie had been able to tell him when he first began to question her was at once too much and too little — this stupefying explanation had supplied him, first and last, with a hundred different theories of his identity. What he knew, what he guessed, sickened him, and what he did n't know tormented him; but in his illuminated ignorance he had fashioned forth an article of faith. This had gradually emerged from the depths of darkness in which he found himself plunged as a consequence of the challenge he had addressed to Pinnie — while he was still only a child — on the memorable day which transformed the whole face of his future. It was one January afternoon. He had come in from a walk; she was seated at her lamp, as usual with her work, and she began to tell him of a letter that one of the lodgers had got, describing the manner in which his brother-in-law's shop, at Nottingham, had been rifled by burglars. He listened to her story, stand-

ing in front of her, and then, by way of response, he said to her, "Who was that woman you took me to see ever so long ago?" The expression of her white face, as she looked up at him, her fear of such an attack all dormant, after so many years — her strange, scared, sick glance was a thing he could never forget, any more than the tone, with her breath failing her, in which she had repeated, "That woman?"

"That woman, in the prison, years ago — how old was I? — who was dying, and who kissed me so — as I have never been kissed, as I never shall be again! Who *was* she, who *was* she?" Poor Pinnie, to do her justice, had made, after she recovered her breath, a gallant fight: it lasted a week; it was to leave her spent and sore forevermore, and before it was over Theophilus Vetch had been called in. At his instance she retracted the falsehoods with which she had tried to put him off, and she made, at last, a confession, a report, which he had reason to believe was as complete as her knowledge. Hyacinth could never have told you why the crisis occurred on such a day, why his question broke out at that particular moment. The strangeness of the matter to himself was that the germ of his curiosity should have developed so slowly; that the haunting wonder, which now, as he looked back, appeared to fill his whole childhood, should only after so long an interval have crept up to the air. It was only, of course, little by little that he had recovered his bearings in his new and more poignant consciousness; little by little that he reconstructed his antecedents, took the measure, so far as was possible, of his heredity. His having the courage to disinter, in the Times, in the reading-room of the British Museum, a report of his mother's trial for the murder of Lord Frederick Purvis, which was very copious, the affair having been quite a *cause célèbre*; his resolution in sitting under that splendid

dome, and, with his head bent to hide his hot eyes, going through every syllable of the ghastly record, had been an achievement of comparatively recent years. There were certain things that Pinnie knew which appalled him; and there were others, as to which he would have given his hand to have some light, that it made his heart ache supremely to find she was honestly ignorant of. He scarcely knew what sort of favor Mr. Vetch wished to make with him (as a compensation for the precious part he had played in the business years before), when the fiddler permitted himself to pass judgment on the family of the wretched young nobleman for not having provided in some manner for the infant child of his assassin. Why should they have provided, when it was evident that they refused absolutely to recognize his lordship's responsibility? Pinnie had to admit this, under Hyacinth's terrible cross-questioning; she could not pretend, with any show of evidence, that Lord Whiteroy and the other brothers (there had been no less than seven, most of them still living) had, at the time of the trial, given any symptom of believing Florentine Vivier's asseverations. That was their affair; he had long since made up his mind that his own was very different. One could not believe at will, and fortunately, in the case, he had no effort to make; for from the moment he began to consider the established facts (few as they were, and poor and hideous) he regarded himself, irresistibly, as the son of the recreant, sacrificial Lord Frederick.

He had no need to reason about it; all his nerves and pulses pleaded and testified. His mother had been a daughter of the wild French people (all that Pinnie could tell him of her parentage was that Florentine had once mentioned that in her extreme childhood her father had fallen, in the blood-stained streets of Paris, on a barricade, with his gun in his hand); but on the other side it took

an English aristocrat — though a poor specimen, apparently, had to suffice — to account for him. This, with its further implications, became Hyacinth's article of faith; the reflection that he was a bastard involved in a remarkable manner the reflection that he was a gentleman. He was conscious that he did n't hate the image of his father, as he might have been expected to do; and he supposed this was because Lord Frederick had paid so tremendous a penalty. It was in the exaction of that penalty that the moral proof, for Hyacinth, resided; his mother would not have armed herself on account of any injury less cruel than the episode of which her miserable baby was the living sign. She had avenged herself because she had been thrown over, and the bitterness of that wrong had been in the fact that he, Hyacinth, lay there in her lap. *He* was the one to have been killed: that remark our young man often made to himself. That his attitude on this whole subject was of a tolerably exalted, transcendent character, and took little account of any refutation that might be based on a vulgar glance at three or four facts, is proved by the importance that he attached, for instance, to the name by which his mother had told poor Pinnie (when this excellent creature consented to take him) that she wished him to be called. Hyacinth had been the name of her father, a republican clockmaker, the martyr of his opinions, whose memory she professed to worship; and when Lord Frederick insinuated himself into her confidence he had reasons for preferring to be known as plain Mr. Robinson — reasons, however, which, in spite of the light thrown upon them at the trial, it was difficult, after so many years, to enter into.

Hyacinth never knew that Mr. Vetch had said more than once to Pinnie, "If her contention as regards that dissolute young swell was true, why did n't she make the child bear his real name,

instead of his false one?" — an inquiry which the dressmaker answered with some ingenuity, by remarking that she could n't call him after a man she had murdered, and that she supposed the unhappy girl did n't wish to publish to every one the boy's connection with a crime that had been so much talked about. If Hyacinth had assisted at this little discussion, it is needless to say that he would have sided with Miss Pynsent; though that his judgment was independently formed is proved by the fact that Pinnie's fearfully indiscreet attempts at condolence should not have made him throw up his version in disgust. It was after the complete revelation that he understood the romantic innuendoes with which his childhood had been surrounded, and of which he had never caught the meaning; they having seemed but part and parcel of the habitual and promiscuous divagations of his too constructive companion. When it came over him that, for years, she had made a fool of him, to himself and to others, he could have beaten her, for grief and shame; and yet, before he administered this rebuke, he had to remember that she only chattered (though she professed to have been extraordinarily dumb) about a matter which he spent nine tenths of his time in brooding over. When she tried to console him for the horror of his mother's history by decanting on the glory of the Purvises, and reminding him that he was related, through them, to half the aristocracy of England, he felt that she was turning the tragedy of his life into a monstrous farce; and yet he none the less continued to cherish the belief that he was a gentleman born. He allowed her to tell him nothing about the family in question, and his stoicism on this subject was one of the reasons of the deep dejection of her later years. If he had only let her brag to him a little about himself, she would have felt that she was making up, by so much, for her

grand mistake. He sometimes saw the name of his father's relations in the newspaper, but he always turned away his eyes from it. He had nothing to ask of them, and he wished to prove to himself that he could ignore them (who had been willing to let him die like a rat) as completely as they ignored him. Decidedly, he cried to himself at times, he was with the people, and every possible vengeance of the people, as against such shameless egoism as that; but all the same he was happy to feel that he had blood in his veins that would account for the finest sensibilities.

He had no money to pay for places at a theatre in the Strand; Millicent Henning having made it clear to him that on this occasion she expected something better than the pit. "Should you like the royal box, or a couple of stalls at ten shillings apiece?" he asked of her, with a frankness of irony which, with this young lady, fortunately, it was perfectly possible to practice. She had answered that she would content herself with a seat in the second balcony, in the very front; and as such a position involved an expenditure which he was still unable to meet, he waited one night upon Mr. Vetch, to whom he had already, more than once, had recourse in moments of pecuniary embarrassment. His relations with the caustic fiddler were peculiar; they were much better in fact than they were in theory. Mr. Vetch had let him know — long before this, and with the purpose of covering Pinnie to the utmost — the part he had played when the question of the child's being taken to Milbank was so distressingly presented; and Hyacinth, in the face of this information, had inquired, with some sublimity, what the devil the fiddler had to do with his private affairs. Theophilus Vetch had replied that it was not as an affair of his, but as an affair of Pinnie's, that he had considered the matter; and Hyacinth afterwards had let the question drop, though

he had never been formally reconciled to his officious neighbor. Of course his feeling about him had been immensely modified by the trouble Mr. Vetch had taken to get him a place with old Crookenden; and at the period of which I write it had long been familiar to him that the fiddler did not care a straw what he thought of his advice at the famous crisis, and entertained himself with watching the career of so curiously concocted a youth. It was impossible to Hyacinth not to perceive that the old man's interest was kindly, and to-day, at any rate, our hero would have declared that nothing could have made up to him for not knowing the truth, horrible as the truth might be. His miserable mother's embrace seemed to furnish him with an inexhaustible fund of motive, and, under the circumstances, that was a benefit. What he chiefly objected to in Theophilus Vetch was a certain air of still regarding him as extremely juvenile; he would have got on with him much better if the fiddler had consented to recognize the degree in which he was already a man of the world. Vetch knew an immense deal about society, and he seemed to know the more because he never swaggered — it was only little by little you discovered it; but that was no reason for his looking as if his chief entertainment resided in a private, humorous commentary on the conversation of his young friend. Hyacinth felt that he himself gave considerable evidence of liking his fellow-resident in Lomax Place when he asked him to lend him half a crown. Somehow, circumstances, of old, had tied them together, and though this partly vexed the little bookbinder, it also touched him; he had more than once solved the problem of deciding how to behave when the fiddler exasperated him by simply asking him some service. The old man had never refused. It was satisfactory to Hyacinth to remember this, as he knocked at his door, very late, after he

had allowed him time to come home from the theatre. He knew his habits: Mr. Vetch never went straight to bed, but sat by his fire an hour, smoking his pipe, mixing a grog, and reading some old book. Hyacinth knew when to go up by the light in his window.

"Oh, I know I have n't been to see you for a long time," he said, in response to the remark with which the fiddler greeted him; "and I may as well tell you immediately what has brought me at present — in addition to the desire to ask after your health. I want to take a young lady to the theatre."

Mr. Vetch was habited in a tattered dressing-gown; his apartment smelt strongly of the liquor he was consuming. Divested of his evening-gear, he looked to our hero so bald, so shabby, so flaccid and forlorn, that on the spot Hyacinth ceased to hesitate as to his claims in the event of a social liquidation; he, too, was unmistakably a creditor. "I'm afraid you find your young lady rather expensive."

"I find everything expensive," said Hyacinth, as if to finish that subject.

"Especially, I suppose, your secret societies."

"What do you mean by that?" the young man asked, staring.

"Why, you told me, in the autumn, that you were just about to join a few."

"A few? How many do you suppose?" And Hyacinth checked himself. "Do you suppose if I had been serious I would tell?"

"Oh dear, oh dear," Mr. Vetch murmured, with a sigh. Then he went on: "You want to take her to my shop, eh?"

"I'm sorry to say she won't go there. She wants something in the Strand: that's a great point. She wants very much to see the Pearl of Paraguay. I don't wish to pay anything, if possible; I am sorry to say I have n't a penny. But as you know people at the other theatres,

and I have heard you say that you do each other little favors, from place to place — *à charge de revanche*, as the French say — it occurred to me that you might be able to get me an order. The piece has been running a long time, and most people (except poor devils like me) must have seen it: therefore there probably is n't a rush."

Mr. Vetch listened in silence, and presently he said, "Do you want a box?"

"Oh, no; something more modest."

"Why not a box?" asked the fiddler, in a tone which Hyacinth knew.

"Because I haven't got the clothes that people wear in that sort of place, if you must have such a definite reason."

"And your young lady — has she got the clothes?"

"Oh, I dare say; she seems to have everything."

"Where does she get them?"

"Oh, I don't know. She belongs to a big shop; she has to be fine."

"Won't you have a pipe?" Mr. Vetch asked, pushing an old tobacco pouch across the table to his visitor; and while the young man helped himself he puffed a while in silence. "What will she do with you?" he inquired at last.

"What will who do with me?"

"Your big beauty — Miss Henning. I know all about her from Pinnie."

"Then you know what she'll do with me!" Hyacinth returned, with rather a scornful laugh.

"Yes, but, after all, it does n't very much matter."

"I don't know what you are talking about," said Hyacinth.

"Well, now, the other matter — the International — are you very deep in that?" the fiddler went on, as if he had not heard him.

"Did Pinnie tell you all about that?" his visitor asked.

"No, our friend Eustache has told me a good deal. He knows you have

put your head into something. Besides, I see it," said Mr. Vetch.

"How do you see it, pray?"

"You have got such a speaking eye. Any one can tell, to look at you, that you're a member of a secret society. You seem to say to every one, 'Slow torture won't induce me to tell where it meets!'"

"You won't get me an order, then?"

Hyacinth said, in a moment.

"My dear boy, I offer you a box. I take the greatest interest in you."

They smoked together a while, and at last Hyacinth remarked, "It has nothing to do with the International."

"Is it more terrible — more deadly secret?" his companion inquired, looking at him with extreme seriousness.

"I thought you pretended to be a radical," answered Hyacinth.

"Well, so I am — of the old-fashioned, milk-and-water, jog-trot sort. I'm not an exterminator."

"We don't know what we may be when the time comes," Hyacinth rejoined, more sententiously than he intended.

"Is the time coming, then, my dear boy?"

"I don't think I have a right to give you any more of a warning than that," said our hero, smiling.

"It's very kind of you to do so much, I'm sure, and to rush in here at the small hours for the purpose. Mean-

while, in the few weeks, or months, or years, or whatever they are, that are left, you wish to put in as much enjoyment as you can squeeze, with the young ladies: that's a very natural inclination." Then, irrelevantly, Mr. Vetch inquired, "Do you see many foreigners?"

"Yes, I see a good many."

"And what do you think of them?"

"Oh, all sorts of things. I rather like Englishmen better."

"Mr. Muniment, for example?"

"I say, what do you know about him?" Hyacinth asked.

"I've seen him at Eustache's. I know that you and he are as thick as thieves."

"He will distinguish himself some day, very much," said Hyacinth, who was perfectly willing, and indeed very proud, to be thought a close ally of the young chemist.

"Very likely — very likely. And what will *he* do with you?" the fiddler inquired.

Hyacinth got up; the two men looked at each other for an instant. "Do get me two good places in the second balcony," said Hyacinth.

Mr. Vetch said he would do what he could, and three days afterwards he gave the coveted order to his young friend. As he placed it in his hands he said, "You had better put in all the fun you can, you know!"

Henry James.

SOME TESTIMONY IN THE CASE.

THE discussions of the negro problem in Northern and Southern reviews last winter, it is true, showed us the subject from widely different points of view. But if any Northerner, living quietly at home, surrounded only by white faces, supposes that these pictures of the great

struggle of race in the South have discovered the whole of it to him, he is greatly mistaken.

An impartial traveler through the Southern States just now must feel that he is in the middle of a great game, which will decide the future of the

negro, and in which every man or woman that he meets, white or black, is taking a part. The result of this struggle, if not a matter of life and death to either race, will certainly affect permanently their domestic relations, their commercial prosperity, and the place which the South will hereafter hold in the scale of civilized peoples. The Southern people everywhere are ready to talk freely of this matter, and every man has his own positive opinion about it. He looks at the problem from the standing-point of his own plantation, or family, or factory, and is quite sure that he of all men in the country sees it clearly and has found the answer to it.

It occurred to me, while in the Gulf States, last winter, that this conflicting testimony from actual witnesses in the case would surprise and interest other Southerners. It seems to be so difficult in that part of the world to understand why your neighbor differs with you in opinion!

Northern readers are apt to listen to all varying statements of troubles in the South as they might to the different slogans of clans who come into the world only to fight each other. It would be far more just if they would receive them as the candid utterances of men who, whether white or black, are, like ourselves, struggling honestly to live at peace and happily with each other, and to make life fuller and nobler for their children than it has been for themselves. The educated white Southerner seldom thinks or talks now of the war or of slavery. His hands are full of the immediate struggle for a living, and in this work the negro helps or thwarts him at every turn.

I have tried to set down fragments of conversation or letters, which will explain some of these complex relations, giving as closely as possible the literal words of the speakers.

First, then, let us hear a cotton planter near Montgomery, Alabama.

He was asked, "What is the difficulty in the way of the Alabamians? You ought to make a great commercial success, in five years. You have apparently limitless resources in iron and coal. You have good soil, and your planters understand their business scientifically. Capital is coming in steadily from the North. What else do you want?"

"White labor," he promptly replied, — "white labor. The abolition of slavery lifted a great weight from the shoulders of the ruling class in the South. I acknowledge that now. If the blacks could be lifted *en masse* and dropped into Africa, it would be still greater relief. If I, for instance, could work twenty intelligent Germans instead of two hundred negroes, I could double my cotton crop this year."

"You certainly have had time to train the negro as a laborer. Where does he fall short?"

He laughed. "'Train!' Look at that fellow holding up the fence yonder. He is a fair specimen of the field hands on a large plantation. Laziness is inborn in him; it is part of his flesh and his blood. It is as incurable as leprosy. He will pretend to work for four days, and on the fifth go off for a fortnight without a word. It matters nothing to him that it is the most critical point of the year's work. He has neither reason, nor conscience, nor ambition, to which you can appeal. No, nor even greed. He would rather sneak off and sleep all day with a nickel in his pocket than work two days longer for ten dollars. He has the mind of an animal, and, I begin to think, can be governed, like an animal, only by the lash. However, the day is over for that," shrugging his shoulders.

"But his moral sense, — his gratitude?"

"He has neither. He takes a new wife every year, and he steals from me while I am looking at him. He reckons me an exceptionally kind 'boss,' too."

"But this is only one man, of millions."

"The great mass of field hands are alike. It is an ugly story, but it is plain fact."

An aged lady in Virginia, the head of a large family, who still lives on the old plantation:—

"These are not all my own old people that work the place now," she said, scanning the haymakers, as they came in, with a shrewd, kindly smile. "Only one third were our own; the others gathered in from the old places in the neighborhood, when strangers bought them. They are not the lowest class of laborers, as you see. We pay them good wages, and they are not driven. I hear many complaints," she added, "about the idleness and incompetency of the negro. But he was just as idle and incompetent before the war. Only now the planter is poor; he hires the laborer instead of owning him, and he feels the necessity of getting the worth of his money from him."

"You do not think, then, that freedom has elevated these people?"

"I can speak only for my own plantation." She hesitated. "In one way, yes. Most of the young people now can read and write. The elder negroes are eager to get money, to push their children on, to make them, as they say, 'like the whites.' Further than that I fail to see any good results. Their education has not been put to any practical purpose. It cannot be used, as with us, in helping them up into trades or professions. It has made them ambitious and restless, and there is no outlet for them but manual labor. Their ambition usually ends in gaudy clothes, and their restlessness in a bitter antipathy and insolence to the whites. The old loyal affection of the negro to his master, though you may think the master did not deserve it, was an ennobling quality in the slave. He has lost it, and

suspicion and self-conceit have taken its place. Merely teaching a child to read and write, or even to cipher, will not give it a higher character. These people here know less of the Bible and of God than when the old Methodist preacher and I taught them and they could not read. Now they read penny song books and the lowest flash newspapers. They are more tricky, vain, and vulgar than they were as slaves."

"Do you think the color line will ever be blotted out in the South?" asked one of her listeners. "The Civil Rights Bill was fought with inhuman prejudice here, it seemed to us."

"Inhuman?" Her fair old face reddened. "How was it in the North? How long was it after you had freed your slaves in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania before you admitted them to the cars and theatres? Do they sit at your tables now? Ah, no! 'We may make laws,' as Lady Mary said, 'but we all follow customs!' And how can the North, that has been so tardy in this matter, sneer at us or urge us to our duty? The negro will not receive social recognition in my day," with a sigh of relief.

Cloty (or Madame Clotilde, as the other freedmen called her) was a stout, neat, keen-eyed mulatto in a cotton-raising district on the Gulf.

"A very rich country," she told us, adding, with a certain pride, "Mos' of de planters yalhouts worked from three hundred to a thousand slaves. Dere idee of livin' was to dress 'n' drink 'n' go to de springs 'n' play kyards on de money dere people made foh dem. When we was took 'way from dem, it was like knockin' de bottom outen de tub. Dey jes' fell, 'n' dey don' seem t' recober demselves. But it's our time now! De good Lohd sees to dat! I reckon," she added, "'t was 's bad a place foh de black man yalhouts 's

any in de Souf. De rich planters, dey leab eberyting 'n de han's ob oberseers, 'n' de hardest ob dem was Yankeeers. But de wust marsters was de pore folk who on'y owned one or two. Dey was such litty bit 'bove dere people dey keep de distance by countin' 'em as dogs."

Her husband was the owner of a carriage, in which he drove strangers about the town: a burly, Celtic-looking fellow, with sullen light eyes and straight brown hair, the passions of a colder-blooded race than that of the negro smouldering in his face. He, too, boasted proudly of the "old families," and the state they kept, until one of the strangers said carelessly, —

"I suppose all those stories of the cruelty of slavery were exaggerated."

He glanced sharply at the speaker, and did not speak for a minute or two; then he said in a low voice, "I'll be fah. 'T wa'n't so bad foh de house suhvants ob gemmen. Dey was gemmen. But dese low white marsters! Why, madam, s'pose yoh be a cook, 'n' you got two nice litty gals, 'n' some man he see one, 'n' want her, 'n' he go to ole mas', 'n' to sabe a fuss dey say to you, 'Send Susy to de stoh, foh matches, or soap, or somepin'.' An' she go, 'n' de man he waitin' at de stoh, 'n' you nebber see your chile ag'in in dis wurl'! Or, you be a man, 'n' you see you mas' or he's son knock you wife or you litty gal down, 'n' you dahsn't say, 'Please, sah, don't!' Cruel, did you say? Good Lohd! My ole mas' owned twenty people. He could n't read or write. He know'd no more dan a debbil fish, 'n' he keer no mo' what he kill. I knowed a boy — a boy of fohteen — bucked head to feet, 'n' de lash laid on till he sick foh days." His eyes were set, and the blood settled in mottled spots on his jaws, as he talked. "'N' as soon 's he could stan', a collar put on his neck 'n' a chain from dat to he's feet, 'n' him ploughin' all day wid he's head

down, 'n' at night salt brine poured on his raw back. Great God in heaven! 'N' me only a boy of fohteen! I was ole mas's grandson, sah. He terr'ble temper! When he get in fury he tear he's hat off he's head 'n' tramp it like mad bull. 'N' one day when dey push me so hard I get fah wild, 'n' rush in from de field 'n' tell him to he's face to shoot me, foh God's sake! I could n't stan' libin' no longer. 'N' de folks tell me dat I tore de cloes off me, 'n' tramp em down; 'n' at dat, old mas' look at me scart 'n' say, quite quiet, 'Take him to de cabin.'"

He drove on in silence for some time and then said, "I t'ink sometimes dat pore boy hab hard times!" with an unsteady laugh. Pointing to a gibbet-like structure in the middle of the shady street, "Dah 's de ole whippin'-post," he said. "'N' hyah," turning into a settlement of comfortable, tidy houses, "hyah 's whah we cullored folks lib now, 'n' dis is de college foh our chillen," stopping before a large brick house, which he told us had been built and endowed by a few wealthy ex-slaveholders. He was greatly pleased when he went in, and followed us, the teacher addressing him respectfully as "Mr. Paxton," shaking his hand, and telling him of his children's progress. After we had left the school, he asked if he might show us his house, which was a pretty, white, vine-covered cottage in a large garden. He called his three "litty gals" out, and was very proud and happy in them.

As we drove away, he said, "When we fus start, my wife go out to cook, 'n' we banked every dollah, till we build dat house. Den I say, 'You stay home, Cloty, 'n' cook, 'n' patch, 'n' sew, 'n' de gals go to school, 'n' I scratch foh dem all outside.' 'N' next year I goin' build a sittin'-room to dat house foh de gals: 'n' I'll paint it all up. 'N' mebbe," with a delighted chuckle, "when strangers from de Norf come ridin' by, same as you, dey 'll t'ink white folks lib in dat

house ! But sometimes I t'ink, sah, sposen my litty gals been born 'foh the wah, 'n' somebody want 'em, 'n' dey be sent down street to de stoh, 'n' come back no more ! ”

It is impossible to see the present of the negro in its true light without the background of the past.

Hear now the Northern owner of a plantation in one of the Gulf States : —

“ I have owned this place for fifteen years, and I have tried honestly in that time to better the condition of the negroes I employ. Without being an active abolitionist, I was no believer in slavery. I did believe that these people, by patience and rational treatment, could be elevated. But I am totally discouraged. I had a good deal of feeling in the matter, and gave it my personal attention. We went to work practically. I built them decent cabins ; my wife gave them some furniture and a few little comforts. I paid them liberally, and explained to them that the better their work, the better should be their wages. There was the foundation for useful citizenship. It was of no use. They will not understand the uses of work. Then they are gregarious in their filth and idleness. Build six cabins for six families, and in a month they will all be living (or kenneling) in two, and burning the others for firewood. My wife gave them hens, ducks, etc., promising to buy their eggs and poultry. But they immediately had a grand feast on the fowls, and ever since have robbed her hen-roosts. It is impossible to keep poultry, tools, or anything else which can be carried away. No, to be just, they are not all alike. Here and there, one, like Job, my coachman, is honest and truthful, and will work hard for my interest and his own. There are probably half a dozen such among our people. You will find such on every plantation. But the others borrow, beg, or steal from them. An industrious ne-

gro always has a load of lazy kinsfolk to carry, and he carries them without grumbling.”

Job, however, on inquiry, was found to have “ banked ” enough to buy a house and patch of ground, in spite of his load.

A business man in New Orleans, a Southerner and former slaveholder : “ It is hardly fair to judge of the place which the negro can hold in the future, among the workers of this country, by the present generation. They are still weighted by the ignorance of slavery and (what is perhaps as heavy a load) their intense self-conceit, which is largely due to the influence of the carpet-baggers who flooded the country after the war. They convinced the negro not only that he was entitled to freedom and suffrage, but that, without education, skill, or even a wish to work, he was as good a man as his master. Why, there are negroes holding office now in Louisiana, justices of the peace and post-masters, who can neither read nor write their own names. It would be hard, under these circumstances, to convince the rest of their race that success in life depends on knowledge, skill, honesty, or work. But in thirty years another generation, at least partially educated, will have supplanted the ex-slaves. They will have more intelligence and common sense than the present freedmen, and will have found out that a man's place, be he white or black, depends on the way in which he does his special work.”

An outspoken Mississippian wrote, “ As for the system of convict labor, it seems cruel to Northerners, no doubt. But we have a mass of ignorant paupers to carry. What better use can we make of them than to set them to open mines and build roads ? They help civilization in that way as they can in no other.”

A leading politician in another State

said, still more frankly, "We were forced to give up slavery. But we have got hold of a better thing for us than slavery."

Many prominent Georgians denounced it as "an atrocious cruelty, a sin against humanity."

The editor of one of the most influential Southern journals: "We are accused by certain demagogues, both here and in the North, with injustice to our freed slaves; as for instance, in the system of convict labor, in social oppression, keeping them out of hotels, theatres, etc. I can only say in reply, The negro is a voter, and the South is giving him the education which will enable him to defend himself intelligently against legalized tyranny. She is taxing herself heavily for his schools; she is putting her own shoulder to the wheel to lift him out of the mire; she is, in short, helping him in the surest way to help himself. That is an argument which is, as yet, unanswered. As for social rank, that is a matter which, as you know, no legislation can reach. It was folly to attempt to do it."

A clergyman, born in the South, said, "These different attempts to describe the position of the negro and to define his future remind me of the fable of the travelers who met in an inn, and began to discuss the chameleon. 'It is green,' said one. 'It is blue,' said another. 'It is yellow,' said a third. 'I have one here and to convince you' — He opened the box, and the lizard came out — white. Mr. Cable, Mr. Grady, and other recent essayists see the same subject, but with different lights on it. The character and the claims of the colored man differ with each individual precisely as do those of the white. They have their political rights: they are receiving education. For the rest they must work it out. Admission to theatres, cars, etc., will come, probably, as they show their fitness to rank as the equals of refined and well-bred people.

But it will be slowly, as in the North. One thing, however, I will say with full conviction, and that is that the freedman receives from nobody, not even his Northern teacher, as much real personal sympathy or intelligent comprehension of his character and wants as from the better class of his former owners."

A beautiful and educated woman, married to a man as white as any Englishman, in telling her story, said, "My father's family were wealthy Germans. I have my blood and my fair skin and gray eyes from them. There is nothing to show that my mother was an octoroon but these dark patches on the palms of my hands. But that is enough. My father, out of his love for me, sent me to a Northern school as a white girl. He would have done better to send me to the slave pens. I should never then have known what I had lost. Neither my husband's education nor mine opens the way for us to earn our living in any trade or profession occupied by educated people. The only way in which he can be admitted into the society of gentlemen is as a waiter behind their chairs."

"Why, then," she was asked, "if you are barred out from the white race, do you not ally yourself to your own, — make their cause yours, and try to elevate them?"

"Because they are not my own!" she cried passionately. "I am white! Must I bring the curse which falls on every negro on my children, when there are not ten black drops in my veins? Are they to be held as lepers by the whites to whom they belong for these few drops? They *are* white children, sensitive, refined, lovers of books, music, and art. Are they to be classed and made to herd with field hands all their lives?"

A North Carolinian, hearing the story of this woman (which I have but hinted here), remarked that "the question between the two races in the South

would be easily settled if one race were white and the other black. It is the mulatto that offers the impregnable difficulties. We Southerners are apt, when we talk of the future of the negro, to forget that the white and black man meet in the same individual. Given the temper, feeling, and ambition of a high-bred Carolinian, with the skin and lot in life of a freedman, and the problem is not easy to solve. When we talk of 'the implacable instinct which must forever separate the races,' we forget that the answer confronts us in the face of every mulatto that we meet. This mixed race is, in every case, the kinsman by birth of the white. We can predicate that the negro cannot become industrious, cannot comprehend mathematics, has a natural disability for skilled labor; but how can we assume these natural defects for our brothers and cousins?"

"Give us time," urged more than one Southerner of the more moderate, thoughtful class. "It is easy for Northerners to read us lessons of duty. They never seem to have realized how complete was the ruin that overtook us, or how frightful the social and financial overthrow. The old relations between the races still are fresh in the minds of the more ignorant whites. The freedmen are still slaves in their eyes. Give them all time. We are turning to new industries and new interests: these, and increased friction with the world, will wear away the prejudices and soreness in the minds of whites, while education will change the character of the negro. Wait until the fermentation is over, to pass judgment. The North must not and cannot force nor hurry it. She never had any right to interfere."

Two significant facts appear to me to offer suggestions worth consideration on this subject:—

The first is the universal increasing

demand in every Southern State for skilled labor. Machinists are wanted, carpenters, joiners, shoemakers, weavers, plumbers, mill-hands, — every kind of craftsmen, in short, who can efficiently aid in the countless new industries which are struggling into existence in the South. So great and pressing is the need for them that most strenuous efforts are being made to induce European emigrants to come to this new-old field, instead of to the Northern ports; in fact to enter by New Orleans, and remain a few months before going West, — if West they will go.

The second fact was the negro exhibit at the New Orleans exhibition. It was significant and pathetic, because it showed what the free colored men wished to do, but never had been taught to do. Their schools and colleges made creditable displays of their intellectual progress. But the work of their hands was almost invariably the work of willing but untrained hands. There were attempts at every kind of handicraft, from shoes and rolling-pins to a steam engine cleverly made by a negro, who assuredly did not understand mechanics, as he could neither read nor write. Shoes, machines, tubs, even pictures, were, as a rule, proudly labeled as the work of a man or woman who never had been taught to make them. The whole exhibit was pitiable as a display of wasted cleverness. In suggestive contrast were the work from the Hampton Industrial School, and some really admirable specimens of saddlery and engraved glass made by colored men in Philadelphia who had "learned how."

General S. C. Armstrong, who has had seventeen years of experience in teaching the Industrial School for negroes at Hampton, writes, "There is now a large class of negro mechanics in the South, carpenters, blacksmiths, and bricklayers. The proof of the capacity of the negro for skilled labor is, I think, ample. I fully believe in it. The great

difficulty is their lack of opportunity to learn. They have less chance to learn now than in the days of slavery, which, in a crude way, was a great industrial school. I have seen so much evidence here of the negro's desire to learn trades, and have had such satisfactory experience of the race as mechanics, that I consider its success a question of opportunity only."

There are several colleges and universities in the South for the freedmen which profess to rank with those for the whites, but I know of no other industrial school than that at Hampton.

No practical visitor to the South can help questioning whether the great mass of negroes and mulattoes do not, in this crisis of their history, need training in handicrafts rather than in Latin and metaphysics; and whether, too, granting that the negro and mulatto have the mechanical ability to receive this training, it will not be more to the interest of the Southern white man to keep the new industries, now opening with such splendid promise, under his own control, with his familiar freed workmen, than to surrender them to foreign capitalists and foreign laborers?

Rebecca Harding Davis.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

XXXIV.

WARRENDER met his mother and sister with a face somewhat cloudy, which, however, he did his best to clear as he came in, in response to their pleasure at the sight of him. It did not become him, in his position, to look otherwise than blessed; but a man has less power of recognizing and adapting himself to this necessity than a woman. He did his best, however, to take an interest in the house; to have all its conveniences pointed out to him, and the beauty of the view over the garden, and the coolness of the drawing-room in which they sat. What pleased him still more, however, or at least called forth a warmer response, was the discovery of some inconveniences which had already been remarked. "I am very glad you have told me," he said. "I must have everything put right for you, mother. A thing that can be put right by bricks and mortar is so easy a matter."

"It is the easiest way, perhaps, of setting things right," she said, not without an anxious glance; "but even bricks

and mortar are apt to lead you further than you think. You remember Mr. Briggs, in Punch?"

"They will not lead me too far," said Theo. "I am all in the way of renovation and restoration. You should see — or rather, you should not see, for I am afraid you would be shocked — our own house" —

"What are you doing? No, I should not be shocked. I never was a devotee of the Warren. I always thought there were a great many improvements I could make."

"Oh, mamma!"

"You must remember, Chatty, I was not born to it, like you. What are you doing? Are you building? Your letters were not very explicit, my dear."

"You shall see. I cannot describe. I have not the gift." Here the cloud came again over Theo's face — the cloud which he had pushed back on his entrance as if it had been a veil. "We have let in a little light, at all events," he said: "that will always be something to the good. Now, mother, let me have some lunch; for I cannot stay above an

hour or so. I have to see Longstaffe. There has been a great deal to do."

"Mr. Longstaffe, I am sure, will not give you any trouble that he can help."

"He is giving me a great deal of trouble," said the young man, with lowering brows. Then he cleared up again with an effort. "You have not told me anything about your doings in town."

"Oh, we did a great deal in town." Here Mrs. Warrender paused for a moment, feeling that neither did the auditor care to hear, nor the person concerned in those doings care to have them told. Between these two, her words were arrested. Chatty's head was more than ever bent over her muslin, and Theo had walked to the window, and was looking out with the air of a man whose thoughts were miles away. No one said anything more for a full minute, when he suddenly came back, so to speak, and said with a sort of smile, —

"So you were very gay?" as if in the mean time she had been pouring an account of many gayeties into his ear.

So far as Theo was concerned, it was evidently quite unnecessary to say any more; but there was now the other silent listener to think of, who desired that not a word should be said, yet would be equally keen to note and put a meaning to the absence of remark. Between the two, the part of Mrs. Warrender was a hard one. She said, which perhaps was the last thing she ought to have said, "We saw a great deal of your friend Mr. Cavendish."

"Ah, Dick! Yes, he's about town I suppose — pretending to do law, and doing society. Mother, if you want me to stay to luncheon" —

"I will go and see after it," said Chatty. She gave her mother a look, as she put down her work. A look — what did it mean? A reproach for having mentioned him? an entreaty to ask more about him? Mrs. Warrender could not tell. When they were left alone, her son's restlessness increased. He felt, it

was evident, the dangers of being left with her *tête-à-tête*.

"I hope you did n't see too much of him," he said, hastily, as if seizing upon the first subject he could think of to defend himself. "Cavendish is a fellow with a story, and no one knows exactly what it is."

"I am sure he is honorable and good," said Mrs. Warrender; and then she cried, "Theo! don't keep me in this suspense — there is something amiss."

He came at once and sat down opposite to her, gazing at her across the little table. "Yes?" he said, with defiance. "You have made up your mind to that beforehand. I could see it in your eyes. What should be amiss?"

"Theo, you do me wrong. I had made up my mind to nothing beforehand — but I am very anxious. I know there must be difficulties. What are your negotiations with Mr. Longstaffe? Is it about settlements? Is it?" —

"Longstaffe is an old fool, mother that is about what it is."

"No, my dear. I am sure he is kind friend, who has your interests at heart."

"Whose interests?" he said, with a harsh laugh. "You must remember there are two sides to the question. I should say that the interests of a husband and wife were identical; but that is not the view taken by those wretched little pettifogging country lawyers."

"Dear Theo, it is never, I believe, the view taken by the law. They have to provide against the possibility of everything that is bad; they must suppose that it is possible for every man to turn out a domestic tyrant."

"Every man!" he said, with a smile of scorn. "Do you think I should be careful about that? They may bind me down as much as they please: I have held out my hands to them ready for the fetters. What I do grudge," he went on, as if, the floodgates once opened, the stream could not be re-

strained, "is all that they are trying to impose upon her : giving her the appearance of feelings entirely contrary to her nature ; making her out to be under the sway of — That's what I can't tolerate. If I knew her less, I might imagine — But thank God, I am sure on that point," he added, with a sharpness in his voice which did not breathe conviction to his mother's ear.

She laid her hand upon his arm, soothing him. "You must remember that, in the circumstances, a woman is not her own mistress. Oh, Theo, that was always the difficulty I feared. You are so sensitive, so ready to start aside like a restive horse, so intolerant of anything that seems less than perfect."

"Am I so, mother?" He gathered her hand into his, and laid down his head upon it, kissing it tremulously. "God bless you for saying so. My own mother says it, — a fastidious fool, always looking out for faults, putting meanings to everything, starting at a touch, like a restive horse."

How it was that she understood him, and perceived that to put his faults in the clearest light was the best thing she could do for him, it would be hard to tell. She laid her other hand upon his bent head. "Yes, my dear, yes, my dear, that was always your fault ; if your taste was offended, if anything jarred, — though it might be no more than was absolutely essential, no more than common necessity required."

"Mother, you do me more good than words can say. Yes, I know, I know. I never have friends for that cause. I have always wanted more, more" —

"More than any one could give," she said, softly. "Those whom you love should be above humanity, Theo ; their feet should not tread the ground at all. I have always been afraid, not knowing how you would take it when necessary commonplaces came in."

"I wonder," he said, raising his head, "whether mothers are always as per-

fect comforters as you are. That was what I wanted : but nobody in the world could have said it but you."

"Because," she said, carrying out her rôle unhesitatingly, though to her own surprise and without knowing why, "only your mother could know your faults, without there being the smallest possibility that any fault could ever stand between you and me."

His eyes had the look of being strained and hot, yet there seemed a little moisture in the corners, — a moisture which corresponded with the slight quiver in his lip, rather than with the light in his eyes. He held her hand still in his, and caressed it almost unconsciously. "I am not like you in that," he said. Alas, no ! he was not like her in that. Though the accusation of being fastidious, fantastic, intolerant of the usual conditions of humanity, was, for the moment, the happiest thing that could be said to him, yet a fault — a fault would stand between him and whosoever was guilty of it ; mother, even, — love still more. A fault ! he was determined that she should be perfect, the woman whom he had chosen. To keep her perfect he was glad to seize at that suggestion of personal blame ; to acknowledge that he himself was impatient of every condition, intolerant even of the bonds of humanity. But if there ever should arise the time when the goddess should be taken from her pedestal, when the woman should be found fallible, like all women, Heaven preserve poor Theo then. The thought went through Mrs. Warrender's mind like a knife. What would become of him ? He had given himself up so unreservedly to his love ; he had sacrificed even his own fastidious temper in the first place, had borne the remarks of the county, had supported Geoff, had allowed himself to be laughed at and blamed. But now, if he should chance to discover that the woman for whom he had done all this was not in herself a piece of perfection —

His mother felt her very heart sink at the thought. No one was perfect enough to satisfy Theo; no one was perfect at all so far as her own experience went. And when he made this terrible discovery, what would he do?

In the mean time they went to luncheon, and there was talk of the repairs wanted in the house, and of what Theo was doing "at home." He was very unwilling, however, to speak of "home," or of what he had begun to do there. He told them, indeed, of the trees that had been cut down, over which Chatty made many exclamations, mourning for them; but even Chatty was not vigorous in her lamentations. They sat and talked, not interested in anything they were saying, the mother seated between them, watching each, herself scarcely able to keep up the thread of coherent conversation; making now and then incursions on either side from which she was obliged to retreat hurriedly; referring now to some London experience which Chatty's extreme dignity and silence showed she did not want to be mentioned, or to something on the other side from which Theo withdrew with still more distinct reluctance to be put under discussion. It was not till this uncomfortable meal was over that Theo made any further communication about his own affairs. He was on his way to the door, whither his mother had followed him, when he suddenly turned round as if accidentally. "By the bye," he said, "I forgot to tell you. *She* will be here presently, mother. She wanted to lose no time in seeing you."

"Lady Markland!" said Mrs. Warrender, with a little start.

He fixed his eyes upon her severely. "Who else? She is coming about three. I shall come back, and go home with her."

"Theo, before I meet your future wife — You have never given me any details. Oh, tell me what has happened and what is going to happen. Don't

leave me to meet her in ignorance of everything."

"What is it you want to know?" he said, with his sombre air, setting his back against the wall. "You know all that I know."

"Which is no more than that she has accepted you, Theo."

"Well, what more would you have? That is how it stands now, and may for months, for anything I can tell."

"I should have thought it would have been better to get everything settled quickly. Why should there be any delay?"

"Ah, why? You must ask that of Mr. Longstaffe," he said, and turned away.

Mrs. Warrender was much fluttered by the announcement of this visit. She had expected, no doubt, to meet Lady Markland very soon; to pay her, perhaps, a solemn visit; to receive her, so to speak as a member of the family, which had been an alarming thought. For Lady Markland, though always grateful to her and on one or two occasions offering something that looked like a close, confidential friendship, had been always a great lady in the opinion of the squire's wife, a more important person than herself, intimacy with whom would carry embarrassments with it. She had no been, like other people in her position familiarly known in the society of the county. Her seclusion even during her husband's lifetime, the almost hermit life she led, the pity she had called forth, the position as of one apart from the world which she had maintained all united to place Lady Markland out of the common circle, on a little eminence of her own. She had been very cordial, especially on the last evening they had spent together, the summer night when she had come to fetch Geoff. But still they had never been altogether at their ease with Lady Markland. Mrs. Warrender went back into the drawing-room, and looked round upon it

with eyes more critical than when she had regarded it in relation to herself; wondering if Lady Markland would think it a homely place, a residence unworthy her future husband's mother. She made some little changes in it instinctively, put away the work on which she had been engaged, and looked at Chatty's little workbox with an inclination to put that too out of the way. The rooms at Markland were not so fine as to make such precautions necessary; yet there was a faded splendor about them very different from the limitation and comfortable, prim neatness of this. When she had done all that it was possible to do, she sat down to wait for her visitor, trying to read, though she could not give much attention to what she read. "Lady Markland is to be here at three," she said to Chatty, who was slightly startled for a moment, but much less than her mother, taking a strip of muslin out of her box, and beginning to work at it as if this was the business of life, and nothing else could excite her more. The blinds were all drawn down for the sunshine, and the light came in green and cool, though everything was blazing out-of-doors. These lowered blinds made it impossible to see the arrival, though Mrs. Warrender heard it acutely. — every prance of the horses, every word Lady Markland said. It seemed a long time before, through the many passages of the old-fashioned house, the visitor appeared. He made a slight pause on the threshold of the door, apparently waiting for an invitation, for a special reception. Mrs. Warrender, with her heart beating, had risen, and stood with her hands clasped, in tremulous expectation. They looked at each other for a moment across the parlour-maid, who did not know how to get out of the room from between the two ladies, neither of whom advanced towards the other. Then Mrs. Warrender went hurriedly forward with extended hands.

"Theo told me you were coming. I am very glad to see you." They took each other's hands, and Mrs. Warrender bent forward to give the kiss of welcome. They were two equal powers, meeting on a debatable ground, fulfilling all the necessary courtesies. Not like this should Theo's mother have met his wife. It should have been a young creature, whom she could have taken into her arms, who would have flung herself upon the breast of his mother, or at her knees, like a child of her own. Instead of this, they were two equal powers, — if, indeed, Lady Markland were not the principal, the one to give, and not receive. Mrs. Warrender felt herself almost younger, less imposing altogether, than the new member of the family, to whom it should have been her part to extend a tender patronage, to draw close to her and set at her ease. Things were better when this difficult first moment was over. It was suitable and natural that Lady Markland should give to Chatty that kiss of peace; and then they all seated themselves in a little circle.

"You have just arrived?" Lady Markland said.

"Yesterday. We have scarcely settled down."

"And you enjoyed your stay in town? Chatty, at least, — Chatty must have enjoyed it." Lady Markland turned to her with a soft smile.

"Oh, yes, very much," said Chatty, almost under her breath.

And then there was a brief pause, after which, "I hope Geoff is quite well," Mrs. Warrender said.

"Quite well, and I was to bring you his love." Lady Markland hesitated a little, and then said, "I should like if I might — to consult you about Geoff."

"Surely," Mrs. Warrender replied, and again there was a pause.

In former times, Chatty would not have perceived the embarrassment of her two companions, but she had learned

to divine since her three weeks' experience. She rose quietly. "I think, mamma, you will be able to talk better, if I go away."

"I don't know, my dear," said Mrs. Warrender, with a slight tremulousness. Lady Markland did not say anything. She retained the advantage of the position, not denying that she wished it, and Chatty accordingly, putting down her work, went away. Mrs. Warrender felt the solemnity of the interview more and more; but she did not know what to say.

Presently Lady Markland took the initiative. She rose and approached nearer to Mrs. Warrender's side. "I want you to tell me," she said, herself growing for the first time a little tremulous, "if you dislike this very much — for Theo?"

"Dislike it! Oh, how can you think so? His happiness is all I desire: and if you" —

"If I can make him happy? That is a dreadful question, Mrs. Warrender. How can any one tell? I hope so; but if I should deceive myself" —

"That was not what I meant: there is no happiness for him but that which you can give: — if you think him good enough, — that was what I was going to say."

"Good enough! Theo? Oh, then you do not know what he is, though he is your son; and so far I am better than you are."

"Lady Markland, you are better in a great many ways. It is this that frightens me. In some things you are so much above any pretensions of his. He has so little experience; he is not rich, nor even is he clever (though he is very clever) according to the ways of the world. I seem to be disparaging my boy. It is not that, Lady Markland."

"No; do you think I don't understand? I am too old for him; I am not the kind of woman you would have chosen, or even that he would have chosen, had he been in his right senses."

"It is folly to say that you are old. You are not old; you are a woman that any man might be proud to love. And his love — has been a wonder to me to see," said his mother, her voice faltering, her eyes filling. "I have never known such adoration as that."

"Ah, has it not!" cried the woman who was the object of it, a sudden melting and ineffable change coming over her face. "That was what gave me the courage," she said, after a moment's pause. "How could I refuse? It is not often, is it, that a man — that a woman" — Here her voice died away in a confusion and agitation which melted all Mrs. Warrender's reluctance. She found herself with her arms round the great lady, comforting her, holding her head against her own breast. They shed some tears together, and kissed each other, and for a moment came so close that all secondary matters that could divide them seemed to fade away. "But now," said Lady Markland, after this little interval, "he is worried and disturbed again, by all the lawyers think it right to do. I should like to spare him all that, but I am helpless in their hands. Oh, dear Mrs. Warrender, you will understand. There are so many things that make it more difficult. There is — Geoff."

Mrs. Warrender pressed her hand and gave her a look full of sympathy but she said nothing. She did not make a cheerful protest that all these things were without importance, and that Geoff was no drawback, as perhaps it was hoped she might do. Lady Markland drew back a little, discouraged, — waiting for some word of cheer which did not come.

"You know," she said, her voice trembling, "what my boy has been to me: everything, until this new light that I never dreamed of, that I never had hoped for, or thought of — You know how we lived together, he and I. He was my companion, more than

a child, sharing every thought. You know" —

"Lady Markland, you have had a great deal of trouble, but how much with it! — a child like that, and then" —

"And then — Theo! Was there ever a woman so blessed — or so — Oh, help me to know what I am to do between them! You can understand better than any of the young ones. Don't you see," said Lady Markland, with a smile in which there was a kind of despair, "that though I am not old, as you say, I am on your level rather than on his, — that *you* can understand better than he?"

If it were possible that a woman who is a mother could cease to be that in the first place, and become a friend first of all, a sympathizer in the very difficulties that overwhelm her son, that miracle was accomplished then. The woman whom she had with difficulty accepted as Theo's future wife became for a moment nearer to her in the flood of sympathy than Theo himself. The woman's pangs and hindrances were closer to her experience than the man's. To him, in the heat of his young passion, nothing was worth considering that interfered with the perfect accomplishment of his love. But to her — the young woman, who had to piece on the present to the past, who though she might have abandoned father and mother could never abandon her child — the other woman's heart went out with a pang of fellow feeling. Mrs. Warrender, like most women, had an instinctive repugnance to the idea of a second marriage at all; but that being determined and beyond the reach of change, her heart ached for the dilemma which was more painful than any which enters into the possibilities of younger life. As Lady Markland looked towards her, claiming her sympathy, her face full of sentiments so conflicting, the joy of love and yet the anguish of it, and all the contrariety of a heart torn in two; the youthfulness,

when all was said, of her expressive countenance; the recollection that, after all, this woman who claimed to be on her own level was not too old to be her child, seized upon Mrs. Warrender. Nothing that is direct and simple can be so poignant as those complications in which right and wrong and all the duties of human life are so confused that no sharply cut division is possible. What was she to do? She would owe all her heart to her husband, and what was to remain for her child? Geoff had upon her the first claim of nature — her love, her care, was his right; but then Theo? The old mother took the young one into her arms, with an ache of sympathy. "Oh, my dear, what can I say to you? We must leave it to Providence. Things come round when we do not think too much of them, but do our best."

How poor a panacea, how slight a support! and yet in how many cases all that one human creature can say to another! To do our best and to think as little as possible, and things will come round! The absolute mind scorns such mild consolation. To Theo it would have been an irritation, a wrong; but Theo's betrothed received it with humbler consciousness. The sympathy calmed her, and that so moderate, so humble voucher of experience that things come round. Was it really so? Was nothing so bad as it appeared? Was it true that the way opened before you little by little in treading it, as she who had gone so much further on the path went on to say? Lady Markland regained her composure as she listened.

"You are speaking to me like a true mother," she said. "I have never known what it was. Help me, only help me, — even to know that you understand me is so much, — and do not blame me."

"Dear Lady Markland" —

"I have a name," she said, with a smile which was full of pain, as if touch-

ing another subject of trouble, "which is my own, which cannot be made any question of. Will you call me Frances? It would please him. They say it would be unusual, unreasonable, a thing which is never done — to give up — Is that Theo? Dear Mrs. Warrender, I shall be far happier, now that I know I have a friend in you."

She grasped his mother's hands with a hurried gesture, and an anxious, imploring look; then gave a hasty glance into the glass, and recovered in a moment her air of gentle dignity, her smile. It was this that met Theo when he came in eager, yet doubtful, his eyes finding her out, with a rapid question, the instant that he entered. Whatever her troubles might be, none of them were made apparent to him.

XXXV.

Next day Mr. Longstaffe called upon Mrs. Warrender, nominally about the alterations that had to be made in her house, but really with objects much more important. He made notes scrupulously of what she wanted, and hoped that she would not allow anything to be neglected that was necessary for her comfort. When these preliminaries were over, there was a pause. He remained silent, with an expectant air, waiting to be questioned; and though she had resolved, if possible, to refrain from doing so, the restriction was more than her faculties could bear.

"My son tells me," she said, as indifferently as possible, "that there is a great deal going on between him and you."

"Naturally!" cried Mr. Longstaffe, with a certain indignation. "He is making a marriage which is not at all a common kind of marriage, and yet he would have liked it to be without any settlements at all."

"He could not wish anything that was not satisfactory to Lady Markland."

"Do you think so? Then I must

undeceive you. He would have liked Lady Markland to give herself to him absolutely, with no precautions, no restrictions."

"Mr. Longstaffe, Theo is very much in love. He has always been very sensitive; he cannot bear (I suppose) mixing up business matters, which he hates, with" —

"It is all very well for him to hate business: though between you and me, if you will allow me to say so, I think it very silly. Ladies may entertain such sentiments, but a man ought to know better. If you will believe me, he wants to marry her as if she were fifteen and had not a penny! — to make her Mrs. Theodore Warrender and take her home to his own house!"

"What should he do else? Is not that the natural thing that every man wishes to do?"

"Yes, if he marries a girl of fifteen without a penny, as I said. Mrs. Warrender, I know you are full of sense. Perhaps you will be able to put it before him in a better light. When a man marries a lady with an established position of her own, like Lady Markland, and a great many responsibilities, — especially when she is a sort of queen mother and has a whole noble family to be accountable to" —

"I do not wonder that Theo should be impatient, Mr. Longstaffe; all these things must be terrible to him, in the midst of his — Why should not they marry first, and let all these details arrange themselves afterwards?"

"Marry first! and leave her altogether unsecured!"

"I hope you know that my son is a man of honor, Mr. Longstaffe."

"My dear madam, we have nothing to do with men of honor in the law. I felt sure that you would understand at last. Suppose we had left Miss Minnie dependent upon the honor (though I don't doubt it at all) of the Thynne family?"

"I don't mean in respect to money," said Mrs. Warrender, with a slight flush. "He will not interfere with her money, — of that I am certain."

"No, only with herself; and she has been left the control of everything, and she must be free to administer her son's property and look after his interests. If you will allow me to say it, Mrs. Warrender, Lady Markland is a much better man of business than Theo."

Mr. Longstaffe had known Theo all his life, and had never addressed him otherwise than by that name: but it seemed an over-familiarity, a want of respect, even a sign of contempt, in the position in which Theo now stood. She replied with a little offense: —

"That is very possible. He has had little experience, and he is a scholar, not a person of business. But why should the marriage be delayed? This is the worst moment for them both. I know my son, Mr. Longstaffe. All this frets him beyond description now; but when the uncertainty is over, and all these negotiations, everything will come round. He will never interfere or prevent her from doing what is necessary for her son. When they are once married all will go well."

This was a long speech for Mrs. Warrender, and she made it with interruptions, with trepidation, not quite so sure, perhaps, of her own argument as she had thought she was. The lawyer looked at her with a kind of respectful contempt.

"There may be a certain justice in what you say, that this is the worst moment, but I for one could never agree to anything so unbusinesslike as you seem to suggest. Marriage first, and business afterwards — no, no. And then there is the little boy. You would not have him sent off to nurse while his mother goes upon her honeymoon? Poor little fellow, so devoted as she was to him before!"

"A second marriage," said Mrs. War-

render, subdued, "can never be so simple, so easy, as one in which there are no complications."

"They are better, if they so abide," said Mr. Longstaffe. "I agree with St. Paul, for my part. But no doubt it would be hard upon a young woman, poor thing, that made such a failure in her first. If Theo were not so restive, if you could get him to take things a little more easily — Dear me, of course I trust in his honor; no one doubts that. But he will lead her a pretty dance! Whether it will be better for her to have a good, crotchety, high-tempered young fellow who adores her, or a rough young scamp who neglected her" —

"There can be no comparison between the two."

"No," said Mr. Longstaffe ruefully, but perhaps his judgment did not lean to Theo's side.

"And why should not they live at the Warren?" she asked. "It is not a fine house, but it is a good house, and with the improvements Theo is making" —

"My dear lady, to me the Warren is a delightful little place, or at least it could be made delightful. But Markland, — Markland is a very different matter. To change the one for the other would be — well, it would be, you won't deny, something like a sacrifice. And why should she? when Markland is all ready, wanting no alteration, an excellent house, and in the middle of the property which she has to manage: whereas the Warren" —

"I have lived in the Warren all my life," said Mrs. Warrender, with a little natural indignation. It wounded her that he should talk of it patronizingly as "a delightful little place." She was not in any way devoted to the Warren; still, this patronage, this unfavorable comparison, irritated her, and she began to range herself with more warmth upon her own side. "I can see no reason why my son's wife should not live there."

"But there are reasons why Lady Markland should not live there."

Mrs. Warrender's eyes shot forth fire. She no longer wondered that Theo was driven to the verge of distraction. Oh, that he had loved some young creature on his own level, some girl who would have gone sweetly to his home with him and glorified the old life! His mother had wept over and soothed the woman of his choice only yesterday, entering into all the difficulties that beset her path, and pledging her own assistance to overcome them; but now her mind was all in arms in behalf of her boy, whose individuality was to be crushed among them, who was to be made into an appendage to Lady Markland, and have no place of his own. Instead of giving her assistance to tame Theo, she felt herself take fire in his defense.

"You are very right, no doubt, to consider Lady Markland in the first place," she said, "but I don't think we can argue the question further, for to me my son must be the first."

"It is the right way," said the lawyer; "but when a young man lifts his eyes" —

"We will say no more on the subject," she said, quickly; and Mr. Longstaffe was too judicious to do anything else than resume the question about the garden palings, and then to bow himself out. He turned, indeed, at the door to express his regrets that he had not brought her to his way of thinking, — that he had lost her valuable help, upon which he had calculated: but this did not conciliate Mrs. Warrender. She had no carriage at her orders, or she would have gone to the Warren at once, with the impulsiveness of her nature, to see what Theo was doing, what he was thinking of. But Theo was at Markland, alternating between the Paradiso and the Inferno, between the sweetness of his betrothed's company and all the hard conditions of his happiness; and the Warren was in the hands of a set

of leisurely country tradespeople, who, if Theo had meant to carry his bride there, must have postponed that happiness for a year or two, — not much wonder, perhaps, since they were left by the young master to dawdle on their own way.

Mrs. Warrender, however, had another and a surprising visitor on this same day. The ladies were sitting together in their usual way, in the heat of the afternoon, waiting until it should be cool enough for their walk, when the parlor-maid, not used, perhaps, to such visitors, opened the door, with a little excitement, and announced, "Lord Markland." Mrs. Warrender rose quickly to her feet, with a low cry, and a sudden wild imagination such as will dart across a troubled mind. Lord Markland! Had he never died, then? Was it all a dream? Had he come back to stop it in time? A small voice interrupted this flash of thought, and brought her back to herself with a giddy sense of the ridiculous and a sensation of shame quite out of proportion to the momentary illusion. "It is only me, Geoff: but I thought, when she asked me my name, I was obliged to give my right name." He seemed smaller than ever, as he came across the room, twitching his face as his habit was, and paler, or rather grayer, with scanty locks and little twinkling eyes. "Did you think it was some one else?" he said.

"Of course it could be no one but you. I was startled for the moment, not thinking of you by that title. And have you come all this way alone — without any" —

"Oh, you were thinking of that other time. There is a great deal of difference since that other time. It is nearly a year since; and now I do a great many things by myself," said the boy, looking at her keenly. "I am let to go wherever I please."

"Because you are now old enough to take care of yourself," said Mrs. Warrender, "with the help of Black."

"Yes," said Geoff: "how did you know? I have got Black. But there is more in it than that. Would mamma have ruined me, if she had kept on always coddling me, Mrs. Warrender? That is what the servants say."

"My dear, one never allows the servants to say things of that kind. You should understand your mother's meaning much better than they can do."

"I see a great deal of the servants now," said Geoff; then he corrected himself with a look of sudden recollection — "that is, I am afraid I disobey mamma, Mrs. Warrender. I am rather fond of the servants; they are more amusing than other people. I go to the stables often when I know I ought n't. To know you ought n't, and yet to do it, is very bad, don't you think?"

"I am afraid it is, Geoff. Don't you have any lessons now?"

"They say this is holiday time," said the boy. "Of course I am glad of the holidays, but it is a little stupid, too, not having any one to play with — But I may come out a great deal more than I used to: and that is a great advantage, is n't it? I read, too, chiefly stories; but a whole day is a very long time, don't you think so? I did not say where I was coming this afternoon, in case the pony might get tired, or Black turn cross, or something: but it appears Black likes to come to Highcombe; he has friends here." The boy had come close to Mrs. Warrender's work-table, and was lifting up and putting down again the reels of silk, the thimbles and scissors. He went on with this occupation for some time very gravely, his back turned to the light. At length he said, "I want you to tell me one thing. They say Warrender is coming to live at our house."

"I am afraid it is true, Geoff."

"Don't you like it, then?" said the boy. "I thought if you did not like it you would not let it be."

"My dear, my son Theo is a man.

I cannot tell him what he must do, as your mother does to you. And if I do not like it, it is because he has a good house of his own."

"Ah, the Warren!" said Geoff; then he added, pulling all the reels about in the work-table, and without raising his eyes to her face, "If he is coming, I wish he would come, Mrs. Warrender; then perhaps I should go to school. Don't you think school is a good thing for a boy?"

"Everybody says so, Geoff."

"Yes, I know; it is in all the books. Mrs. Warrender, if — Warrender is coming to live with us, will you be a sort of grandmother to me?"

This startled her very much. She looked at the odd child with a sensation almost of alarm.

"Because," he continued, "I never had one, and I could come and talk to you when things were bad."

"I hope you will never have any experience of things being bad, Geoff."

He gave a glance at her face, his hands still busy among the threads and needles.

"Oh, no, never, perhaps — but, Mrs. Warrender, if — Warrender is coming to Markland to live, I wish he would do it now, directly. Then it would be settled what was going to be done with me — and — and other things." Geoff's face twitched more than ever, and she understood that the reason why he did not look at her was because his little eyelids were swollen with involuntary tears. "There are a lot of things — that perhaps would get — settled then," he said.

"Geoff," she said, putting her arm round him, "I am afraid you don't like it any more than I, my poor boy."

Geoff would not yield to the demoralizing influence of this caress. He held himself away from her, swaying backwards, resisting the pressure of her arm. His eyelids grew bigger and bigger, his mouth twitched and quivered. "Oh, it

is not that," he said, with a quiver in his voice, "if mamma likes it. I am only little, I am rather backward, I am not — company enough for mamma."

"That must be one of the things that the servants say. You must not listen, Geoff, to what the servants say."

"But it is quite true. Mamma knows just exactly what is best. I used to be the one that was always with her — and now it is Warrender. He can talk of lots of things, — things I don't understand. For I tell you I am very backward; I don't know half, nor so much as half, what some boys do at my age."

"That is a pity, perhaps; but it does not matter, Geoff, to you — to the people who are fond of you, my dear."

"Oh, yes, it does!" cried the boy. "Don't hold me, please! I am a little beast; I am not grateful to people nor anything! The best thing for me will just be to be sent to school." Here Geoff turned his back upon her abruptly, forced thereto by the necessity of getting rid of those tears. When he had thus relieved himself, and cleared his throat of the climbing sorrow that threatened to choke his voice, he came back and stood once more by her table. The great effort of swallowing down all that emotion had made him pale, and left the strained look which the passage of a sudden storm leaves both upon the human countenance and the sky. "They say it's very jolly at Eton," he resumed suddenly, taking up with his hot little nervous fingers Mrs. Warrender's piece of work.

But at this point Geoff's confidences were interrupted by the entrance of visitors, who not only meant to make themselves agreeable to Mrs. Warrender on her first arrival at Highcombe, but who were very eager to find out all that they could about the marriage of Theo: if it really were going to take place, and when, and everything about it. It added immensely to the excitement, but little to the information acquired, when, in

answer to the first question, Mrs. Warrender indicated to her visitors that the little boy standing at her side, and contemplating them, with his hands in his pockets, was little Lord Markland. "Oh, the boy," they said under their breath, and stopped their questioning most unwillingly, all but the elder lady, who got Mrs. Warrender into a corner, and carried on the interrogatory. Was she quite pleased? But of course she was pleased. The difference of age was so little that it did not matter; and though the Markland family were known not to be rich, yet to be sure it was a very nice position. And such a fine character! not a woman that was very popular, but quite above criticism. "There never was a whisper against her, — oh, never a whisper! and that is a great thing to say." Geoff did not hear, and probably would not have understood, these comments. He still stood by the work-table, taking the reels of silk out of their places, and putting them back again with the gravity of a man who has something very important in hand. He seemed altogether absorbed in this simple occupation, bending over it with eyebrows contracted over his eyes, and every sign of earnestness. "What a curious thing for a boy to take pleasure in! But I suppose being always with his mother has rather spoiled him. It will be so good for the child to have a man in the house," said the lady who was interviewing Mrs. Warrender. There was a little group of the younger ladies round Chatty, talking about the parish and the current amusements, and hoping that she would join the archery club, and that she loved croquet. The conversation was very animated on that side, one voice echoing another, although the replies of Chatty were mild. Geoff had all the centre of the room to himself, and stood there as on a stage; putting the reel of red silk into the square which was intended for the blue, and arranging the colors in squares and par-

allels. He was much absorbed in this, and yet he did not know what he was doing. His little bosom swelled high with thought; his heart was wrung with the poignancy of love rejected, — of loss and change. It was not that he was jealous; the sensations which he experienced had little bitterness or anger in them. Presently he turned round and said, "I think I shall go home, Mrs. Warrender," with a disagreeable consciousness that everybody paused and looked at him, when his small voice broke the murmur of the feminine conversation. But what did that matter to Geoff? He had much to occupy him, — too much to leave him free to think how people looked, or what they said.

XXXVI.

Geoff's heart was full. He pondered all the way home, neglecting all the blandishments of Black's conversation, who had visited a friend or two in Highcombe, and was full of cheerfulness and very loquacious. Geoff let him talk, but paid no attention. He himself had gone to Mrs. Warrender, whom he liked, with the hope of disburdening from his little bosom some of the perilous stuff which weighed upon his soul. He had wanted to *sfogarsi*, as the Italians say, to relieve a heart too full to go on any longer: but Geoff found, as so many others have found before him, that the relief thus obtained but made continued silence more intolerable. He could not shut up the doors again which had thus been forced open. The sensation which overwhelmed him was one which most people at one time or another have felt: that the circumstances amid which he was placed had become insupportable; that life could no longer go on, under such conditions, — a situation terrible to the maturest man or woman, but what word can describe it in the heart of a child? In his mother was summed up

all love and reliance, all faith and admiration, for Geoff. She had been as the sun to him. She had been as God, the only known and visible representative of love and authority, the one unchangeable, ever right, ever true. And now she had changed, and all life was out of gear. His heart was sick, not because he was wronged, but because everything had gone wrong. He did not doubt his mother's love; he was not clear enough in his thoughts to doubt anything, or to put the case into any arrangement of words. He felt only that he could not bear it, that anything would be better than the present condition of affairs. Geoff's heart filled, and his eyes, and there came a constriction of his throat when he realized the little picture of himself wandering about, with nobody to care for him, no lessons; for the first time in his life forbidden to dart into his mother's room at any moment, with a rush against the door, in full certainty that there could never be a time when she did not want him. Self-pity is very strong and very simple in a child, and to see, as it were, a picture in his mind of a little boy, shut out from his mother, and wanted by no one, was more poignant still than the reality. The world was out of joint; and Geoff felt with Hamlet that there was nobody but him to set it right. The water came into his eyes, as he rode along, but except what he could get rid of by winking violently he left it to the breeze to dry; no hand or handkerchief, not even a little knuckle piteously unabsorbent, would he employ to show to Black that he was crying. Crying! No, he would not cry; what could that do for him? But something would have to be done, or said; once the little floodgates had been burst open, they could not close any more.

Geoff pondered long, though with much confusion in his thoughts. He was very magnanimous: not even in his inmost soul did he blame his mother,

being still young enough to believe that unhappy events come of themselves, and not by anybody's fault. To think that she liked Theo better than himself made his heart swell, but rather with a dreadful sense of fatality than with blame. And then he was a little backward boy, not knowing things like Theo, whom, by the way, he no longer called Theo, having shrunk involuntarily, unawares, out of that familiarity as soon as matters had grown serious. As he thought it all over, Geoff's very heart was rent. His mother had cried when she took him into her arms; he remembered that she had kissed his cold feet, that she had looked as if she were begging his pardon, kneeling by his side on that terrible night when he had come dimly to an understanding of what it all meant. Geoff, like Hamlet in his little way, felt that nothing that could be done could ever undo that night. It was there, a fact which no after-revolution could change. No vengeance could have put back the world to what it was before Hamlet's mother had married her brother-in-law, and the soft Ophelia turned into an innocent traitor, and all grown false: neither could anything undo to little Geoff the dreadful revolution of heaven and earth through which his little life had gone. All the world was out of joint, and what could he do to mend it, a little boy of ten, — a backward little boy, not knowing half so much as many at his age? His little bosom swelled, his eyes grew wet, and that strange sensation came in his throat. But he kept on riding in front of Black, so that nothing could be seen.

Lady Markland was in the avenue as he rode up to the gate. Geoff knew very well that she had walked as far as the gate with Warrender, whom he had seen taking the road to the right, the short way across the fields. But when he saw his mother he got down from his pony, and walked home with her. "Where have you been?" she cried.

"I was getting very anxious; you must not go those long rides by yourself."

"I had Black," said Geoff, "and you said I must learn to be independent, to be able to take care of myself."

"Did I say so, dear? Perhaps it is true: but still you know how nervous I am, how anxious I grow."

Geoff looked his mother in the face like an accusing angel; not severely, but with all the angelic regret and tenderness of one who cannot be deceived, yet would fain blot out the fault with a tear. "Poor mamma!" he said, clasping her arm in his old childish way.

"Why do you call me poor mamma? Geoff, some one has been saying something to you; your face is not like the face of my own boy."

She was seized with sudden alarm, with a wild desire to justify herself, and the sudden wrath with which a conscious culprit takes advantage of the suggestion that ill tongues alone or evil representations have come between her and those whom she has wronged. The child, on his side, took no notice of this. He had gone so much further, — beyond the sphere in which there are accusations or defenses; indeed, he was too young for anything of the kind. "Mamma," he said, clasping her arm, "I think I should like to go to school. Don't you think it would be better for me to go to school?"

"To school!" she cried. "Do you want to leave me, Geoff?" in a tone of sudden dismay.

"They say a boy ought to go to school; and they say it's very jolly at Eton; and I'm very backward, don't you know, — Warrender says so."

"Geoff! he has never said it to me."

"But if it is true, mamma! There is no difference between me and a girl, staying at home. And there I should have other fellows to play with. You had better send me. I should like it."

She gave him an anxious look, which Geoff did not lift his eyes to meet;

then, with a sigh, "If you think you would like it, Geoff. To be sure, it is what would have to be sooner or later." Here she made a hurried breathless pause, as if her thoughts went quicker than she could follow. "But now it is July, and you could not go before Michaelmas," she said.

Was she sorry he could not go at once, though she had exclaimed at the first suggestion that he wanted to leave her at all? Geoff was too young to ask himself this question, but there was a vague sensation in his mind of something like it, and of a mingled satisfaction and disappointment in his mother's tone.

"Warrender says there are fellows who prepare you for Eton," the boy said, holding his breath hard that he might not betray himself. "He is sure to know somebody. Send me now."

"You are very anxious to leave me," she cried, in a tone of piteous excitement and misery. "Why, why should you wish it so much?" Then she paused, and asked suddenly, "Is it Mr. Warrender who has put this in your mind?"

"I don't know nothing about Warrender," said Geoff, blinking his eyes to keep the tears away. "I never spoke to Warrender. He said that when he was not thinking about me."

And then she clasped her arms about him suddenly in a transport of pain and trouble and relief. "Oh, Geoff, Geoff," she cried, "why, why do you want to leave me?" The boy could not but sob, pressed closely against her, feeling her heart swell as his own was doing: but neither did he make any attempt to answer, nor did she look for any reply.

XXXVII.

Various scenes to which Markland was all unaccustomed had been taking place in these days: alternations of rapture and gloom on the part of Warrender, of shrinking and eagerness on the

part of Lady Markland, which made their intercourse one of perpetual vicissitude. From the quiet of her seclusion she had been roused into all the storms of passion, and though this was sweetened by the absolute devotion of the young man who adored her, there were yet moments in which she felt like Geoff that the position was becoming insupportable. Everything in her life was turned upside down by this new element in it, which came between her and her child, between her and her business, the work to which she had so lately made up her mind to devote herself, as to the great object of her existence. All that was suspended now. When Theo was with her, he would not brook, nor did she desire, any interruption; and when he was not with her the bewildering thoughts that would rush upon her, the questions in her mind as to what she ought to do, — whether it might not even now be better for everybody to break, if it were possible, those engagements which brought so much agitation, which hindered everything, which disturbed even the bond between herself and her child, — would sometimes almost destroy her moral balance altogether. And then her young lover would arrive, and all the miseries and difficulties would be forgotten, and it would seem as if earthly conditions and circumstances had rolled away, and there were but these two in a new life, a new world, where no troubles were. Then Lady Markland would say to herself that it was the transition only that was painful, that they were all in a false position, but that afterwards, when the preliminaries were over and all accomplished, everything would be well. When she was his, and he hers, beyond drawing back or doubt, beyond the possibility of separation, then all that was over-anxious, over-sensitive, in Theo would settle down in the sober certainty of happiness secured, and Geoff, who was so young, would reconcile himself to

that which would so soon appear the only natural condition of life, and the new would seem as good as, nay, better than, the old. She trembled herself upon the verge of the new, fearing any change and shrinking from it, as is natural for a woman, and yet in her heart felt that it would be better this great change should come and be accomplished, rather than to look forward to it, to go through all its drawbacks and pay its penalties every day.

A few days after these incidents Theo came to Markland, one morning, with brows more than usually cloudy. He had been annoyed about his house, the improvements about which had been going on very slowly: one of his tradespeople worse than another, the builder waiting for the architect, the carpenter for the builder, the new furniture and decorations naturally lagging behind all. And to make these things more easy to bear he had met Mrs. Wilberforce, who had told him that she wondered to see so much money being spent at the Warren, as she heard his home was to be at Markland, and so natural, as it was so much better a house; and that she had heard little Lord Markland was going to school immediately, which no doubt was the best thing that could be done, and would leave his mother free. When he arrived at Markland he was full of the excitement of this information. "I am never told," he said. "I do not wish to exact anything, but if you have made up your mind about Geoff, I think I might have heard it from yourself."

"Dear Theo!" Lady Markland said, and that was all.

Then he threw himself at her feet in sudden compunction. "I am a brute," he said. "I come to you with my idiotic stories, and you listen to me with that sweet patience of yours, and never reprove me. Tell me I am a fool and not worthy of your trust; I am so, I am so! But it is because I can't bear this state

of affairs: to be everything to you, and yet nothing; to know that you are mine, and yet have a stranger informing me what you are going to do."

"No stranger need inform you, Theo. Geoff has asked me to send him to school, though I can't tell how any one could know. He wishes to go — directly. He is not happy, either. Oh, Theo, I think I make everybody unhappy instead of" —

"Not you," he cried, "not you; those men, with their idiotic delays. Geoff is wise, — wiser than they are. Let us follow his example, dearest. You don't distrust me; you know that whatever is best for you, even what they think best, all their ridiculous conditions, I will carry out. Don't you know that the less my hands are bound, the more I should accept the fetters, all, as much as they please, that they think needful for you? — but not as conditions of having you. That is what I cannot bear."

"You have me," she said, smiling upon him with a smile very close upon tears, "you know, without any conditions at all."

"Then let it be so!" he cried. "Oh, let it be so — directly, as Geoff wishes: dear little Geoff, wise Geoff, — let him be our example."

"Theo — oh, try to love my boy!"

"I will make him my model, if you will take his example: directly, directly! The child is wise, he knows better than any of us. Darling, let us take his example, let us cut this knot. When the uncertainty is over, all these difficulties will melt away."

"He is wise, Theo, — you don't know how right you are. Oh, my boy! and I am taking so little thought of him. I felt my heart leap when he asked to go away. Can you believe it? My own boy, my only one! I was glad, and I hate myself for it, though it was for you."

"All this," he said, eagerly addressing himself with all the arts he knew to

comfort and reassure her, "is this state of miserable delay. We are in the transition from one to another. What good can we do to keep hanging on, to keep the whole county in talk, to make Geoff unhappy? He goes by instinct, and he sees it: my own love, let us do so, too. Let us do it, without a word to any one, my dearest!"

"Oh, Theo," she cried, "if you will but promise me to love my boy!"

In the distracted state in which she was, this no-argument of Geoff's little example went to her heart. It seemed to bring him somehow into the decision, to make it look like a concession to Geoff, a carrying out of his wishes, and at the same time a supreme plea with Theo for love and understanding of Geoff. Yet it was with falterings and sinkings of soul indescribable that Lady Markland went through the two following days. They were days wonderful, not to be ever forgotten. Theo did not appear, — he had gone away, she said, for a little while upon business, — and Geoff and she were left alone. They went back into all the old habits, as if nothing were changed; and the house fell again into a strange calm, a quietness almost unnatural. There were no lessons, no business, nothing to be done, but only an abandonment to that pleasure of being together which had been so long broken. He went with her for her drives, and she went with him for his walk. She called for Geoff whenever he disappeared for a moment, as if she could not bear him away from her side. They were as they had been before Theo existed for them, when they were all in all to each other. Alas, they were, yet were not, as they had been. When they drove through the fair country, where the sheaves were standing in the fields and everything was aglow with the mirth of harvest, they were both lost in long reveries, only calling themselves back by intervals with a recollection of the necessity of

saying something to each other. When they walked, though Geoff still clung to his mother's arm, his thoughts as well as hers were away. They discovered in this moment of close reunion that they had lost each other. Not only did the mother no longer belong to the child, but the child even, driven from her side he knew not how, was lost to the mother; they had set out unconsciously each upon a new and separate way. Geoff was not grieved, scarcely even startled, when she told him, on the second evening, that she was going to town next day; for shopping, she said. He did not ask to be taken with her, nor thought of asking; it appeared to Geoff that he had known all along that she would go. Lady Markland proposed to him that he should pay Mrs. Warrender a visit, and he consented, not asking why. He drove in with her to the station at Highcombe, where Chatty met him, and took leave of his mother strangely, in a curious, dreamy way, as if he were not sure what he was doing. To be sure, it was a parting of little importance. She was going to town, to do some shopping, and in less than a week she was to be back. It had never happened before, which gave the incident a distinguishing character, that was all. But she seated herself on the other side of the railway carriage, and did not keep him in her eye till she could see him no more. And though she cried under her veil some tears which were salt and bitter, yet in her heart there was a feeling of relief, — of relief to have parted with her boy! Could such a thing be possible? Geoff, on his side, went back with Chatty very quietly, saying little. He sat down in a corner of the drawing-room, with a book, his face twitching more than usual, his eyes puckered up tight; but afterwards became, as Chatty said, "very companionable," which was indeed the chief quality of this little forsaken boy.

It was not till nearly a week after

that Lady Markland came back. She arrived suddenly, one evening, with Theo, unexpected, unannounced. Dinner was over, and they had all gone into the garden in the warm summer twilight when these unlooked-for visitors came. Lady Markland was clad from head to foot in gray, the color of the twilight, — she who had been for so long all black. Theo followed her closely, in light attire also, and with a face all alight with happiness, more bright than in all his life his face had ever been before. He took Geoff by the shoulders with a sort of tender roughness, which was almost like an embrace. “Is that you, my old boy?” he said, with an unsteady laugh, pushing him into his mother’s arms. And then there was some crying and kissing, and Geoff heard it said that they had thought it better so, to avoid all fuss and trouble, and that it had taken place in town five days ago. To him no further explanations were made, but he seemed to understand it as well as the most grown-up person among them all.

This sudden step, which put all the power in Theo’s hands to thwart the lawyers and regulate matters at his own pleasure, made him at once completely subservient to them, accepting every-

thing which he had struggled against before. He took up his abode at Markland with his wife without so much as a protest: from thence he found it an amusement to watch the slow progress of the works at the Warren; riding over two or three times a week, sometimes accompanied by Geoff on his pony, sometimes by Geoff’s mother, who it appeared could ride very well, too. And when they went into society it was as Lady Markland and Mr. Warrender. Even on this point, without a word, Theo had given in.

There was, of course, a great outcry in the country about this almost runaway marriage. It was not dignified for Lady Markland, people said; but there were some good-natured souls who said they did not wonder, for that a widow’s wedding was not a pretty spectacle, like a young girl’s, and of course there were always embarrassments, especially with a child so old as Geoff. What could his mother have done with him, had he been present at the wedding? — and he must have been present at the wedding, if it had been performed in the ordinary way. Poor little Geoff! If only the new husband would be good to him, everybody said.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

“WORDS, WORDS, WORDS.”

(TO ONE WHO FLOUTED THEM AS VAIN.)

I.

AM I not weary of them as your heart
Or ever Hamlet’s was? — the empty ones,
Mere breath of passing air, mere hollow tones
That idle winds to broken reeds impart.

Have they not cursed my life? — sounds I mistook
For sacred verities, — love, faith, delight,
And the sweet tales that women tell at night,
When darkness hides the falsehood of the look.

I was the one of all Ulysses' crew
 (What time he stopped their ears) that leaped and fled
 Unto the sirens, for the honey-dew

Of their dear songs. The poets me have fed
 With the same poisoned fruit. And even you, —
 Did you not pluck them for me in days dead?

II.

Nay, they do bear a blessing and a power, —
 Great words and true, that bridge from soul to soul
 The awful cloud-depths that betwixt us roll.
 I will not have them so blasphemed. This hour,

This little hour of life, this lean to-day, —
 What were it worth but for those mighty dreams
 That sweep from down the past on sounding streams
 Of such high-thoughted words as poets say?

What, but for Shakespeare's and for Homer's lay,
 And bards whose sacred names all lips repeat?
 Words. — only words; yet, save for tongue and pen

Of those great givers of them unto men,
 And burdens they still bear of grave or sweet,
 This world were but for beasts, a darkling den.

Andrew Hedbrooke.

AN OLD-TIME GRIEVANCE.

"LET all who are not callous to every tender human feeling guess at least how a fond mother must feel, what anguish must wring her heart, on having a beloved son, in a state of minority, torn from the arms of his parents, from brothers and sisters, and from the country in which he was born, and hurried to distant climes, in a state of servitude, awful and dangerous, where if he should be in distress (as he doubtless is) his cries cannot be heard, nor his wants met, by those to whom he is as dear as life."

So wrote, in March, 1812, Mrs. Ruth Fling, wife of Lemuel Fling, of Cornish, New Hampshire, to Samuel Dinsmoor, member of Congress from the

district in which they all lived. Her letter was inclosed with another, written by her husband, to Mr. Dinsmoor, in which was narrated in manly language the story of the impressment of his son Calvin. Mrs. Fling's letter, of which the above passage forms only a small part, was a prolonged wail. In our times bereaved mothers do not offer to "sit down in mournful silence, humbly praying that if we can meet no more on earth we may, through the merits of a glorious Redeemer, meet on the shore of the heavenly Canaan, where the din of war, the chain of slavery, and the apparatus of death shall be known no more forever;" but that the mother

of Calvin Fling felt it necessary to express her grief in such involved phrases is no reason to question either the sincerity or the depth of her sorrow.

The case of this young man was not a typical example of those impressments which, together with the Orders in Council, were assigned as the causes of the declaration of war against Great Britain in June, 1812. But it illustrates the contemptuous disregard of American rights displayed by British naval officers, during a period of twenty years, without rebuke from their government. Calvin Fling, at the age of twenty years, was not a sailor, but a journeyman saddler. He had worked at his trade in Montreal and Quebec about three years when, in the streets of the latter city, he was impressed by a gang from the British sloop of war *Rattler*, and carried on board that vessel, where history loses sight of him.

No American who studies attentively the diplomatic history of his country from the definitive treaty of peace in 1783 until the peace of Ghent — a period that covers almost a generation — can require any further reason than he will find therein for the bitter and revengeful feelings toward England which were then almost universally entertained. It is not easy to detach from the rest one of the numerous grievances of which every President, from Washington to Madison, complained, and, having isolated that single controversy, to give its history in intelligible form; but in this paper no reference which does not seem to be absolutely necessary will be made to the other general and particular assaults by Great Britain on the rights of neutrals. Of course it is no part of the present purpose to inquire whether or not England was a greater offender — except as its power for mischief was greater — than France. We will confine attention, as far as it is possible to do so, to the one subject of British impressments.

The correspondence on this subject was begun during Washington's first term. Gouverneur Morris, commissioner to Great Britain, had a conversation with the English foreign minister on the subject, and it was then suggested on the part of the latter that all American seamen should carry certificates of their citizenship. This proposition was rejected by Mr. Jefferson, who, as secretary of state, wrote to Mr. Thomas Pinckney, our minister plenipotentiary, in 1792, that it was a "condition never yet submitted to by any nation." He indicated briefly the reasons why it should not be accepted. The strongest of these reasons was that, implying an admission of the principle that all seamen who were not American citizens might be rightfully seized from American vessels (which he did not concede), it would lead to the impressment of Americans who might happen not to be provided with certificates. The practice of carrying certificates, or "protections," was soon afterward adopted, — without prejudice to the American contention on the general principle, — and proved completely ineffectual to prevent the impressment of our citizens.

This system was established by act of Congress, approved May 28, 1796, by which it was provided that persons should be appointed to reside abroad, — one of them to be stationed in London, — to act as agents for demanding the release of impressed American seamen; and that collectors of customs should open books for the registry of sailors who produced proof of American citizenship. Upon furnishing such proof certificates were to be issued to seamen, in a prescribed form, that they were American citizens. This act, as originally passed by the House of Representatives, required collectors to state in the certificates whether the holder was a native or a naturalized citizen. The Senate struck out the clause. The refusal to distinguish between the two classes

of citizens probably made very little difference in the British practice, though in the diplomatic correspondence that followed the issue of certificates to naturalized citizens was made an excuse for numerous complaints that the protections were in many cases fraudulent and untrue. British naval officers were accustomed to treat the protections as wholly valueless for purposes of evidence.

The subject of impressment was resumed in the instructions given by Timothy Pickering, secretary of state, to Rufus King, our minister to London, in 1796. The extent of American concession at this time was that American vessels should, on arrival in a British port, report their crew at the proper office; and "if afterward any addition be made to them by *British subjects*, these may be taken away. In the ports of Great Britain and Ireland the impress of *British subjects* found on board our vessels must doubtless be admitted." A few months later Mr. King had occasion to demand the release of one Maxwell, an American, who had been impressed and carried away on H. M. ship *Sandwich*. England refused to comply, on the ground that Maxwell was "married and settled at Bristol." Reasons similar to this were then and always afterward given, whenever it was possible. Mr. King, in an exceedingly strong dispatch to Lord Grenville, convicted the British government of inconsistency.

It was about this time that the British government began to complain of the granting of protections by consuls, and notice was given to Mr. King that the practice must be discontinued. Our minister was also notified that all demands for the restoration of American seamen must come through him. The concentration of the business in his hands revealed to him the astonishing magnitude of the evil. Between July 1, 1796, and April 1, 1797, he made application for no fewer than two hundred

and seventy-one seamen. Of this number, eighty-six were given up; thirty-seven were detained "as British subjects, or as American volunteers, or for want of proof that they are Americans;" and the remaining one hundred and forty-eight applications received no answer.

Three years later the two governments almost succeeded in coming to an agreement. Mr. Pitt's ministry had been superseded by that of Mr. Addington, and Lord Grenville was replaced, as foreign secretary, by Lord Hawkesbury. Mr. King pressed the American grievance forcibly upon the attention of the new government, and finally the negotiation resulted in the draft of an article, to which both Lord Hawkesbury and Mr. King assented. Impressment on the high seas, from American vessels, was to be wholly discontinued. Lord Hawkesbury submitted the article to Lord St. Vincent, the first lord of the admiralty, who insisted upon excepting from the operation of the treaty vessels navigating the "narrow seas." This was a re-assertion by England of the old principle of *mare clausum*,—of an exclusive jurisdiction over the seas surrounding the British Isles. Not only was it inadmissible as favoring a pretension which no maritime nation conceded, but as rendering the article of little value. So much of American trade passed through the English Channel, St. George's Channel, and the North Sea that if impressment in these waters was to continue the evil complained of would be hardly diminished.

Mr. King expressed his belief that if he had further time he could persuade the English government to yield this point. Our government seemed to think that, having once reduced the disagreement to a single issue regarding the narrow seas, it had obtained an advantage, and had made a defense of the general system of impressment impossible. The British ministers, instead of

arguing about the matter, simply declined to treat, and the matter rested a year or two. Mr. Madison, secretary of state, sent to Mr. Monroe, who succeeded Mr. King at London, full instructions for the negotiation of a treaty, and a *projet* of such a treaty, the first article of which related to impressments. In this dispatch, dated January 5, 1804, Mr. Madison presented the matter strongly and at length. He denied explicitly the right of Great Britain to search for and seize her own subjects on board American vessels, not only on general grounds, but because the practice must necessarily lead to many abuses. He protested against it particularly because it placed the dearest rights of seamen visited by a British naval officer at the mercy of that officer, who was immediately interested in denying him all rights. It not only laid upon the sailor whose services were desired the burden of proof that he was an American citizen, but it gave the power to the officer to disregard, and even — as in many cases happened — to destroy, that proof.

The secretary warmly resented the idea that in granting protections to American seamen the United States admitted the right of Great Britain to take from our ships men who were not American citizens, as well as the supposition that the certificates of citizenship were meant to protect the holders under their own or under any other neutral flag. "The document is given to prove their real character, in situations to which neither the law of nations nor the law of their own country is applicable; in other words, to protect them within the jurisdiction of the British laws, and to secure to them within every other jurisdiction the rights and immunities due to them."

Mr. Monroe had progressed so far as to lay the project of a treaty before Lord Hawkesbury, and to find the secretary not indisposed to consider the

subject, when Mr. Addington's government was defeated. Mr. Pitt was recalled to the head of affairs, and Lord Harrowby became foreign secretary.

The next step on the part of our government was to join Mr. William Pinkney and Mr. Monroe, as commissioners extraordinary and plenipotentiary, for the negotiation of a treaty. Mr. Pinkney had resided in London eight years, from 1796, as commissioner under Jay's treaty, and had been successful in his mission. The instructions to the two envoys (May 17, 1806) began, as the instructions to Mr. Monroe alone had begun, with the subject of impressments. Mr. Madison referred to the "growing impatience" of this country under the licentiousness with which the practice was pursued, and told the commissioners plainly that "so indispensable is some adequate provision for the case that the President makes it a necessary preliminary to any stipulation requiring a repeal of the act shutting the market of the United States against certain British manufactures." It was only in August, 1806, that Lord Holland and Lord Auckland were appointed to treat with the American envoys. The matter of impressment was a stumbling-block from the very beginning. The British agents proposed, instead of the prohibition of impressments, to which Messrs. Monroe and Pinkney were instructed to adhere, a provision that the persons forming the crews of American vessels should be furnished with authentic proofs of citizenship, the form of which was to be settled by treaty; and these certificates were to be a complete protection to those to whom they related, "but that, subject to such protections, the ships of war should continue to visit and impress on the main ocean as heretofore."

This was wholly inadmissible, both because it would have conceded a right of sovereignty which no self-respecting nation could yield, and because such a regulation would imply the right of

British naval officers to seize all seamen, not Americans or British, to whose services our vessels had a right, and Great Britain had none. The objection of England to forego the practice was then, as it had always been, based, when all other arguments failed, upon the allegation that American vessels were made an asylum for British deserters in large numbers; and that unless the privilege were reserved of visiting such vessels and reclaiming deserters the evil would grow in magnitude. Our answer to this was an offer to pass a law making it a penal offense for American shipmasters to give shelter or employment to British deserters.

Although the British negotiators expressed serious doubts if such a law could be executed, they suggested amendments, and among other things asked that the American envoys should enlarge the scope of the term "deserters" by making it read "seafaring people quitting their service," so as to include in its application deserters from the merchant service. This, and some other changes, having been consented to, Lords Holland and Auckland "seemed to give their assent" to an article discontinuing impressments on these conditions; and the next meeting of the commissioners was appointed for a time sufficiently distant to allow the matter to be considered in cabinet council. The ministers rejected the article, absolutely. As though the whole subject were new to them, they requested the law officer of the crown to state the principles on which Great Britain claimed the right forcibly to take its seamen from the merchant vessels of other powers, on the high seas. His reply furnished the ground on which the government refused to treat for the discontinuance of impressments. He said that the king had a right to require the services of all his seafaring subjects against the enemy, and to take them by force wherever found, if not within the territorial limits of another power; and

that, as the high seas were extra-territorial, the merchant vessels of other powers were not admitted to possess such a jurisdiction as to protect British subjects from the exercise of the king's prerogative over them.

After so broad a statement of the principle, showing that England had not advanced a step toward our position, it was manifestly out of the question to obtain any treaty stipulation. But a way out of the difficulty seemed to be found. Lords Holland and Auckland proposed to send a formal note to the American envoys, in which the most explicit assurances should be given that, while the British government could not abandon its rights, it would endeavor to act in the future so as to give no further ground of complaints. "They intimated," say Messrs. Monroe and Pinkney, in reporting upon this affair to Mr. Madison, "that their government gave at present no cause of offense to the United States by impressments, and that we might be satisfied if it would continue to pursue the same policy." The form in which the promised assurance was given is of sufficient importance to be transcribed, in part at least:—

"That his majesty's government, animated by an earnest desire to remove every cause of dissatisfaction, has directed his majesty's commissioners to give to Mr. Monroe and to Mr. Pinkney the most positive assurances that instructions have been given, and shall be repeated and enforced, for the observance of the greatest caution in the impressing of British seamen; and that the strictest care shall be taken to preserve the citizens of the United States from any molestation or injury; and that immediate and prompt redress shall be afforded upon any representation of injury sustained by them.

"That the commissioners of the United States well know that no recent causes of complaint have occurred, and that no probable inconvenience can re-

sult from the postponement of an article subject to so many difficulties."

Although Messrs. Monroe and Pinkney were under instructions which made a discontinuance of impressment, by treaty, indispensably necessary to an agreement upon other points, they persuaded themselves that this assurance was quite as binding as a formal treaty would be, particularly as the English commissioners implied, by their use of the expression "the postponement of an article," relating to impressment, that the subject would be resumed and a formal treaty made. Accordingly, they proceeded to negotiate upon the other matters in dispute, and concluded a treaty on the 31st of December, 1806. In transmitting it the American envoys informed Mr. Madison that they believed the practice of searching our merchant vessels for British seamen would be essentially, if not completely, abandoned, and they added that the British commissioners had assured them that we were as secure under the policy adopted as we should be made by treaty.

Before these documents reached the United States a dispatch was on the way from Mr. Madison to Messrs. Monroe and Pinkney, foreshadowing the rejection of any treaty which contained no stipulation on the subject of impressments. The President attached no importance to the assurance given in the note sent by the British commissioners. He thought that not only the desire of the British government, but "the propensities of British naval commanders," should be taken into account; and that the reasons for declining to give precise and peremptory security against the abuse of the right claimed were trivial and frivolous. As for the assertion that the United States had no recent cause of complaint on the score of impressments, he almost lost his temper in saying how egregiously mistaken the British government was on this point. Upon the receipt of the treaty these views

were repeated, and, as is well known, Mr. Jefferson did not even ask the advice of the Senate upon ratifying the treaty.

Here, to all intents, the diplomatic history of the matter terminates. Mr. Monroe, to be sure, sent from Richmond, in February, 1808, after his return home, a document, in which, with characteristic verbosity, he vindicated his action. But when he did so the rejection of the treaty was already ancient history. The negotiation with the British government was not resumed. A few months after the failure of the Monroe and Pinkney treaty, in June, 1807, occurred the attack by the Leopard on the Chesapeake. Here again the object was to seize men claimed as British deserters, not only from an American vessel, but from a ship of war. In this case, too, only one of the four men claimed and taken from the Chesapeake was ultimately insisted upon by Great Britain as one of its subjects.

This, then, was a case of impressment in its most offensive form. But the circumstances surrounding the affair caused it to be treated in the correspondence as an outrage upon the national flag rather than as an example of the practice against which our government had protested so long and so earnestly. Yet it was a most striking illustration both of the "propensities" of British naval commanders, and of the real but unacknowledged approval of their most insolent acts by the government. For this attack was deliberately planned and expressly ordered by Admiral Berkeley; and while the ministers expressed their regret at such an occurrence, they not only declined to censure the admiral, but formally and openly praised his zeal. Great Britain did, nevertheless, after the affair of the Chesapeake, publicly disclaim a right to visit and search the national vessels of other powers with which it was at peace.

From that time forward the subject

of impressments was referred to only incidentally in the correspondence that passed between the two governments. The cessation of the discussion resulted, however, not from a discontinuance of the practice, but from the fact that new, if not more important and exciting, topics pressed for consideration. The exclusion of British armed vessels from our ports; the embargo; the Orders in Council, and Napoleon's Berlin and Milan decrees; the temporary hope that our grievances would be redressed, excited by the assurances of Mr. Erskine, British minister at Washington from 1807 until 1809; the emphatic refusal of the king's government to make good Mr. Erskine's promises; the insulting and purposely offensive insinuations of that minister's successor, Mr. Jackson; the John Henry mare's-nest,—all these events were crowded into a space of about five years, and left no time for a discussion of the old grievance of impressments.

But it was not forgotten. When the war party gained ascendancy in Congress, and won over Mr. Madison by a threat that he should not be reëlected as President unless he was willing to advise an appeal to arms, British impressments of American seamen was one of the two causes assigned for declaring war. What a triumph for Young America was that act! Clay, Calhoun, Lowndes, and Cheves—three of them under thirty years of age, and the fourth only thirty-five, each of them serving his first term in Congress—were the real leaders of the country and the makers of the war. Clay was Speaker, and Calhoun drew up the first report, of November 29, 1811, which foreshadowed events to come. In that report, in Madison's war message of June 1, 1812, and in the report by which the advice extorted from the President was backed up, the Orders in Council and impressments were the two reasons given for taking up arms against England. War

was declared on June 18th, and proclaimed on the following day. On the 23d of the same month Lord Castlereagh communicated to Mr. Russell, American *chargé* at London, the revocation of the Orders in Council. Thus impressments, which seven months before had never been hinted at as a possible *casus belli*, became the sole cause of the war of 1812.

Before coming to the brief conclusion of the history of impressments as an international "issue," let us consider two points which have been purposely neglected thus far, but which are essential to a full understanding of the matter. What was to be said in defense of the British practice? What was the real magnitude of the American grievance?

In examining the question, if we were completely and undoubtedly in the right in our contention against the British claim and practice, we should remember, in the first place, that the controversy took place at the very beginning of the nineteenth century, when the law of nations was essentially different from what it is now. There can be no difficulty whatever about condemning absolutely and unqualifiedly certain features of British practice. Certainly there was not the least justification or excuse for the seizure of native-born Americans. Great Britain never claimed, but on the contrary expressly disclaimed, that right. She professed to be willing to surrender every native American taken by her naval officers, and as a matter of fact did restore hundreds of such persons. As we have already seen, she repeatedly professed a willingness to respect certificates of citizenship, given by authorities and in a form to be prescribed by treaty. When, therefore, a native American was taken, the act was either a willful abuse of authority, or the result of an honest mistake.

Nor does the case of foreigners who had enlisted in our merchant service present any difficulty. American mer-

chants had a good claim upon such persons, the British navy had none. The answer given for refusing to release them, when the restoration of foreigners was demanded, was that the British government could not recognize a right in the government of the United States to demand any but its own citizens. This was a mere subterfuge. A wrong had undoubtedly been committed, and it was the duty of the government of Great Britain to give redress to those who had suffered by its acts. We asked, in such cases, not for the release of men held to service against their will, but for the services of men who had volunteered them, *having a right so to volunteer*, of which our merchants and shipmasters had been deprived. The demand was preferred not in the interest of the impressed foreigners, but in that of the despoiled American merchants. We had two grounds for asking the release of impressed Americans, and one only, which was nevertheless perfect as against any British claim, for asking the release of Swedish and Danish seamen seized from our ships.

Leaving out of the account cases of these kinds, and others where no doubt can be entertained of the strength of our position, what can be said in defense of the British claim of a right to search the merchant vessels of a neutral power, and to take therefrom any person who was, or had been, a British subject? This covers the case of persons who, born under the British flag, had become American citizens in conformity with our naturalization laws. The doctrine that the flag of a ship protects its cargo and all persons on board, when not engaged in any act contrary to the laws of neutrality, is now universally accepted. How warmly Great Britain herself has since maintained the principle, so far as it related to persons, will be remembered by all who recall the incident of the seizure of *Mason and Slidell* from the *Trent*. But in 1800 and in 1815 it was unac-

knowledgeed as a rule of international law. The United States asserted it, and so did France. Each of these two governments had strong reasons for so doing. Since it is a rule which works for the advantage of neutrals, it is a sound one; and when England began to cultivate the arts of peace assiduously, she espoused it. At the beginning of this century her interests were all the other way, and she rejected the principle as a dangerous innovation.

The British case was this: The king claimed, as under the law of Great Britain and the universal practice of European nations he had a right to do, the personal service of every subject. His government denied — and in so doing it adhered to a principle which had never been relinquished — that any person could by his own act so far denationalize or expatriate himself as to evade the duty of personal service when required to render it. The principle “Once a subject always a subject,” a most venerable maxim, has been abandoned by the nations of Europe in very recent times only. Seventy years ago the publicists of Europe sneered at America for upholding the doctrine of voluntary expatriation, the idea as well as the name of which was coined in this country. Moreover, the right to visit and search the vessels of neutral powers for contraband articles was not only maintained, but universally conceded. In these principles was contained everything necessary to justify, not the practice of impressment as it was, but the seizure of every British-born subject from American merchant vessels. The flag did not protect the vessel from visitation and search; the native Briton could not escape his duty by enlisting in a foreign service, nor even by acquiring citizenship in another country; the municipal law of England authorized the commander of a frigate to take him and force him into the naval service.

In justice to Great Britain some fur-

ther admissions must be made. That country was engaged in a tremendous struggle with the most unscrupulous, the most ambitious, and the most successful military adventurer of modern times. A government so occupied could hardly be expected to change its policy in such a way as to diminish by a single man its resources for recruiting its navy. Furthermore, it is beyond question that some men — whether the number was large or small was a matter in dispute between the two governments — did try to screen themselves from the impress, to which, under the laws of their country, they were liable, by false claims of American citizenship. One is compelled to add that the practice of granting protections led to three results, all of which tended to diminish the value of the protections. First, in the maintenance of the American principle of expatriation and naturalization, Congress expressly refused to sanction a distinction between native and naturalized citizens in the certificates issued. Secondly, seamen's papers were issuable from many different offices, and were in fact issued upon very slight evidence that the applicant was a citizen. Thirdly, though of course "not transferable," American protections were transferred; impecunious sailors, who were willing to trust to luck, did sell them, and there is no doubt that British sailors could at one time buy protections at two dollars apiece, in more than one American port.

Taking all these facts into consideration, it is not at all strange that England refused to give up a practice by which, if she did seize men who should have been exempt from capture, some of whom she was afterward obliged in honor to surrender, she could reclaim those to whom her laws gave her a right. She might almost be excused for refusing to do so, until full security was given that American vessels should not be an asylum for British deserters. Shall we find any difficulty in admitting also that

an act of Congress is not always obeyed even in our day, and that American shipmasters had a direct interest in helping British deserters to evade any law which excluded them from service in our merchant marine?

In saying so much for the British pretension, one has said all. Had the successive governments of Great Britain been at any time sincere in their protestations that the excesses and abuses connected with impressment from American vessels were accidental and unintentional, they easily could have put an end to the abuses. But what was to be expected of the commanders of frigates but that they should continue to impress whomsoever the whim seized them to take? When these officers had laid hands upon a man of whose American origin there was not the slightest doubt, did their government make haste to right the wrong? By no means. It virtually approved the act by inventing all manner of difficulties before surrendering the Yankee. There were regulations against impressing American citizens, but no naval officer was ever reprimanded for violating them. In point of fact, the government, while professing to deplore the outrages upon the persons of Americans, was morally in collusion with those who committed the greatest wrongs upon our people. Nor can a complete view of the case be taken which omits "the propensities of British naval commanders," about which Mr. Madison wrote in 1807. Finer specimens of the class "bully" probably never lived than were the sea-dogs of old England during the days when Napoleon devastated the land, and the British navy swept the ocean clean of belligerents and neutrals.

But even had there been no abuses, the reasons given by England for her practices, sufficient as they may have been in the view of those who gave them, lacked one most essential element of justice and equity. Grant that Great Britain might properly search American ves-

sels, and might rightfully reclaim its own native-born subjects: who was to judge between the commander of the searching vessel of war and the seaman whom he claimed as an Englishman? The commander decided it off-hand. He was accuser, jury, judge, and the party to profit by his own decision. He could not legally take a handspike from the Yankee vessel until he had sent the ship into port, and had procured the condemnation of the coveted property by a prize court. But he could lay his heavy hand upon as many of the crew as he pleased, and carry them with him to the ends of the earth. Merchandise was not a prize until an admiralty court had tried the case and condemned the goods; men were made a prize without any trial, upon the merest suspicion, or at the brutal will of a naval officer. They might, at the end of months or years, escape from bondage; they might be food for powder or for sharks before they could recite their wrongs and demand their release. In either case, whatever the British navy could get out of them was so much clear gain, the suffering was all their own. If a wrong was done, no one was punished for it.

The cool and deliberate way in which Great Britain managed to take either side of the argument, as suited its purposes at the moment, might be illustrated by a comparison of the many reasons noted in the lists of impressed seamen sent home from London by General William Lyman, our consul in that city, for refusing to release them. But one example will suffice. Among the reasons frequently assigned was this: it lies before me in an original letter, dated at the Admiralty Office, July 11, 1810, and signed by John Wilson Croker, the famous secretary to the admiralty. It relates to "the case of Richard Dickens, said to be an American, on board the *Bellona*," and informs Mr. Lyman that, "having voluntarily entered, he cannot be discharged."

It is not necessary to know the exact circumstances under which Dickens was impressed. The case was, we may assume, like thousands of others. He was taken from on board of an American brig, let us say, and carried to the *Bellona*. Upon his arrival in a British port, London probably, he made his story and his situation known to Mr. Lyman, and begged the consul to get him clear. Mr. Lyman laid the case before the British government, and some time afterward received the reply above quoted. But, it will be said, there is something unexplained. Dickens had "voluntarily entered." Of course, then, he had no right to demand a discharge, and General Lyman had none to demand it in his name. The explanation is very simple. One could "voluntarily enter" the British navy unconsciously, — almost as easily as a special partner can become a general partner. The poor fellow may have been taken from the *Nancy Ann* just as he was when the crew of that unfortunate Yankee brig was mustered on deck, — hatless and barefooted. His chest did not follow him to the *Bellona*. Lacking and needing clothes, he drew a hat and a pair of shoes from the *Bellona's* stores, and lo! he is a British tar, bound to fight the battles of King George. It is pathetic to read in some letters in my possession, to which reference is made hereafter, the assertions of American sailors that they have never accepted any pay or bounty, so that they might be able to deny that they had "entered."

Now let us see where the British government logically stood. It claimed the right to seize and force into its navy Englishmen who had "voluntarily entered" the American merchant service; it refused to surrender Americans who had, under rules artfully contrived for entrapping unwary seamen, nominally entered the British navy. Was not that inconsistent? John Bull said no. The "reconciliation," to borrow the phrase of

our new secretary of the treasury, is found in a paper on the Right and Practice of Impressment, contained in the Pamphleteer, No. XXVIII., published in 1819, though the essay was evidently written in 1814, when the war was still in progress. The writer distinguishes between the individual and personal and the national character of a seaman, adopting the distinction officially made some months before in a famous debate in the House of Commons. The seaman might lay aside his individual rights as a citizen by voluntary enlistment in the public or private service of another country, but he could not rid himself of his national duties. Consequently, his own sovereign might rightfully demand him. "Thus," wrote the author, "the applications of individuals who have voluntarily entered are resisted, though the claim of their sovereign for their release is acceded to."

So far this seems reasonable enough, from a British point of view. How, then, without inconsistency, when the United States, in accordance with this principle, demanded the release of one of its own citizens who had "voluntarily entered," could his act be alleged as a reason for refusing to give him up? Listen to the sophistry of this pamphleteer:—

"But the mere application of the sovereign, or his accredited agent, is not always enough; because it is known by experience that the ministers, consuls, etc., and particularly those of America, never, in fact, refuse to make such an application at the wish and request of the party; so that a distinction may reasonably be taken between such requisitions as are made at the mere instance of the individual and those made in the name and as the act of his government. Those made at the instance of the individual merely, and where the government does not either want or claim his services, may fairly be considered as if they came direct from the individual himself. But if the sovereign

d demands the release of one of his subjects, for his (the sovereign's) own service, such demand is immediately to be complied with, even though the person should have voluntarily entered."

For a nice distinction this will pass; but the result of it is that a neutral power, not needing the services of one of its citizens, cannot demand one who has voluntarily entered; and that a power which does not impress its subjects into its navy has no right to ask for the release of one who has volunteered. Further, it is an assertion of a right in the government which holds the subject of another sovereign to judge as to the validity of that sovereign's reasons for demanding his surrender.

How many American seamen were wrongfully impressed, in the twenty-five or thirty years preceding the war of 1812? If one were to base an estimate upon the official lists sent home from London by General Lyman, and published from time to time by the State Department, one would probably obtain an exaggerated idea of the evil. On the other hand, the British government was interested in belittling the importance of its acts as much as possible, and in so doing it was greatly and successfully assisted by the opposition party, the Federalists, in the United States. It will strike any one who attempts to study the subject of impressments from original sources that the references to it are few and meagre, outside of official documents. The reason is obvious. Intellectual activity at that time was largely confined to the Eastern States, where Federalism was strong, and Federalists, being opposed to all the measures hostile to England adopted by Congress and the President, were disposed not to magnify the grievance. General Lyman made 798 applications for the discharge of impressed men between April 1, 1806, and September 30, 1807, and during the same time 272 seamen, applied for then or previously, were or-

dered to be discharged. Between April 1, 1809, and September 30, 1810, the number of applications was 1558. At the beginning of the war of 1812 the British government, in accordance with its merciful policy of not requiring foreign seamen in its navy to fight against their country, gave to all men claiming American citizenship then employed in its navy their choice between remaining in the service and becoming prisoners of war so long as hostilities should continue. Seven hundred and fifty-one men preferred the unspeakable horrors of the prison-ship to bearing arms against their country.

No doubt hundreds upon hundreds of applications deposited by General Lyman were fraudulent. That fact is neither strange, nor something to be set down against the consul's honesty and good faith. Men sent to him requests that bore every appearance of being genuine. The applicants were not personally known to him. Sometimes they told him that their protections had been taken from them, a very common practice on the part of naval officers. If General Lyman had waited before applying for the discharge of these men until he could write to America and get an answer, three months of time would have been wasted, even if the winds were favorable and the mail packets prompt. Long before that time had elapsed the detained man who was being looked up would have been carried to sea. When at length, the claimant being found worthy, a request for his surrender was made, an answer in this form would be returned by the admiralty: "The *Impériuse* (or whatever the ship might be named) being on a foreign station, no steps can be taken respecting this man." The consul properly applied for discharge in all cases where he had good reason to think there was a well-founded claim. It was certainly not for the British government to complain that he was indiscriminate in his applications,

considering how indiscriminate its officers were in their impressments; for it was the universal rule in the navy to take from American vessels all men who could not on the spot prove themselves to be American citizens, — and many who could give the proof demanded.

While the number of applications was larger than the number of applicants who were entitled to discharge, it must be remembered that many men were impressed who never had a chance to claim General Lyman's good offices. And when we consider the number of men whom Great Britain discharged as American citizens, after unlawfully requiring their services for longer or shorter periods, the conclusions of a committee of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, which reported on the subject on February 26, 1813, appear somewhat startling. This committee examined many merchants and shipmasters, who represented "a vast proportion of the whole shipping of this commonwealth," and who had, during the preceding twelve or fifteen years, employed an average of 1560 seamen annually. These witnesses testified to only thirty-five cases of impressments in all (twelve American and twenty-three British seamen having been taken) from their own vessels, and, including these, but one hundred and forty-five of which they knew anything even by hearsay.

It seems to be a good example of the small value that is to be attached to negative testimony. The evidence of the witness who did see the prisoner steal the sheep was worth more than that of the forty who swore truthfully that they did not see the theft committed. Nevertheless, as the witnesses before the committee were men of good repute for veracity, it must be admitted that they were remarkably lucky in their ventures upon a much-vexed sea. The merchant who could recall the largest number of cases was William Gray, who had been in commerce forty or fifty

years, and since the year 1800 had employed about three hundred seamen annually. He could remember only two American seamen impressed from his own ships by the British, in all that time, and three Swedes taken by the French. Both the Americans afterward escaped and returned to the ship. He had heard of thirteen other cases of impressments, in addition to one affair in which the whole crew of a vessel was taken, near Batavia. Mr. Gray afterward added fourteen other cases of which he had heard. As he had closed his first deposition with the statement that he did not "recollect any other information on the subject of the present inquiry," and appended these other instances three days later, it is possible — not to cast the least slur upon a deservedly honorable name — that if his memory had been jogged further the result of the process would have been fruitful.

While it is no doubt true that the administration took up the cause of many men who had no right to national protection, counted as genuine cases of outrage upon Americans the seizure of Irishmen, Englishmen, and Continental Europeans, and made the indictment against the British government stronger than it should have been drawn, it must also be true that the New England view of the matter was quite unfair. The number of Yankees impressed was not so great as the official lists indicated, but it was greater than Massachusetts merchants were willing to acknowledge.

But after all it was not a question of numbers, but one of principle, of national self-respect, of protection to men who were entitled to protection, though the whole power of the nation needed to be exerted in order to give it. Ninety-nine men might escape impressment, but the treatment which the hundredth sailor suffered could not be endured without national humiliation. What was impressment? John Quincy Adams gives us a rapid sketch of the practice in a

passage from his posthumous justification of his charges against certain prominent Federalists, which is printed in Mr. Henry Adams's *New England Federalism* :—

"Whenever an American merchant vessel met a British armed vessel at sea, she was visited by a midshipman or lieutenant from the man-of-war, at whose command her whole crew was summoned upon her deck; and there every man of them passed in review before this often beardless boy, who compared their persons with their protections, and finished by taking or leaving the man, just as his temper or fancy decided his choice. Fellow-citizens, I describe to you what I have seen with my own eyes, and I heard a lieutenant in the British navy threaten to take a native of Charlestown, Mass., from the ship in which I was, because he thought the person did not accurately correspond with the protection."

What impressment was to those who suffered from it may be gathered from a perusal of a packet of letters rescued from a paper-mill by a professor in Bowdoin College, and placed in my hands. They are original letters from impressed seamen to General William Lyman, and are all dated in June, 1808. Some of them seem by their language to give ground for suspicion that the writers were born within the sound of Bow bells, but a consul would have been either very confident or very heartless if he had allowed his suspicion alone to deter him from representing any one of these cases to the government. No doubt many of these poor fellows were so little accustomed to the use of the pen that they could have echoed fervently the remark with which William H. Collins begins his epistle, — "Sir the trouble of writing to you is Not to be compared with our unhappy state of mind," — and have thought they were making a very strong representation of their mental condition.

A frequent entry in the official lists, opposite the names of impressed men, was this: "Having no papers, and supposed to be an Englishman," — this being the answer of my lords of the admiralty. Why one man had no papers is narrated in the following letter, which is copied verbatim: —

Jun the 7 1808 year.

DEAIR SIR is to Let you no that wen you Rot to me on bord the Selve-dor I was sent onbord of the bellerepon in the Chanel and never hear aney thing of the answer Witch I Rot severil Leters to you acording to your Leters and Rot on to you to go New York to my Sister and Wif for my papers Witch It Com to the Midater and Didnot no Ware I wos and It went onshor to the post Ofis and Wos Sent to the Ded Leter ofis and I Beg the favour of you If you Will be so Coind as to See in to it and Send It to my frend William Keenspir Living In plymouth Dock No 48 new Street Witch no If you Will tak It in considerasion of me and my por famley and Send me my potex-ion as the Other was Caried to Sea in the tolbot and was never Over holed nor I never was Cuestened altho I saw It I was Sent that Saim Our to the Ospitel and the Capten was onshor and next Day the Sip Sailed for Lisburn and has never Returne Witch I Spok to the Admirel Consarnin It and he Said that the Capten ought to Sent It to his ofis again Weather or no to right to you a Gain for it Witch my potexion is right agreed all But my age Witch is the mistak in Mr. Murey Witch my ag is forty Six year Old Witch It must go acording to ther Bucks as they hav Got Down my Age and It Will Clear me If you Will Send my potexion on Bord of the belleropon as Admiral Gardner is to hav the Ship and he Will Overhol me and Question me him Self Witch the othe wold Cleard me if the Cpten had been onbord when it Com and So doing

you Will Oblig Your humbel Protishner
and frend TOWNSEND HUTCHINGS.
on bord of belleropon.

His papers all seem to have gone astray while he had the misfortune to be laid up in the "Ospitel." There are several other specimens of literature quite as unique as the above, but I copy only one more: —

NORE June 13th 1808.

MR. WILLIAM LIMAN SIR.

I Take this liberty of Ritting to you as I Could Wish to know if you know if the Cappy of my Dublaket has Come out from New York as I think it very hard to Stope hear on Onboard of any of his Majhtes Ships as you are sirteen that I am an amiracan To Which I Should be Very much Oblight to you to Make all the Inquiry about it and hast that you Can as I Dont know how Soun I May be Drafted out of the Land therefore I think there is Nothing Like the Present Time as I am hear on the Spote.

Sir I Beg that you Will be so kind as to Return me an anser to this and When that you Rite to me Direct it to me on board of his Majhtes Ship Namur at the Nore and Like Wise I Beg that you will doe all your Indevers for my Clearans and In So Doing you will oblige you Humble Servent

THOMAS MORRAL.

General Lyman indorsed this letter, upon filing it, with the remark, "No answer." But it is certainly to be hoped that, to use Morrell's tautological phrase, he finally got the "Cappy of his Dublaket," or the duplicate itself.

Here is the case of a man who signed himself John Jackson, and wrote a neat and correctly spelled letter to General Lyman. He says that he was impressed and has been a long time in the service, but never entered it or received the bounty. In 1805, he wrote two letters to his father, Ebenezer Jackson,

painter, of Boston, and the year following he received from that father a certificate of his baptism. The ship being on a foreign station, he could do nothing. On arriving at Plymouth he found that the officer who had transmitted his letters to his father had been superseded; and before he could take fresh steps to get clear he was put upon another ship and sent to the Mediterranean. Then a fire occurred in the ship. Jackson had a narrow escape with his life, and lost all his clothes and papers. The postscript to this letter shows the man's candor, and at the same time illustrates the avidity with which the British government seized upon an inconsistency discovered in a seaman's protection.

"N. B. My Fathers name is Ebenezer Jackson (painter in Boston.) I am the youngest son. My name is Ebenezer Jackson also — when I was first impressed into H M Service several people not knowing my name called me Jack or John which I answered to as I then did not care much about. So that I was put on the Ships Books and have gone by that name ever since, so I imagine that might be a principal flaw in not getting clear before."

Those who wish to read an account of what impressment was at its worst may find in Niles's Register, volume ii., page 349, the story of James Brown. It was published a month after the declaration of war, and was well calculated to excite the sympathy and stir the indignation of the people. Brown was captured in 1807, with the vessel in which he was serving, and taken into Portsmouth. There he was impressed, applied to Mr. Lyman, and obtained his discharge. He went to Lisbon, hoping to find an American vessel bound home, and was there impressed again. Although he had, and offered to show to the commander of the British vessel, his discharge as an American citizen, the captain would not look at it. Brown was put in irons for writing to the

American consul, and was threatened with a flogging if he should repeat the offense. The man was compelled to serve in the same ship from July, 1808, until January, 1812, and was only released when he was in the last stages of consumption. He was landed in Boston in May, 1812, and died a week or two after. At his funeral a sermon was preached by the Rev. Theophilus Smith from the text Job iii. 17-19: "There the wicked cease from troubling," etc.

There was not a little force in the assertion of the Federalists — it was echoed in England — that the Americans had never, in all the diplomatic correspondence on the subject of impressment, hinted that it might become a cause of war. The surprise with which they found the administration of Mr. Madison and the war party in Congress taking up so warmly a grievance felt as such most keenly in those parts of the country where the Federalists were strong and the war party was weak was not affected; it was genuine. Our government had contented itself with protests and with efforts, always unavailing, to procure a stipulation that impressments should be discontinued, for the very simple but cogent reason that it could do no more. It accepted the humiliation of seeing its citizens seized and held, and surrendered reluctantly, if at all, as it put up with other slights and indignities. The practice of impressment was a sufficient cause of war for twenty years. From the beginning of the French and English war in 1793 until the declaration of war by Congress in 1812, there was never a year in which scores of outrages were not perpetrated such as would now lead to hostilities, unless promptly disavowed and redressed. Great Britain and France presumed upon our national weakness until, what with the exasperating restrictions upon commerce imposed by the Orders in Council and the contemptuous disregard of personal and na-

tional rights in the practice of impressment, "forbearance ceased to be a virtue." A cold and calculating policy dictated further forbearance, though it might no longer be classed among the Christian traits. Young America said that patience in the past, under oppression, must not be cited as a reason why fresh and grievous outrages should continue to be borne.

One can hardly maintain, after studying all the facts, that the declaration of war was a wise and statesmanlike act. On the contrary, it was a piece of headstrong rashness; for while justified by what the United States had suffered from Great Britain, it was not justified by the condition of the country. That was abundantly proved by the event. The military non-success of our arms led to a constant diminution of the demands of Mr. Madison upon the negotiators of peace at Ghent. As is well known, the treaty which closed the war of 1812 was completely silent upon the subject of impressments.

Nor have the two governments ever reached an agreement on the matter. President Monroe in 1818, and again in 1823, endeavored to make a treaty to cover such cases, and President John Quincy Adams also tried to do so, but without success. But no case of impressment has occurred since the unsuccessful war which we waged to redress our wrongs. In fact, Great Britain has not been engaged in any war, since 1815, that forced her to recruit her navy by drafting foreigners. In 1833, after a long agitation in England, upon proof that the practice of employing the press-gang was not merely cruel and unjust, but demoralizing to the navy, as well as a costly, clumsy, and wasteful way of securing seamen, impressment was abolished by act of Parliament. But long before that time we had reached such a point in our national growth that a single act of impressment committed upon an American citizen would have been resented by a prompt appeal to arms.

Edward Stanwood.

THE IDEA OF GOD.

I.

In Goethe's great poem, while Faust is walking with Margaret at eventide in the garden, she asks him questions about his religion. It is long since he has been shriven or attended mass; does he, then, believe in God? — a question easy to answer with a simple yes, were it not for the form in which it is put. The great scholar and subtle thinker, who has delved in the deepest mines of philosophy and come forth weary and heavy-laden with their boasted treasures, has framed a very different conception of God from that entertained by the priest at the confessional or the altar, and how is he to

make this intelligible to the simple-minded girl that walks by his side? Who will make bold to declare that he can grasp an idea of such overwhelming vastness as the idea of God, yet who that hath the feelings of a man can bring himself to cast away a belief that is indispensable to the rational and healthful workings of the mind? So long as the tranquil dome of heaven is raised above our heads and the firm-set earth is spread forth beneath our feet; while the everlasting stars course in their mighty orbits and the lover gazes with ineffable tenderness into the eyes of her that loves him, — so long, says Faust, must our hearts go out toward Him that upholds and comprises

all. Name or describe as we may the Sustainer of the world, the eternal fact remains there, far above our comprehension, yet clearest and most real of all facts. To name and describe it, to bring it within the formulas of theory or creed, is but to veil its glory, as when the brightness of heaven is enshrouded in mist and smoke. This has a pleasant sound to Margaret's ears. It reminds her of what the parson sometimes says, although couched in very different phrases; and yet she remains uneasy and unsatisfied. Her mind is benumbed by the presence of an idea confessedly too great to be grasped. She feels the need of some concrete symbol that can be readily apprehended; and she hopes that her lover has not been learning bad lessons from Mephistopheles.

The difficulty which here besets Margaret must doubtless have been felt by every one when confronted with the thoughts by which the highest human minds have endeavored to disclose the hidden life of the universe and interpret its meaning. It is a difficulty which baffles many, and they who surmount it are few indeed. Most people content themselves through life with a set of concrete formulas concerning Deity, and vituperate as atheistic all conceptions which refuse to be compressed within the narrow limits of their creed. For the great mass of men the idea of God is quite overlaid and obscured by innumerable symbolic rites and doctrines that have grown up in the course of the long historic development of religion. All such rites and doctrines had a meaning once, beautiful and inspiring or terrible and forbidding, and many of them still retain it. But whether meaningless or fraught with significance, men have wildly clung to them, as shipwrecked mariners cling to the drifting spars that alone give promise of rescue from threatening death. Such concrete symbols have in all ages been argued and fought for until they have come to seem

the essentials of religion; and new moons and sabbaths, decrees of councils and articles of faith, have usurped the place of the living God. In every age the theory or discovery — however profoundly theistic in its real import — which has thrown discredit upon such symbols has been stigmatized as subversive of religion, and its adherents have been reviled and persecuted. It is, of course, inevitable that this should be so. To the half-educated mind a theory of divine action couched in the form of a legend, in which God is depicted as entertaining human purposes and swayed by human passions, is not only intelligible, but impressive. It awakens emotion, it speaks to the heart, it threatens the sinner with wrath to come or heals the wounded spirit with sweet whispers of consolation. However mythical the form in which it is presented, however literally false the statements of which it is composed, it seems profoundly real and substantial. Just in so far as it is crudely concrete, just in so far as its terms can be vividly realized by the ordinary mind, does such a theological theory seem weighty and true. On the other hand, a theory of divine action which, discarding as far as possible the aid of concrete symbols, attempts to include within its range the endlessly complex operations that are forever going on throughout the length and breadth of the knowable universe, — such a theory is to the ordinary mind unintelligible. It awakens no emotion because it is not understood. Though it may be the nearest approximation to the truth of which the human intellect is at the present moment capable, though the statements of which it is composed may be firmly based upon demonstrated facts in nature, it will nevertheless seem eminently unreal and uninteresting. The dullest peasant can understand you when you tell him that honey is sweet, while a statement that the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter

may be expressed by the formula $\pi = 3.14159$ will sound as gibberish in his ears; yet the truth embodied in the latter statement is far more closely implicated with every act of the peasant's life, if he only knew it, than the truth expressed in the former. So the merest child may know enough to marvel at the Hebrew legend of the burning bush, but only the ripest scholar can begin to understand the character of the mighty problems with which Spinoza was grappling when he had so much to say about *natura naturans* and *natura naturata*.

For these reasons all attempts to study God as revealed in the workings of the visible universe, and to characterize the divine activity in terms derived from such study, have met with discouragement, if not with obloquy. As substituting a less easily comprehensible formula for one that is more easily comprehensible, they seem to be frittering away the idea of God and reducing it to an empty abstraction. There is a further reason for the dread with which such studies are commonly regarded. The theories of divine action accepted as orthodox by the men of any age have been bequeathed to them by their forefathers of an earlier age. They were originally framed with reference to assumed facts of nature which advancing knowledge is continually discrediting and throwing aside. Each forward step in physical science obliges us to contemplate the universe from a somewhat altered point of view, so that the mutual relations of its parts keep changing as in an ever-shifting landscape. The notions of the world and its Maker with which we started by and by prove meagre and unsatisfying; they no longer fit in with the general scheme of our knowledge. Hence the men who are wedded to the old notions are quick to sound the alarm. They would fain deter us from taking the forward step which carries us to a new standpoint. Beware of science, they cry, lest with its dazzling dis-

coveries and adventurous speculations it rob us of our soul's comfort and leave us in a godless world. Such in every age has been the cry of the more timid and halting spirits; and their fears have found apparent confirmation in the behavior of a very different class of thinkers. As there are those who live in perpetual dread of the time when science shall banish God from the world, so, on the other hand, there are those who look forward with longing to such a time, and in their impatience are continually starting up and proclaiming that at last it has come. There are those who have indeed learned a lesson from Mephistopheles, the "spirit that forever denies." These are they that say in their hearts, "There is no God," and "congratulate themselves that they are going to die like the beasts." Rushing into the holiest arcana of philosophy, even where angels fear to tread, they lay hold of each new discovery in science that modifies our view of the universe, and herald it as a crowning victory for the materialists, — a victory which is ushering in the happy day when atheism is to be the creed of all men. It is in view of such philosophizers that the astronomer, the chemist, or the anatomist, whose aim is the dispassionate examination of evidence and the unbiased study of phenomena, may fitly utter the prayer, "Lord, save me from my friends!"

Thus through age after age has it fared with men's discoveries in science, and with their thoughts about God and the soul. It was so in the days of Galileo and Newton, and we have found it to be so in the days of Darwin and Spencer. The theologian exclaims, If planets are held in place by gravitation and tangential momentum, and if the highest forms of life have been developed by natural selection and direct adaptation, then the universe is swayed by blind forces, and nothing is left for God to do: how impious and terrible the

thought! Even so, echoes the favorite atheist, the Lamettrie or Büchner, of the day; the universe, it seems, has always got on without a God, and accordingly there is none: how noble and cheering the thought! And as thus age after age they wrangle, with their eyes turned away from the light, the world goes on to larger and larger knowledge in spite of them, and does not lose its faith, for all these darkeners of counsel may say. As in the roaring loom of Time the endless web of events is woven, each strand shall make more and more clearly visible the living garment of God.

At no time since men have dwelt upon the earth have their notions about the universe undergone so great a change as in the century of which we are now approaching the end. Never before has knowledge increased so rapidly; never before has philosophical speculation been so actively conducted, or its results so widely diffused. It is a characteristic of organic evolution that numerous progressive tendencies, for a long time inconspicuous, now and then unite to bring about a striking and apparently sudden change; or a set of forces, quietly accumulating in one direction, at length unlock some new reservoir of force, and abruptly inaugurate a new series of phenomena, as when water rises in a tank until its overflow sets whirling a system of toothed wheels. It may be that Nature makes no leaps, but in this way she now and then makes very long strides. It is in this way that the course of organic development is marked here and there by memorable epochs, which seem to open new chapters in the history of the universe. There was such an epoch when the common ancestor of ascidian and amphioxus first showed rudimentary traces of a vertebral column. There was such an epoch when the air-bladder of early amphibians began to do duty as a lung.

Greatest of all, since the epoch, still hidden from our ken, when organic life began upon the surface of the globe, was the birth of that new era when, through a wondrous change in the direction of the working of natural selection, Humanity appeared upon the scene. In the career of the human race we can likewise point to periods in which it has become apparent that an immense stride was taken. Such a period marks the dawning of human history, when, after countless ages of desultory tribal warfare, men succeeded in uniting into comparatively stable political societies, and through the medium of written language began handing down to posterity the record of their thoughts and deeds. Since that morning twilight of history there has been no era so strongly marked, no change so swift or so far-reaching in the conditions of human life, as that which began with the great maritime discoveries of the fifteenth century, and is approaching its culmination to-day. In its earlier stages this modern era was signalized by sporadic achievements of the human intellect, great in themselves, and leading to such stupendous results as the boldest dared not dream of. Such achievements were the invention of printing, the telescope and microscope, the geometry of Descartes, the astronomy of Newton, the physics of Huyghens, the physiology of Harvey. Man's senses were thus indefinitely enlarged as his means of registration were perfected; he became capable of extending physical inferences from the earth to the heavens; and he made his first acquaintance with that luminiferous ether which was by and by to reveal the intimate structure of matter in regions far beyond the power of the microscope to penetrate.

It is only within the present century that the vastness of the changes thus beginning to be wrought has become apparent. The scientific achievements of the human intellect no longer occur sporadically; they follow one upon an-

other, like the organized and systematic conquests of a resistless army. Each new discovery becomes at once a powerful implement in the hands of innumerable workers, and each year wins over fresh regions of the universe from the unknown to the known. Our own generation has become so wonted to this un-resting march of discovery that we already take it as quite a matter of course. Our minds become easily deadened to its real import, and the examples we cite in illustration of it have an air of triteness. We scarcely need to be reminded that all the advances made in locomotion, from the days of Nebuchadnezzar to those of Andrew Jackson, were as nothing compared to the change that has been wrought within a few years by the introduction of railroads. In these times, when Puck has fulfilled his boast and put a girdle about the earth in forty minutes, we are not yet, perhaps, in danger of forgetting that a century has not elapsed since he who caught the lightning upon his kite was laid in the grave. Yet the lesson of these facts, as well as of the grandmother's spinning-wheel that stands by the parlor fireside, is well to bear in mind. The change therein exemplified since Penelope plied her distaff is far less than that which has occurred within the memory of living men. The developments of machinery, which have worked such wonders, have greatly altered the political conditions of human society, so that a huge republic like the United States is now as snug and compact and easily manageable as was the tiny republic of Switzerland in the eighteenth century. The number of men that can live upon a given area of the earth's surface has been multiplied manifold, and while the mass of human life has thus increased, its value has been at the same time enhanced.

In these various applications of physical theory to the industrial arts, countless minds, of a class that formerly were not reached by scientific reasoning at

all, are now brought into daily contact with complex and subtle operations of matter, and their habits of thought are thus notably modified. Meanwhile, in the higher regions of chemistry and molecular physics the progress has been such that no description can do it justice. When we reflect that a fourth generation has barely had time to appear on the scene since Priestley discovered that there was such a thing as oxygen, we stand awestruck before the stupendous pile of chemical science which has been reared in this brief interval. Our knowledge thus gained of the molecular and atomic structure of matter has been alone sufficient to remodel our conceptions of the universe from beginning to end. The case of molecular physics is equally striking. The theory of the conservation of energy, and the discovery that light, heat, electricity, and magnetism are differently conditioned modes of undulatory motion transformable each into the other, are not yet fifty years old. In physical astronomy we remained until 1839 confined within the limits of the solar system, and even here the Newtonian theory had not yet won its crowning triumph in the discovery of the planet Neptune. To-day we not only measure the distances and movements of many stars, but by means of spectrum analysis are able to tell what they are made of. It is more than a century since the nebular hypothesis, by which we explain the development of stellar systems, was first propounded by Immanuel Kant; but it is only within thirty years that it has been generally adopted by astronomers, and among the outward illustrations of its essential soundness none is more remarkable than its surviving such an enlargement of our knowledge. Coming to the geologic study of the changes that have taken place on the earth's surface, it was in 1830 that Sir Charles Lyell published the book which first placed this study upon a scientific basis.

Cuvier's classification of past and present forms of animal life, which laid the foundations alike of comparative anatomy and of palæontology, came but little earlier. The cell-doctrine of Schleiden and Schwann, prior to which modern biology can hardly be said to have existed, dates from 1839; and it was only ten years before that the scientific treatment of embryology began with Von Baer. At the present moment twenty-six years have not elapsed since the epoch-making work of Darwin first announced to the world the discovery of natural selection.

In the cycle of studies which are immediately concerned with the career of mankind, the rate of progress has been no less marvelous. The scientific study of human speech may be said to date from the flash of insight which led Friedrich Schlegel in 1808 to detect the kinship between the Aryan languages. From this beginning to the researches of Fick and Ascoli in our own time, the quantity of achievement rivals anything the physical sciences can show. The study of comparative mythology, which has thrown such light upon the primitive thoughts of mankind, is still younger, — is still, indeed, in its infancy. The application of the comparative method to the investigation of laws and customs, of political and ecclesiastical and industrial systems, has been carried on scarcely thirty years; yet the results already obtained are obliging us to rewrite the history of mankind in all its stages. The great achievements of archæologists — the decipherment of Egyptian hieroglyphs and of cuneiform inscriptions in Assyria and Persia, the unearthing of ancient cities, the discovery and classification of primeval implements and works of art in all quarters of the globe — belong almost entirely to the nineteenth century. These discoveries, which have well-nigh doubled for us the length of the historic period, have united with the quite modern rev-

elations of geology concerning the ancient glaciation of the temperate zones, to give us an approximate idea of the age of the human race and the circumstances attending its diffusion over the earth. It has thus at length become possible to obtain something like the outlines of a comprehensive view of the history of the creation, from the earliest stages of condensation of our solar nebula down to the very time in which we live, and to infer from the characteristics of this past evolution some of the most general tendencies of the future.

All this accumulation of physical and historical knowledge has not failed to react upon our study of the human mind itself. In books of logic the score of centuries between Aristotle and Whately saw less advance than the few years between Whately and Mill. In psychology the work of Fechner and Wundt and Spencer belongs to the age in which we are now living. When to all this variety of achievement we add what has been done in the critical study of literature and art, of classical and biblical philology, and of metaphysics and theology, illustrating from fresh points of view the history of the human mind, the sum total becomes almost too vast to be comprehended. This century, which some have called an age of iron, has been also an age of ideas, an era of seeking and finding the like of which was never known before. It is an epoch the grandeur of which dwarfs all others that can be named since the beginning of the historic period, if not since Man first became distinctively human. In their mental habits, in their methods of inquiry, and in the data at their command, "the men of the present day who have fully kept pace with the scientific movement are separated from the men whose education ended in 1830 by an immeasurably wider gulf than has ever before divided one progressive generation of men from their predecessors." The intellectual development of the hu-

man race has been suddenly, almost abruptly, raised to a higher plane than that upon which it had proceeded from the days of the primitive troglodyte to the days of our great-grandfathers. It is characteristic of this higher plane of development that the progress which until lately was so slow must henceforth be rapid. Men's minds are becoming more flexible, the resistance to innovation is weakening, and our intellectual demands are multiplying, while the means of satisfying them are increasing. Vast as are the achievements we have just passed in review, the gaps in our knowledge are immense, and every problem that is solved but opens a dozen new problems that await solution. Under such circumstances there is no likelihood that the last word will soon be said on any subject. In the eyes of the twenty-first century the science of the nineteenth will doubtless seem very fragmentary and crude. But the men of that day, and of all future time, will no doubt point back to the age just passing away as the opening of a new dispensation, the dawning of an era in which the intellectual development of mankind was raised to a higher plane than that upon which it had hitherto proceeded.

As the inevitable result of the thronging discoveries just enumerated, we find ourselves in the midst of a mighty revolution in human thought. Time-honored creeds are losing their hold upon men; ancient symbols are shorn of their value; everything is called in question. The controversies of the day are not like those of former times. It is no longer a question of hermeneutics, no longer a struggle between abstruse dogmas of rival churches. Religion itself is called upon to show why it should any longer claim our allegiance. There are those who deny the existence of God. There are those who would explain away the human soul as a mere group of fleeting phenomena attendant upon the colloca-

tion of sundry particles of matter. And there are many others who, without committing themselves to these positions of the atheist and the materialist, have nevertheless come to regard religion as practically ruled out from human affairs. No religious creed that man has ever devised can be made to harmonize in all its features with modern knowledge. All such creeds were constructed with reference to theories of the universe which are now utterly and hopelessly discredited. How, then, it is asked, amid the general wreck of old beliefs, can we hope that the religious attitude in which from time immemorial we have been wont to contemplate the universe can any longer be maintained? Is not the belief in God perhaps a dream of the childhood of our race, like the belief in elves and bogarts which once was no less universal? and is not modern science fast destroying the one as it has already destroyed the other?

Such are the questions which we daily hear asked, sometimes with flippant eagerness, but oftener with anxious dread. In view of them it is well worth while to examine the idea of God, as it has been entertained by mankind from the earliest ages, and as it is affected by the knowledge of the universe which we have acquired in recent times. If we find in that idea, as conceived by untaught thinkers in the twilight of antiquity, an element that still survives the widest and deepest generalizations of modern times, we have the strongest possible reason for believing that the idea is permanent and answers to an Eternal Reality. It was to be expected that conceptions of Deity handed down from primitive men should undergo serious modification. If it can be shown that the essential element in these conceptions must survive the enormous additions to our knowledge which have distinguished the present age above all others since man became man, then we

may believe that it will endure so long as man endures ; for it is not likely that it can ever be called upon to pass a severer ordeal.

All this will presently appear in a still stronger light, when we have set forth the common characteristic of the modifications which the idea of God has already undergone, and the nature of the opposition between the old and the new knowledge with which we are now confronted. Upon this discussion we have now to enter, and we shall find it leading us to the conclusion that throughout all possible advances in human knowledge, so far as we can see, the essential position of theism must remain unshaken.

Our argument may fitly begin with an inquiry into the sources of the theistic idea and the shape which it has universally assumed among untutored men. The most primitive element which it contains is doubtless the notion of *dependence* upon something outside of ourselves. We are born into a world consisting of forces which sway our lives, and over which we can exercise no control. The individual man can indeed make his volition count for a very little in modifying the course of events, but this end necessitates strict and unceasing obedience to powers that cannot be tampered with. To the behavior of these external powers our actions must be adapted under penalty of death. And upon grounds no less firm than those on which we believe in any externality whatever, we recognize that these forces antedated our birth, and will endure after we have disappeared from the scene. No one supposes that he makes the world for himself, so that it is born and dies with him. Every one perforce contemplates the world as something existing independently of himself, — as something into which he has come, and from which he is to go ; and for his coming and his going, as well as for

what he does while part of the world, he is dependent upon something that is not himself.

Between ancient and modern man, as between the child and the adult, there can be no essential difference in the recognition of this fundamental fact of life. The primitive man could not, indeed, state the case in this generalized form, any more than a young child could state it, but the facts which the statement covers were as real to him as they are to us. The primitive man knew nothing of a world, in the modern sense of the word. The conception of that vast consensus of forces, which we call the world, or universe, is a somewhat late result of culture ; it was reached only through ages of experience and reflection. Such an idea lay beyond the horizon of the primitive man. But while he knew not the world, he knew bits and pieces of it ; or, to vary the expression, he had his little world, chaotic and fragmentary enough, but full of dread reality for him. He knew what it was to deal from birth until death with powers far mightier than himself. To explain these powers, to make their actions in any wise intelligible, he had but one available resource ; and this was so obvious that he could not fail to employ it. The only source of action of which he knew anything, since it was the only source which lay within himself, was the human will ; and in this respect, after all, the philosophy of the primeval savage was not so very far removed from that of the modern scientific thinker. The primitive man could see that his own actions were prompted by desire and guided by intelligence, and he supposed the same to be the case with the sun and the wind, the frost and the lightning. All the forces of outward nature, so far as they came into visible contact with his life, he personified as great beings which were to be contended with or placated. This primeval philosophy, once universal among

men, has lasted far into the historic period, and it is only slowly and bit by bit that it has been outgrown by the most highly civilized races. Indeed, the half-civilized majority of mankind have by no means as yet cast it aside, and among savage tribes we may still see it persisting in all its original crudity. In the mythologies of all peoples, of the Greeks and Hindus and Norsemen as well as of the North American Indians and the dwellers in the South Sea islands, we find the sun personified as an archer or wanderer, the clouds as gigantic birds, the tempest as a devouring dragon; and the tales of gods and heroes, as well as of trolls and fairies, are made up of scattered and distorted fragments of nature-myths, of which the primitive meaning had long been forgotten when the ingenuity of modern scholarship laid it bare.

In all this personification of physical phenomena our prehistoric ancestors were greatly assisted by that theory of ghosts which was perhaps the earliest speculative effort of the human mind. Travelers have now and then reported the existence of races of men quite destitute of religion, or of what the observer has learned to recognize as religion; but no one has ever discovered a race of men devoid of a belief in ghosts. The mass of crude inference which makes up the savage's philosophy of nature is largely based upon the hypothesis that every man has *another self*, a double, or wraith, or ghost. This "hypothesis of the *other self*, which serves to account for the savage's wanderings during sleep in strange lands and among strange people, serves also to account for the presence in his dreams of parents, comrades, or enemies, known to be dead and buried. The other self of the dreamer meets and converses with the other selves of his dead brethren, joins with them in the hunt, or sits down with them to the wild cannibal banquet. Thus arises the belief in an ever-present

world of ghosts, — a belief which the entire experience of uncivilized man goes to strengthen and expand." Countless tales and superstitions of savage races show that the hypothesis of the other self is used to explain the phenomena of hysteria and epilepsy, of shadows, of echoes, and even of the reflection of face and gestures in still water. It is not only men, moreover, who are provided with other selves. Dumb beasts and plants, stone hatchets and arrows, articles of clothing and food, all have their ghosts; and when the dead chief is buried, his wives and servants, his dogs and horses, are slain to keep him company, and weapons and trinkets are placed in his tomb to be used in the spirit-land. Burial-places of primitive men, ages before the dawn of history, bear testimony to the immense antiquity of this savage philosophy. From this wholesale belief in ghosts to the interpretation of the wind or the lightning as a person animated by an indwelling soul and endowed with quasi-human passions and purposes, the step is not a long one. The latter notion grows almost inevitably out of the former, so that all races of men, without exception, have entertained it. That the mighty power which uproots trees and drives the storm-clouds across the sky should resemble a human soul is to the savage an unavoidable inference. "If the fire burns down his hut, it is because the fire is a person with a soul, and is angry with him, and needs to be coaxed into a kindlier mood by means of prayer or sacrifice." He has no alternative but to regard fire-soul as something akin to human-soul; his philosophy makes no distinction between the human ghost and the elemental demon or deity.

It was in accordance with this primitive theory of things that the earliest form of religious worship was developed. In all races of men, so far as can be determined, this was the worship of ancestors. The other self of the

dead chieftain continued after death to watch over the interests of the tribe, to defend it against the attacks of enemies, to reward brave warriors, and to punish traitors and cowards. His favor must be propitiated with ceremonies like those in which a subject does homage to a living ruler. If offended by neglect or irreverent treatment, defeat in battle, damage by flood or fire, visitations of famine or pestilence, were interpreted as marks of his anger. Thus the spirits animating the forces of nature were often identified with the ghosts of ancestors, and mythology is filled with traces of the confusion. In the Vedic religion the *pitris*, or "fathers," live in the sky along with Yama, the original *pitri* of mankind. They are very busy with the weather; they send down rain to refresh the thirsty earth, or anon parch the fields till the crops perish of drought; and they rush along in the roaring tempest, like the weird host of the wild huntsman Wodan. To the ancient Greek the blue sky Uranos was the father of gods and men, and throughout antiquity this mingling of ancestor-worship with nature-worship was general. With the systematic development of ethnic religions, in some instances ancestor-worship remained dominant, as with the Chinese, the Japanese, and the Romans; in others, a polytheism based upon nature-worship acquired supremacy, as with the Hindus and Greeks, and our own Teutonic forefathers. The great divinities of the Hellenic pantheon are all personifications of physical phenomena. At a comparatively late date the Roman adopted these divinities, and paid to them a fashionable and literary homage; but his solemn and heartfelt rites were those with which he worshipped the *lares* and *penates* in the privacy of his home. His hospitable treatment of the gods of a vanquished people was the symptom of a commingling of the various local religions of antiquity which insured their mutual destruction,

and prepared the way for their absorption into a far grander and truer system.

Such an allusion to the Romans, in an exposition like the present one, is not without its significance. It was partly through political circumstances that a truly theistic idea was developed out of the chaotic and fragmentary ghost theories and nature-worship of the primeval world. To the framing of the vastest of all possible conceptions, the idea of God, man came but slowly. This nature-worship and ancestor-worship of early times was scarcely theism. In their recognition of man's utter dependence upon something outside of himself, which yet was not wholly unlike himself, these primitive religions contained the essential germ out of which theism was to grow; but it is a long way from the propitiation of ghosts and the adoration of the rising sun to the worship of the infinite and eternal God, the maker of heaven and earth, in whom we live, and move, and have our being. Before men could arrive at such a conception, it was necessary for them to obtain some integral idea of the heaven and the earth; it was necessary for them to frame, however inadequately, the conception of a physical universe. Such a conception had been reached by civilized peoples before the Christian era, and by the Greeks a remarkable beginning had been made in the generalization and interpretation of physical phenomena. The intellectual atmosphere of Alexandria, for two centuries before and three centuries after the time of Christ, was more modern than anything that followed down to the days of Bacon and Descartes; and all the leaders of Greek thought since Anaxagoras had been virtually or avowedly monotheists. As the phenomena of nature were generalized, the deities or superhuman beings regarded as their sources were likewise generalized, until the conception of nature as a whole gave rise to

the conception of a single Deity as the author and ruler of nature; and in accordance with the order of its genesis, this notion of Deity was still the notion of a Being possessed of psychical attributes, and in some way like unto Man.

But there was another cause, besides scientific generalization, which led men's minds toward monotheism. The conception of tutelar deities, which was the most prominent practical feature of ancestor-worship, was directly affected by the political development of the peoples of antiquity. As tribes were consolidated into nations, the tutelar gods of the tribes became generalized, or the god of some leading tribe came to supersede his fellows, until the result was a single national deity, at first regarded as the greatest among gods, afterwards as the only God. The most striking instance of this method of development is afforded by the Hebrew conception of Jehovah. The most primitive form of Hebrew religion discernible in the Old Testament is a fetichism, or very crude polytheism, in which ancestor-worship becomes more prominent than nature-worship. At first the *teraphim*, or tutelar household deities, play an important part, but nature-gods, such as Baal and Moloch and Astarte, are extensively worshiped. It is the plural *elohim* who create the earth, and whose sons visit the daughters of antediluvian men. The tutelar deity, Jehovah, is originally thought of as one of the *elohim*; then as chief among *elohim*, and Lord of the hosts of heaven. Through his favor his chosen prophet overcomes the prophets of Baal, he is greater than the deities of neighboring peoples, he is the only true god, and thus finally he is thought of as the only God, and his name becomes the symbol of monotheism. The Jews have always been one of the most highly gifted races in the world. In antiquity they developed an intense sentiment of nationality, and for earnestness and depth of ethical feeling they

surpassed all other peoples. The conception of Jehovah set forth in the writings of the prophets was the loftiest conception of deity anywhere attained before the time of Christ; in ethical value it immeasurably surpassed anything to be found in the pantheon of the Greeks and Romans. It was natural that such a conception of deity should be adopted throughout the Roman world. At the beginning of the Christian era the classic polytheism had well-nigh lost its hold upon men's minds; its value had become chiefly literary, as a mere collection of pretty stories; it had begun its descent into the humble realm of folk-lore. For want of anything better, people had recourse to elaborate Eastern ceremonials, or contented themselves with the time-honored domestic worship of the lares and penates. Yet their minds were ripe for some kind of monotheism, and in order that the Jewish conception should come to be generally adopted it was only necessary that it should be freed from its limitations of nationality, and that Jehovah should be set forth as Sustainer of the universe and Father of all mankind. This was done by Jesus and Paul. The theory of divine action implied throughout the gospels and the epistles was the first complete monotheism attained by mankind, or at least by that portion of it from which our modern civilization has descended. Here for the first time we have the idea of God dissociated from the limiting circumstances with which it had been entangled in all the ethnic religions of antiquity. Individual thinkers here and there had already, doubtless, reached an equally true conception, as was shown by Kleantes in his sublime hymn to Zeus; but it was now for the first time set forth in such wise as to win assent from the common folk as well as the philosophers, and to make its way into the hearts of all men. Its acceptance was hastened, and its hold upon mankind immeasurably strength-

ened, by the divinely beautiful ethical teaching in which Jesus couched it, — that teaching, so often misunderstood, yet so profoundly true, which heralded the time when Man shall have thrown off the burden of his bestial inheritance, and strife and sorrow shall cease from the earth.

We shall presently see that in its fundamental features the theism of Jesus and Paul was so true that it must endure as long as man endures. Changes of statement may alter the outward appearance of it, but the kernel of truth will remain the same forever. But the shifting body of religious doctrine known as Christianity has at various times contained much that is unknown to this pure theism, and much that has shown itself to be ephemeral in its hold upon men. The change from polytheism to monotheism could not be thoroughly accomplished all at once. As Christianity spread over the Roman world it became incrustated with pagan notions and observances, and a similar process went on during the conversion of the Teutonic barbarians. Yuletide and Easter and other church holidays were directly adopted from the old nature-worship; the adoration of tutelar household deities survived in the homage paid to patron saints; and the worship of the Berecynthian Mother was continued in that of the Virgin Mary. Even the name *God*, applied to the Deity throughout Teutonic Christendom, seems to be neither more nor less than *Wodan*, the personification of the storm-wind, the supreme divinity of our pagan forefathers.

That Christianity should thus have retained names and symbols and rites belonging to heathen antiquity was inevitable. The system of Christian theism was the work of some of the loftiest minds that have ever appeared upon the earth; but it was adopted by millions of men and women, of all degrees of knowledge and ignorance, of keenness and dullness, of spirituality and gross-

ness, and these brought to it their various inherited notions and habits of thought. In all its ages, therefore, Christian theism has meant one thing to one person, and another thing to another. While the highest Christian minds have always been monotheistic, the multitude have outgrown polytheism but slowly; and even the monotheism of the highest minds has been colored by notions ultimately derived from the primeval ghost-world, which have interfered with its purity, and have seriously hampered men in their search after truth.

In illustration of this point we have now to notice two strongly contrasted views of the divine nature which have been held by Christian theists, and to observe their bearings upon the scientific thought of modern times.

We have seen that since the primitive savage philosophy did not distinguish between the human ghost and the elemental demon or deity, the religion of antiquity was an inextricable tangle of ancestor-worship with nature-worship. Nevertheless, among some peoples the one, among others the other, became predominant. I think it can hardly be an accidental coincidence that nature-worship predominated with the Greeks and Hindus, the only peoples of antiquity who accomplished anything in the exact sciences, or in metaphysics. The capacity for abstract thinking which led the Hindu to originate algebra, and the Greek to originate geometry, and both to attempt elaborate scientific theories of the universe, — this same capacity revealed itself in the manner in which they deified the powers of nature. They were able to imagine the indwelling spirit of the sun or the storm without help from the conception of an individual ghost. Such being the general capacity of the people, we can readily understand how, when it came to monotheism, their most eminent thinkers should

have been able to frame the conception of God acting in and through the powers of nature, without the aid of any grossly anthropomorphic symbolism. In this connection it is interesting to observe the characteristics of the idea of God as conceived by the three greatest fathers of the Greek Church, Clement of Alexandria, Origen, and Athanasius. The philosophy of these profound and vigorous thinkers was in large measure derived from the Stoics. They regarded Deity as immanent in the universe, and eternally operating through natural laws. In their view, God is not a localizable personality, remote from the world, and acting upon it only by means of occasional portent and prodigy; nor is the world a lifeless machine, blindly working after some preordained method, and only feeling the presence of God in so far as he now and then sees fit to interfere with its normal course of procedure. On the contrary, God is the ever-present life of the world; it is through him that all things exist from moment to moment, and the natural sequence of events is a perpetual revelation of the divine wisdom and goodness. In accordance with this fundamental view, Clement, for example, repudiated the Gnostic theory of the vileness of matter, condemned asceticism, and regarded the world as hallowed by the presence of indwelling Deity. Knowing no distinction "between what man discovers and what God reveals," he explained Christianity as a natural development from the earlier religious thought of mankind. It was essential to his idea of the divine perfection that the past should contain within itself all the germs of the future; and accordingly he attached but slight value to tales of miracle, and looked upon salvation as the normal ripening of the higher spiritual qualities of man "under the guidance of immanent Deity." The views of Clement's disciple, Origen, are much like those of his master. Athanasius ventured much farther

into the bewildering regions of metaphysics. Yet in his doctrine of the trinity, by which he overcame the visible tendency toward polytheism in the theories of Arius, and averted the threatened danger of a compromise between Christianity and Paganism, he proceeded upon the lines which Clement had marked out. In his very suggestive work on *The Continuity of Christian Thought*, Professor Alexander Allen thus sets forth the Athanasian point of view: "In the formula of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, as three distinct and coequal members in the one divine essence, there was the recognition and the reconciliation of the philosophical schools which had divided the ancient world. In the idea of the eternal Father the Oriental mind recognized what it liked to call the profound abyss of being, that which lies back of all phenomena, the hidden mystery which lends awe to human minds seeking to know the divine. In the doctrine of the eternal Son revealing the Father, immanent in nature and humanity as the life and light shining through all created things, the divine reason in which the human reason shares, there was the recognition of the truth after which Plato and Aristotle and the Stoics were struggling, — the tie which binds the creation to God in the closest organic relationship. In the doctrine of the Holy Spirit the church guarded against any pantheistic confusion of God with the world by upholding the life of the manifested Deity as essentially ethical or spiritual, revealing itself in humanity in its highest form only in so far as humanity recognized its calling, and through the Spirit entered into communion with the Father and the Son."

Great as was the service which these views of Athanasius rendered in the fourth century of our era, they are scarcely to be regarded as a permanent or essential feature of Christian theism. The metaphysic in which they are

couched is alien to the metaphysic of our time, yet through this vast difference it is all the more instructive to note how closely Athanasius approaches the confines of modern scientific thought, simply through his fundamental conception of God as the indwelling life of the universe. We shall be still more forcibly struck with this similarity when we come to consider the character impressed upon our idea of God by the modern doctrine of evolution.

But this Greek conception of divine immanence did not find favor with the Latin-speaking world. There a very different notion prevailed, the origin of which may be traced to the mental habits attending the primitive ancestor-worship. Out of materials furnished by the ghost-world a crude kind of monotheism could be reached by simply carrying back the thought to a single ghost-deity as the original ancestor of all the others. Some barbarous races have gone as far as this, as for example the Zulus, who have developed the doctrine of divine ancestors so far as to recognize a first ancestor, the Great Father, Unkulunkulu, who created the world. The kind of theism reached by this process of thought differs essentially from the theism reached through the medium of nature-worship. For whereas in the latter case the god of the sky or the sea is regarded as a mysterious spirit acting in and through the phenomena, in the former case the phenomena are regarded as coerced into activity by some power existing outside of them, and this power is conceived as manlike in the crudest sense, having been originally thought of as the ghost of some man who once lived upon the earth. In the monotheism which is reached by thinking along these lines of inference, the universe is conceived as an inert lifeless machine, impelled by blind forces which have been set acting from without; and God is conceived as

existing apart from the world in solitary, inaccessible majesty, — “an absentee God,” as Carlyle says, “sitting idle ever since the first Sabbath, at the outside of his universe, and ‘seeing it go.’” This conception demands less of the intellect than the conception of God as immanent in the universe. It requires less grasp of mind and less width of experience, and it has accordingly been much the more common conception. The idea of the indwelling God is an attempt to reach out toward the reality, and as such it taxes the powers of the finite mind. The idea of God external to the universe is a symbol which in no wise approaches the reality, and for that very reason it does not tax the mental powers; there is an aspect of finality about it, in which the ordinary mind rests content, and complains of whatever seeks to disturb its repose.

I must not be understood as ignoring the fact that this lower species of theism has been entertained by some of the loftiest minds of our race, both in ancient and in modern times. When once such an ever-present conception as the idea of God has become intertwined with the whole body of the thoughts of mankind, it is very difficult for the most powerful and subtle intelligence to change the form it has taken. It has become so far organized into the texture of the mind that it abides there unconsciously, like our fundamental axioms about number and magnitude; it sways our thought hither and thither without our knowing it. The two forms of theism here contrasted have slowly grown up under the myriad unassignable influences that in antiquity caused nature-worship to predominate among some people, and ancestor-worship among others; they have colored all the philosophizing that has been done for more than twenty centuries; and it is seldom that a thinker educated under the one form ever comes to adopt the other and habitually employ it, save under the

mighty influence of modern science, the tendency of which, as we shall presently see, is all in one direction.

Among ancient thinkers the view of Deity as remote from the world prevailed with the followers of Epikuros, who held that the immortal gods could not be supposed to trouble themselves about the paltry affairs of men, but lived a blessed life of their own, undisturbed in the far-off empyrean. This left the world quite under the sway of blind forces, and thus we find it depicted in the marvelous poem of Lucretius, one of the loftiest monuments of Latin genius. It is to all appearance an atheistic world, albeit the author was perhaps more profoundly religious in spirit than any other Roman that ever lived, save Augustine; yet to his immediate scientific purpose this atheism was no drawback. When we are investigating natural phenomena, with intent to explain them scientifically, our proper task is simply to ascertain the physical conditions under which they occur, and the less we meddle with metaphysics or theology the better. As Laplace said, the mathematician, in solving his equations, does not need "the hypothesis of God." To the scientific investigator, as such, the forces of nature are doubtless blind, like the x and y in algebra, but this is only so long as he contents himself with describing their modes of operation; when he undertakes to explain them philosophically, as we shall see, he can in no wise dispense with his theistic hypothesis. The Lucretian philosophy, therefore, admirable as a scientific coordination of such facts about the physical universe as were then known, goes but very little way as a philosophy. It is interesting to note that this atheism followed directly from that species of theism which placed God outside of his universe. We shall find the case of modern atheism to be quite similar. As soon as this crude and misleading conception of God is refuted, as the whole

progress of scientific knowledge tends to refute it, the modern atheist or positivist falls back upon his universe of blind forces, and contents himself with it, while zealously shouting from the housetops that this is the whole story.

To one familiar with Christian ideas, the notion that Man is too insignificant a creature to be worth the notice of Deity seems at once pathetic and grotesque. In the view of Plato, by which all Christendom has been powerfully influenced, there is profound pathos. The wickedness and misery of the world wrought so strongly upon Plato's keen sympathies and delicate moral sense that he came to conclusions almost as gloomy as those of the Buddhist who regards existence as an evil. In the *Timaios* he depicts the material world as essentially vile; he is unable to think of the pure and holy Deity as manifested in it, and he accordingly separates the Creator from his creation by the whole breadth of infinitude. This view passed on to the Gnostics, for whom the puzzling problem of philosophy was how to explain the action of the spiritual God upon the material universe. Sometimes the interval was bridged by mediating æons or emanations, partly spiritual and partly material; sometimes the world was held to be the work of the devil, and in no sense divine. The Greek fathers, under the lead of Clement, espousing the higher theism, kept clear of this torrent of Gnostic thought; but upon Augustine it fell with full force, and he was carried away with it. In his earlier writings Augustine showed himself not incapable of comprehending the views of Clement and Athanasius; but his intense feeling of man's wickedness dragged him irresistibly in the opposite direction. In his doctrine of original sin, he represents humanity as cut off from all relationship with God, who is depicted as a crudely anthropomorphic Being, far removed from the universe, and accessible only through the medi-

ating offices of an organized church. Compared with the thoughts of the Greek fathers, this was a barbaric conception, but it was suited alike to the lower grade of culture in Western Europe and to the Latin political genius, which in the decline of the Empire was already occupying itself with its great and beneficent work of constructing an imperial Church. For these reasons the Augustinian theology prevailed, and in the Dark Ages which followed it became so deeply inwrought into the innermost fibres of Latin Christianity that it remains dominant to-day alike in Catholic and Protestant churches. With few exceptions, every child born of Christian parents in Western Europe or in America grows up with an idea of God the outlines of which were engraven upon men's minds by Augustine fifteen centuries ago. Nay, more, it is hardly too much to say that three fourths of the body of doctrine currently known as Christianity, unwarranted by Scripture and never dreamed of by Christ or his apostles, first took coherent shape in the writings of this mighty Roman, who was separated from the apostolic age by an interval of time like that which separates us from the invention of printing and the discovery of America.

The idea of God upon which all this Augustinian doctrine is based is the idea of a Being actuated by human passions and purposes, localizable in space, and utterly remote from that inert machine, the universe in which we live, and upon which he acts intermittently through the suspension of what are called natural laws. So deeply has this conception penetrated the thought of Christendom that we continually find it at the bottom of the speculations and arguments of men who would warmly repudiate it as thus stated in its naked outlines. It dominates the reasonings alike of believers and skeptics, of theists and atheists; it underlies at once the

objections raised by orthodoxy against each new step in science and the assaults made by materialism upon every religious conception of the world; and thus it is chiefly responsible for that complicated misunderstanding which, by a lamentable confusion of thought, is commonly called "the conflict between religion and science."

In illustration of the mischief that has been wrought by the Augustinian conception of Deity, we may cite the theological objections urged against the Newtonian theory of gravitation and the Darwinian theory of natural selection. Leibnitz, who as a mathematician but little inferior to Newton himself might have been expected to be easily convinced of the truth of the theory of gravitation, was nevertheless deterred by theological scruples from accepting it. It appeared to him that it substituted the action of physical forces for the direct action of the Deity. Now the fallacy of this argument of Leibnitz is easy to detect. It lies in a metaphysical misconception of the meaning of the word "force." "Force" is implicitly regarded as a sort of entity or demon, which has a mode of action distinguishable from that of Deity; otherwise it is meaningless to speak of substituting the one for the other. But such a personification of "force" is a remnant of barbaric thought, in no wise sanctioned by physical science. When astronomy speaks of two planets as attracting each other with a "force" which varies directly as their masses and inversely as the squares of their distances apart, it simply uses the phrase as a convenient metaphor by which to describe the manner in which the observed movements of the two bodies occur. It explains that in presence of each other the two bodies are observed to change their positions in a certain specified way, and this is all that it means. This is all that a strictly sci-

entific hypothesis can possibly allege, and this is all that observation can possibly prove. Whatever goes beyond this, and imagines or asserts a kind of "pull" between the two bodies, is not science, but metaphysics. An atheistic metaphysics may imagine such a "pull," and may interpret it as the action of something that is not Deity; but such a conclusion can find no support in the scientific theorem, which is simply a generalized description of phenomena. The general considerations upon which the belief in the existence and direct action of Deity is otherwise founded are in no wise disturbed by the establishment of any such scientific theorem. We are still perfectly free to maintain that it is the direct action of Deity which is manifested in the planetary movements; having done nothing more with our Newtonian hypothesis than to construct a happy formula for expressing the mode or order of the manifestation. We may have learned something new concerning the manner of divine action; we certainly have not "substituted" any other kind of action for it. And what is thus obvious in this simple astronomical example is equally true in principle in every case whatever in which one set of phenomena is interpreted by reference to another set. In no case whatever can science use the word "force" or "cause" except as metaphorically descriptive of some observed or observable sequence of phenomena. And consequently, at no imaginable future time, so long as the essential conditions of human thinking are maintained, can science even attempt to substitute the action of any other power for the direct action of Deity. The theological objection urged by Leibnitz against Newton was repeated word for word by Agassiz in his comments upon Darwin. He regarded it as a fatal objection to the Darwinian theory that it appeared to substitute the action of physical forces for the creative action of Deity. The

fallacy here is precisely the same as in Leibnitz's argument. Mr. Darwin has convinced us that the existence of highly complicated organisms is the result of an infinitely diversified aggregate of circumstances so minute as severally to seem trivial or accidental; yet the consistent theist will always occupy an impregnable position in maintaining that the entire series in each and every one of its incidents is an immediate manifestation of the creative action of God.

In this connection it is worth while to state explicitly what is the true province of scientific explanation. Is it not obvious that since a philosophical theism must regard divine power as the immediate source of all phenomena alike, therefore science cannot properly explain any particular group of phenomena by a direct reference to the action of Deity? Such a reference is not an explanation, since it adds nothing to our previous knowledge either of the phenomena or of the manner of divine action. The business of science is simply to ascertain in what manner phenomena coexist with each other or follow each other, and the only kind of explanation with which it can properly deal is that which refers one set of phenomena to another set. In pursuing this, its legitimate business, science does not touch on the province of theology in any way, and there is no conceivable occasion for any conflict between the two. From this and the previous considerations taken together it follows not only that such explanations as are contained in the Newtonian and Darwinian theories are entirely consistent with theism, but also that they are the only kind of explanations with which science can properly concern itself at all. To say that complex organisms were directly created by the Deity is to make an assertion which, however true in a theistic sense, is utterly barren. It is of no profit to theism, which must be taken for granted before the assertion can be

made; and it is of no profit to science, which must still ask its question, "How?"

We are now prepared to see that the theological objection urged against the Newtonian and Darwinian theories has its roots in that imperfect kind of theism which Augustine did so much to fasten upon the western world. Obviously, if Leibnitz and Agassiz had been educated in that higher theism shared by Clement and Athanasius in ancient times with Spinoza and Goethe in later days; if they had been accustomed to conceive of God as immanent in the universe and eternally creative, then the argument which they urged with so much feeling would never have occurred to them. By no possibility could such an argument have entered their minds. To conceive of "physical forces" as powers of which the action could in any wise be "substituted" for the action of Deity would in such case have been absolutely impossible. Such a conception involves the idea of God as remote from the world and acting upon it from outside. The whole notion of what theological writers are fond of calling "secondary causes" involves such an idea of God. The higher or Athanasian theism knows nothing of secondary causes in a world where every event flows directly from the eternal First Cause. It knows nothing of physical forces save as immediate manifestations of the omnipresent creative power of God. In the personification of physical forces, and the implied contrast between their action and that of Deity, there is something very like a survival of the habits of thought which characterized ancient polytheism. What are these personified forces but little gods, who are supposed to be invading the sacred domain of the ruler Zeus? When one speaks of substituting the action of Gravitation for the direct action of Deity, does there not hover somewhere in the dim background of the conception a vague spectre of Gravita-

tion in the guise of a rebellious Titan? Doubtless it would not be easy to bring any one to acknowledge such a charge, but the unseen and unacknowledged part of a fallacy is just that which is most persistent and mischievous. It is not so many generations, after all, since our ancestors were barbarians and polytheists; and fragments of their barbaric thinking are continually intruding unawares into the midst of our lately acquired scientific culture. In most philosophical discussions a great deal of loose phraseology is used, in order to find the proper connotations of which we must go back to primitive and untutored ages. Such is eminently the case with the phrases in which the forces of nature are personified and described as something else than manifestations of omnipresent Deity.

This subject is of such immense importance that I must illustrate it from yet another point of view. We must observe the manner in which, along with the progress of scientific discovery, theological arguments have come to be permeated by the strange assumption that the greater part of the universe is godless. Here again we must go back for a moment to the primeval world, and observe how behind every physical phenomenon there were supposed to be quasi-human passions and a quasi-human will. Now the phenomena which were first arranged and systematized in men's thoughts, and thus made the subject of something like scientific generalization, were the simplest, the most accessible, and the most manageable phenomena; and from these the conception of a quasi-human will soonest faded away. There are savages who believe that hatchets and kettles have souls, but men unquestionably outgrew such a belief as this long before they outgrew the belief that there are ghost-like deities in the tempest, or in the sun and moon. After many ages of culture, men ceased to regard the familiar and regularly recurring

phenomena of nature as immediate results of volition, and reserved this primeval explanation for unusual or terrible phenomena, such as comets and eclipses, or famines and plagues. As the result of these habits of thought, in course of time, Nature seemed to be divided into two antithetical provinces. On the one hand, there were the phenomena that occurred with a simple regularity which seemed to exclude the idea of capricious volition; and these were supposed to constitute the realm of natural law. On the other hand, there were the complex and irregular phenomena in which the presence of law could not so easily be detected; and these were supposed to constitute the realm of immediate divine action. This antithesis has forever haunted the minds of men imbued with the lower or Augustinian theism; and such have made up the larger part of the Christian world. It has tended to make the theologians hostile to science and the men of science hostile to theology. For as scientific generalization has steadily extended the region of natural law, the region which theology has assigned to divine action has steadily diminished. Every discovery in science has stripped off territory from the latter province, and added it to the former. Every such discovery has accordingly been promulgated and established in the teeth of bitter and violent opposition on the part of theologians. A desperate fight it has been for some centuries, in which science has won every disputed position, while theology, untaught by perennial defeat, still valiantly defends the little corner that is left it. Still as of old the ordinary theologian rests his case upon the assumption of disorder, caprice, and miraculous interference with the course of nature. He naively asks, "If plants and animals have been naturally originated, if the world as a whole has been evolved and not manufactured, and if human actions conform to law, what is there

left for God to do? If not formally repudiated, is he not thrust back into the past eternity, as an unknowable source of things, which is postulated for form's sake, but might as well, for all practical purposes, be omitted?"

The scientific inquirer may reply that the difficulty is one which theology has created for itself. It is certainly not science that has relegated the creative activity of God to some nameless moment in the bygone eternity, and left him without occupation in the present world. It is not science that is responsible for the mischievous distinction between divine action and natural law. That distinction is historically derived from a loose habit of philosophizing characteristic of ignorant ages, and was bequeathed to modern times by the theology of the Latin church. Small blame to the atheist who, starting upon such a basis, thinks he can interpret the universe without the idea of God! He is but doing as well as he knows how, with the materials given him. One has only, however, to adopt the higher theism of Clement and Athanasius, and this alleged antagonism between science and theology, by which so many hearts have been saddened, so many minds darkened, vanishes at once and forever. "Once really adopt the conception of an ever-present God, without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground, and it becomes self-evident that the law of gravitation is but an expression of a particular mode of divine action. And what is thus true of one law is true of all laws." The thinker in whose mind divine action is thus identified with orderly action, and to whom a really irregular phenomenon would seem like a manifestation of sheer diabolism, foresees in every possible extension of knowledge a fresh confirmation of his faith in God. From his point of view there can be no antagonism between our duty as inquirers and our duty as worshipers. To him no part of

the universe is godless. In the swaying to and fro of molecules and the ceaseless pulsations of ether, in the secular shiftings of planetary orbits, in the busy work of frost and rain-drop, in the mysterious sprouting of the seed, in the everlasting tale of death and life renewed, in

the dawning of the babe's intelligence, in the varied deeds of men from age to age, he finds that which awakens the soul to reverential awe; and each act of scientific explanation but reveals an opening through which shines the glory of the Eternal Majesty.

John Fiske.

HOW GLOOSKAP BROUGHT THE SUMMER.

(ALGONQUIN.)

I.

Of the old days, of the dawn days,
Still the wonder-tale is told
In the shadow of Katahdin,
Where the master dwelt of old,
The great Glooskap, the Algonquin,
Chief of warriors true and bold.

Long had Winter, strong magician,
Bound in icy chains the land;
Though the wise men prayed and fasted,
Yet he lifted not his hand,
But he said, "Lead forth a warrior
Who my magic can withstand!

"Let him find my secret wigwam,
Face to face and without fear
Feel the power of my enchantment.
If he bear the burden drear,
I am vanquished, and another
Shall be found to rule the year."

Dire the trouble of the chieftains:
Who that midnight path could trace?
Then spake Glooskap: "Thrice at daybreak
In my dreams a shining face
Smiled and called me. I will follow,
Even to Winter's hiding-place."

In his frozen lodge sat Winter,
Fierce and famine-eyed and old,
Giant of forgotten ages,
Scarred with battles manifold;

On his cruel deeds he pondered,
In the darkness and the cold.

Suddenly the great white bearskin
Was uplifted from his door,
And one entered, — rushing by him
Entered too the storm's wild roar, —
And the heart of Winter trembled
With a dread unknown before.

Strong and beautiful the stranger
Stood within the darkened tent;
The faint firelight to his figure
Shadowy grace and stature lent,
And his glances free and fearless
On the giant's face were bent.

Strangely stirred the heart of Winter,
Heart of ice within his breast,
But he murmured, guileful ever,
"Sit within the lodge and rest.
Long thy journey, — in the morning
Shall thy purpose be confessed."

Then the terrible frost-spirits,
Hastening to their monarch's aid,
Of the gleaming white aurora
Phantom fire of welcome made,
And the pipe of cloud and ashes
In the stranger's hand was laid.

And his heavy eyes were lifted
With a fixed, unconscious gaze,
While the white lips of old Winter
Muttered of the ancient days, —
With wind-voices and storm-voices
Chanted wild and awful lays.

Listening, dreaming, with the magic
Of the place around him cast,
Soon in chains of icy numbness
All his senses were made fast,
And the hope of the Algonquins
Bound and helpless lay at last.

Days and months he slept, yet often
In his slumber stirred with pain;
Lo! the shining face still gleaming
Far o'er midnight's frozen plain!
Then with fierce and breathless struggle
Burst he from the demon chain.

Up he rose, to height majestic,
Taller, fairer, than before.
As he rent in sudden fury
The white bearskin from the door,
A long shaft of yellow sunshine
Flashed upon the icy floor!

"I have tried thy power, O giant,
To thy dark words listened well;
Now the vision of the daybreak
Calls me with a mightier spell.
Soon it will be *thine* to listen,
Mine the wizard tale to tell."

II.

Oh, fast and far sped Glooskap,
With shoes of magic shod!
Past icy crag and mountain
By wonder-paths he trod,
Until his feet sank lightly
Upon a violet sod,

And fairyland before him
Its gates wide open threw,
While myriad silver bugles
From waving treetops blew;
For all the elfin singers
At once the master knew:

And in their midst a being
All beauty, smiles, and light,
The fair dream-face that led him
Along the waste of night.
Like morning robed in roses
She beamed upon his sight.

But for no soft entreaty
The eager master stayed.
"The dark world waits thy coming,"
He uttered. "Radiant maid,
Take now thy earthly kingdom:
Too long thou hast delayed!"

He caught her to his bosom,
And fast again he sped,
But craftily behind him
He tossed a magic thread,
And all the fairy kingdom
In captive train was led.

The birds flew close above them,
And filled the air with song;
The golden armored sunbeams,
Their escort, marched along,
And leaf, and bud, and blossom,
And rivulet, swelled the throng.

Upon a cliff gigantic
By ocean's stormy shore,
High perched the great wind-eagle,
And urged the tempest's roar.
His wings drooped as they passed him,
And ocean raged no more.

And over old Katahdin,
Where thunders have their home,
One footprint of sweet Summer
Let loose the spirits dumb.
The lightnings gleamed, the thunders
Spake deep, "*The hour is come!*"

Into the frozen wigwam
There fell a flood of light:
In stepped the great Algonquin,
With visage bold and bright,
And with him royal Summer,
All dazzling to the sight.

Then, smiling, the enchantress,
With singing low and sweet,
Let fall the pearly Mayflower
Before the giant's feet.
Alas! in that one moment
His conquest was complete.

With eyes that swam and melted,
With heart that throbbed and burned,
A gaze of hopeless worship
Upon her face he turned.
Though slain by those soft glances,
For every look he yearned.

The wigwam sank about him,
The blue sky blazed and shone;
The weeping frost-elves, fleeing,
Stayed not to hear his moan:
"I die for thee, O Summer!
The world is thine alone."

Oh, in her hour of triumph,
Had Summer been less sweet,

Nor viewed with sudden pity
 The tyrant at her feet,
 Her reign had been eternal,
 Our joy had been complete.

But on the humbled monarch
 Dear Summer looked and sighed;
 Some tears let fall, — the dewdrops
 Were sprinkled far and wide.
 She smiled again, — a rainbow
 The hilltops glorified!

“Farewell!” cried laughing Glooskap,
 “My warriors call for me!
 Dream deep, O fallen giant,
 Till love shall set thee free!
 Thy fairy bride forever
 Will share the throne with thee!”

Frances L. Mace.

PRINCIPLES OF CRITICISM.

THE value that men have set upon art and literature proves that these have ministered to some deep-seated and permanent human desire. What is this desire? Or if there be more than one, which is the deepest seated and most permanent — in other words, the paramount — desire? The true answer to this question, if we can discover it, must furnish us with a much-needed test for literary and art values. It must, in short, furnish a basis, and the only correct basis, for the criticism of all literary and art products.

For, obviously, before we are in a position to determine the worth of a thing, or the relative worth of any two or three things of the same general sort, we have to inquire, What purpose is this thing intended to serve? What is it expected to do?

Now it is precisely on this point that there seem to have been very confused ideas among critics, — and by this is not meant professional critics only, but

all those who have attempted, either for themselves or for others, to form correct estimates of the value, or comparative values, of works of literature and art. Professional critics, especially (for it is they, especially, who have seemed to feel that they must not trust to their instincts, which would often have done better for them, but must make at least a show of having some well-understood basis of critical principles), have apparently been in a position not unlike that of a layman at some mechanics' fair, who undertakes to pass judgment on a machine of whose purpose and uses he has next to no idea.

Perhaps the novel and the poem have been the most conspicuous examples of this failure, on the part of ordinary criticism, to base itself on any clear understanding of what these forms of the literary art are essentially *for*. One novel will be praised on the ground that it has a moral purpose, another on the ground (as by that distinguished critic,

M. Taine) that it has not a moral purpose; one on the ground that it paints actual facts from the life, another on the ground that it depicts an ideal world; one on the ground that it gives pleasure, another on the ground that it gives information: and so on. If the novel has not all these objects in view (and some of them are a little inconsistent with each other), which of them has it? And if several of them, which object is the essential one, — the one which being accomplished, the novel cannot be a thoroughly poor one, or which being unaccomplished, it cannot be a thoroughly good one?

So with the poem. The reason that the critics have, through all time, been so ludicrously incapable of making an estimate of any given work of poetry (except in the case of an imitation, where a verdict on the original had already been furnished them) that should be corroborated, unless through accident, by the test of time is that there has been no clear and well-settled opinion as to the true purpose of the poetic art. Is it to move us to "pity and terror," and at the same time do to these feelings some ambiguous thing which Greek scholars never have been exactly able to make out, as Aristotle said; or, is it to "please," as everybody else has always said, till De Quincey blew one of his withering blasts at that shallow notion, but as the average critic apparently still continues to believe? Is its true function best fulfilled by being so intelligible that everybody can understand it, or by being so unintelligible that nobody can, except the poet himself, and he only before it gets cold? Is it true that a poem cannot be a true poem unless it is "short;" or are we still permitted to believe that the *Iliad* is, after all, a sort of poem?

In seeking for reliable principles on which just criticism may be based, we must, if possible, find those which are broad enough to include all art. Other-

wise we should suspect them of not being fundamental principles. For literature is, in fact, one of the fine arts. Not everything that is written, of course, belongs to literature proper; but when a written product becomes a part of what has well enough been called *belles-lettres*, — as a poem, for example, in contradistinction from a Patent Office Report, — it belongs to the art of literature, and is closely allied to the other fine arts; giving us, like them, that immediate and direct satisfaction of a high order which we call æsthetic pleasure, or delight. Literature, as we shall see, gives us much more than this, but this it gives us in common with the other arts.

If, then, we ask for a test or criterion for art in general, the reply may be made, The true test is that it shall be beautiful. But the underlying question is, What is "beauty," and what things are "beautiful"?

Evidently beauty is not a simple quality, apprehended by a distinct inner sense, the "sense of beauty," though it has sometimes crudely been so considered. It is plain enough, on reflection, that beauty is a complex thing, and requires analysis. All great works of art, and especially of the literary art, are more than merely beautiful, but we may first of all investigate this quality.

Let us take, to begin with, as the simplest of the arts, that of visible form. Its simplest element is the line; then the curved line, as of the mountain or wave outline. Its highest and most complex product is the statue, or group of statuary.

The writers on æsthetics, in their attempts to furnish an analysis of the beautiful, have seemed to hover at a greater or less distance around a central idea, none — unless it be Mr. Herbert Spencer, whose views have been expressed only in scattered suggestions — precisely hitting it, and yet few being far away from it. We mean the idea

that beauty gives us *activity* of mind and feeling. Hogarth, for example, speaks of the quality of variety in lines as an element of their beauty. The waving line, or undulating curve, he calls especially the "line of beauty," because it gives the eye much variety of direction without displeasing it (without hindering it, we should prefer to say) by sudden changes of direction. Sir William Hamilton, in likewise attributing the effect of beauty to the union of variety with unity, explains our delight in it by the fact of its giving full play at once to the imagination through variety, and to the understanding through unity. Alison, attributing the entire effect to the association of ideas, makes beauty to consist in the power of giving active emotions, as of cheerfulness or sadness, and of awakening trains of corresponding ideas in the mind. Mr. James Sully points out the imperfection of this theory in its exclusion of the element of direct æsthetic pleasure derived from color, form, or tone. Mr. Herbert Spencer, following a hint derived from Schiller, considers the æsthetic activities to be essentially the play of the mind. He grades æsthetic pleasures according to the number of powers called into activity: the lowest being the pleasure of mere sensation, as from tone or color; next, the pleasure of perception, as from combinations of color, or symmetries of form; and highest, the pleasure of the æsthetic sentiments proper, composed of multitudinous emotions excited in the mind by associations, some of them reaching far back in the race experience of man.

The central idea, round which these and other theories cluster, is that of *increased activity* as the essential effect of beauty on the mind.

In the two arts of form and of tone, the simplest elements — the straight line and the single tone — may be considered as correspondent. For the tone differs from mere noise in being produced by

periodic vibrations, so that in its apprehension our consciousness is continuous; whereas in hearing a mere noise, owing to the interferences of the jumbled vibrations, our consciousness is interrupted and intermittent. Precisely so, an irregular and confused multitude of dots made by the pencil on paper would be a noise in visible form; while a continuous row of dots, that is to say a straight line, would be a tone in form. In the tone as in the line the consciousness is unhindered and continuous. Again, just as we may have a noise of tones which, although musical tones separately, are clashed together in discord, so we may have a noise, so to speak, of lines clean and straight in themselves, but thrown into a tangled mass which the eye cannot follow.

Rising a step higher, we have the curve in form, answering to the melody in music. In either case, its effect is a succession of changes of impression, but of such a nature that the consciousness may be continuous in apprehending them. A jagged and irregularly angular line, on the other hand, would correspond to a haphazard succession of tones, regardless of the conditions of melodious arrangement, since both produce checks and interruptions of the flowing continuity of consciousness. Hogarth's line of beauty, in other words, is the pleasantest melody of form, because it gives to conscious apprehension the greatest total of sight activity without check.

But a harmony, whether of audible tones or of visible forms, is still more delightful than a melody. Such a harmony of forms we get in the symmetry of two curves above and below a horizontal line, as in the arch of a bridge reflected in a stream, or on the two sides of a vertical line, as in the shapely tree. Its simplest elements might be represented thus:—

(:)

More graceful still is the symmetry of two undulating curves, answering to each other, and thus furnishing both melody and harmony. And this brings us to the elements of one of the beautiful forms of ancient art.



For, joining the extremities of the two curves, we have the vase. If now we add to each side another answering pair of such curves, we have it with



the double arms of the Greek amphora. And if we add still another such pair at the top, we have reached a hint of the very outlines of that which we consider the most

graceful of all forms, the human figure. For it would require but slight touches to suggest the head and the veritable arms and limbs of the statue.



No doubt there is much in the beauty of the human form besides the mere symmetry of graceful lines; much that depends on the association of ideas, as, for example, the suggestion of force and activity in muscular curves, —

“Those lines

That sweeping downward breathe, in rest, of motion.”

The important thing to notice is that just as the simple grace of the mere outlines is explicable through their ministering to sight activity, so the complex beauty is woven of a thousand threads of vague suggestion, all linked with ideas of health and strength and mysterious life-functions, and so all centring in the satisfaction of the one desire for full existence.

But complex as the quality of beauty is in the actual human figure, it is even more so in the work of plastic art. A statue which was merely an exact copy of life — a photograph in marble — would not by any means give us all the æsthetic delight of which art is capable.

In fact, it would not be art at all. It is only when the artist bodies forth some conception of his own mind that we are greatly stirred. Then, besides the immediate beauty of the melodies and harmonies of lines, and the mediate beauty, through associated ideas, of the supple and forceful forms, we have in some pathetic or heroic group in marble a world of quickened thoughts and feelings. In one of Wilhelm von Humboldt's Letters to a Lady, he says, —

“The beauty of a work of art is, for the very reason that it is a work of art, much freer from imperfections than nature, and never excites selfish emotions. We observe it attentively, we wonder at it more and more, but we do not form any connection between it and ourselves. To the beauty of sculpture applies what Goethe has said so finely of the stars: ‘We never desire the stars, although we take such pleasure in their light.’”

Now the explanation of this superiority of art to nature, æsthetically, is to be found in the fact that any personal relation to self narrows and lessens the spiritual activity. And the same explanation is applicable to the connection of æsthetic pleasures with the play impulse. For the compelling of any impulse toward the accomplishment of some set purpose must confine its force. The stream of spiritual activity is controlled into some single channel, and there is no longer that free swing of all the powers which is the essence both of “play” and of æsthetic delight. In other words, if we enjoy play more than work, and art more than nature, it is because we have through their means a greater total of conscious life.

The art of tone has this advantage over the arts of painting and sculpture as the direct source of power upon the spirit, that music is a natural and universal means of expression. There can never be “symphonies of color,” as has been imagined, for the reason that no-

where in the world is color naturally (as distinguished from artistically) employed to express anything. Tone, on the contrary, is universally so employed. Mr. Spencer, in his *Essay on the Origin of Music*, and elsewhere, has admirably shown how this expressive use of tone runs through all the higher grades of the animal kingdom. When the dog barks or howls, and the bird pipes or complains, and the child sings or cries, it is the beginning of music. For it is the beginning of the use of tones to express feeling. Ordinary human speech is not speech alone, conveying ideas, but music as well, conveying feeling. If we listen to an animated conversation from an adjoining room, where the articulation of words is not quite audible, we shall find that it is song, rather than speech, that we hear. The voices go up and down the gamut, the intervals and the *tempo* increasing or diminishing as the feeling changes. The *staccato*, high-keyed utterances of pleasure; the slow, minor cadences of sorrow; the deep monotone of determination; the *tremolo* of passion, — all these are nothing but the song within the speech. Whenever speech ceases to convey merely cold intellectual ideas, and becomes emotional, the voice tends more and more toward song, ranging more widely through the gamut, and taking on the cadences of music proper. Perhaps even among the very elements of speech, in the vowels, namely, we have the beginnings of music as expressive of feeling. For while the consonants seem to be mere checks or interruptions of the breath, expressing the limitation of our consciousness to definite ideas, the vowels are pure tones, each having a natural pitch of its own (which one may readily detect by *whispering* them loudly), and expressing the play of feeling upon these ideas. This may possibly help to explain the ablaut, or change of vowel to express tense in the verb; as, *sing. sang, sung*. We do not overlook the theory which explains

this by the effect of the ancient reduplication; but it sometimes happens in philology, as in society, that one cause gives rise to a form, and another makes it permanent. At any rate, the present fact is that, while the consonants remain the same in the different tenses in this example, as expressing the unchanged idea of the action, the vowels change, as the attitude or feeling of the mind toward the action changes, whether present, or just finished, or wholly past.

The reason, then, that music has a much greater direct power over the feelings than any other art is that music alone is based on a natural means of emotional expression. But its power of expression does not stop with the feelings. Inextricably bound up with every human feeling is a host of ideas associated with it in the mind, — for every feeling a host of ideas, for the reason that the possible feelings are few, while ideas are innumerable. Accordingly, music, whose power of direct expression is almost limited to the emotions, expresses different ideas to different persons, — or to ourselves at different times, — according as the particular emotion is associated in experience with one set of ideas or another. The sonata which to an Alpine goatherd would express a thunder-storm among rocky peaks to a sailor might with equal distinctness express a tempest at sea. The larger and deeper the life experience of the listener, the more a symphony will mean to him in ideas; or the fuller his emotional endowment, the more it will mean to him in feeling, — always provided that it is a great work, a work of genius, to which he listens. Of course much can come out of a symphony only if much originally went into it.

The secret of all art is then within the reach of our hand when we have realized one single fact concerning man. As we look out upon life we see its myriad activities all springing from certain desires. But there is one desire

among them which is permanent, and paramount to all. It is not the desire for mere pleasure, for it often overrides that; it is not the desire for mere happiness, even, for it often overrides that. It is the desire for life: not the poor negative desire to escape death and cling to existence, merely, but the aspiration for full and abounding life. To be alive in every faculty; to have the greatest possible total of conscious being, in physical impression and effect, in intellectual force and grasp, in emotional glow, in the out-stream of the active will; in short, completely to be and live, this is the one paramount human desire. There is only one thing we really dread: it is death. There is only one thing we really desire: it is life.

And now where is there to be found a perpetual source of this power and activity that we perpetually desire? Nowhere but in the expressed power and activity of other human spirits, — and that is art.

We have seen that in their very elements the arts are based on the ability to satisfy this desire. For the beauty of form consists in giving the sense of sight its greatest total of unchecked apprehension; and the beauty of tone, both in those consecutive harmonies which we call melodies and in massed harmonies, in giving the sense of hearing its greatest total of uninterrupted impression. And when we pass beyond mere sensuous delight we find the same essential effect — but on the mind now, and the whole soul — from the ideas and feelings expressed by the artist.

The test, then, for all art is that, *expressing much life, it shall give much life.* That painting, statue, symphony, is the greatest which adds the greatest total to our conscious existence. But we must mark well a distinction here. There are higher and lower grades or planes of existence. But by what test? By no other than this same test, — their tendency for or against renewed and in-

creased life in the whole nature. That pleasure is low which tends to belittle the nature; that one is high which tends to enlarge it. That art is low which only stimulates feelings and ideas most apt to brutalize; that is to say, to restrict and narrow (for that is the distinction between brute and man, — the one little, the other large, in powers and possibilities). That art is high which awakens feelings and ideas that are vital with tendencies toward more and still more of attainment and being.

And here we see the distinction between mere prettiness and genuine beauty. A patch of color on the wall may be called pretty, as pleasing the color sense alone; still more so, if it gratifies also the form sense by its outline. But it falls short of beauty because it fails to awaken in us any of the higher activities of our inner nature. Decorative art is only pretty; it touches but the surface of the mind. Decorative poetry, in the same way, suggests only pretty images of color or form. We pass along a picture gallery, or we turn the leaves of a volume of verse. As we pause before some painting, or some poem, the question is, *What does this give me?* It may be that it gives the imagination some pretty image of nature. This is something. It may be that it gives the feeling, also, some touch of suggested peace or tranquillity. That is more. But if it be a great picture, or a great poem, the whole spirit in us is quickened to renewed life. Not only our sense of color and form, our perception of harmonious relations, but our interest in some crisis of human destiny, our thought concerning this, a hundred mingled streams of fancy and reflection and will impulse, are set flowing in us; because all this was present in the man of genius who produced the work, and because his “expression” of it there means the carrying of it over from his spirit into ours. If it is a work of the very greatest rank, we *are* more, from

that moment and forever. For out of the life the artist or the poet has given us will be born successive new accessions of life perpetually.

The art of literature is the highest of the arts because its power of expression is greatest. The effect of music may be more intense, at a given moment, but its range is not so wide, nor its effect so enduring. And poetry is the highest form of the literary art, by our test, as having the fullest expressive power; since it not only expresses thought, like prose, but feeling also.

That poetry contains in itself the elements of the lower arts a moment's reflection will show. In the first place, it contains the elements of the arts of form, of which sculpture is the purest example. For it conveys a troop of images, appealing to the inner eye, instead of the outer. In the second place, poetry contains the elements of music. For in its rhythm, its rhyme, its music of many sorts, a succession of melodies and harmonies are heard; by the inner ear, when read silently, or by the outer, when read aloud. The verse form is most fitly used, therefore, when it is used for the expression of thought and feeling together; of thought, in other words, which is aglow with feeling, and feeling which is illuminated by thought. It is equally an impertinence to use the verse form — that is, the musical form — for dry, cold ideas, or for mere vague feeling, unlighted by thought. The former is for speech unaccompanied by music; the latter is for music unaccompanied by speech. A man may say — not sing — a mathematical demonstration; he may sing — not say — an outburst of emotion. For this reason, instruments are better than voices for great music. Or if the voice must be used, it is best if the words are in a foreign tongue which is unfamiliar to the listener. In this way the speech element of an opera, nearly always foolish, is concealed; and the music element, when really good,

has its opportunity. It is conceivable, to be sure, that there might be (as Wagner dreamed and seemed on the verge of accomplishing) an action so high, expressed in speech so noble and significant, that it would not belittle its accompanying music in making it limited and definite in its suggestion. A good deal of our modern verse errs in the reverse direction; that is to say, it is mere music, — flowing rhythm, and sounding rhymes, and a pretty babble of insignificant “words, words, words,” — expressive, thus, of some vague atmosphere of feeling, without any thought. But this would have been more fitly expressed in music proper; it is only a part, and the lesser part, of the requirement in poetry.

In illustration of the statement that poetry contains in itself the elements of the arts of form, as giving a succession of beautiful images, we may take a single passage from Longfellow's *Evangeline*. Here, close together (using the poet's own words), we have the morning of June with its music and sunshine, the gleam of water, the silvery sand-bars, the dusky arch and trailing mosses of the cypress, the moonlight indistinctly gleaming through the ruined cedars, the pendulous stairs of the grape-vines with humming-birds rising and descending, the measureless prairie at night with the fireflies floating above it, the southward rivers running to the sea side by side like the great chords of a harp in loud and solemn vibrations. Moreover, each idea brings with it to the mind a complex of associated thought and emotion; and not merely from our own individual life experience. The human race has come a long way. As we read the line in the *Lady of the Lake*,

“When danced the moon on Monan's rill,”

it is not alone the intrinsic beauty of the scene that interests us. We could imitate the effect, so far as the bodily eye is concerned, by a candle glancing on a scrap of crinkled tin. Nor is it

any definite association of our own past enjoyment in connection with such a scene. There are associations — as Mr. Herbert Spencer has pointed out — too vague and dim to define; faint reverberations of whole æons of human, and perhaps of animal, experience. The deep forest was once full of the dread of unknown dangers and the expectancy of unknown delights; the shadow of the mountain had for man the chill of supernatural visitations; by the moon-lit rill the savage — and, ages before, the wilder creature of the woods — sought and slew his prey, or sought and won his mate.

To illustrate the inclusion of the elements of the art of tone, also, in poetry, we may take the same poem, *Evangeline*. To begin with, the metre is music. The accents, following each other in rhythmical order, give us not only the element of time, such as a metronome would give, but a veritable tune, as well. If we recite the line, —
 “When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing
 of exquisite music,”

we find not only that it is capable of being written in bars of $\frac{3}{4}$ time, with eighth and dotted eighth and sixteenth notes, but that the accented tones are given on a different pitch, each dactyl making a cadence, or phrase, of three different tones.

These lines of English hexameter (that is, *accent hexameter*) seem to follow each other like ocean waves on the shore. The first half of the line is the wave rolling in; then it pauses, toppling into a crest, and crumbles down into foam in the last half. As we might represent it, —

Rolling, then rearing its crest, and foaming and falling in thunder.

So wave after wave of the sonorous verse rolls in, timing itself (as Dr. Holmes suggests of another metre) to the very ebb and flow of our blood and our breathing: a phrase to each pulse-beat, and a line to each breath.

The rhyme system of verse, again, is entirely music. There are three sets of rhymes, in reality: the initial, or consonant rhyme (or alliteration); the medial rhyme, or chime of the vowels in the interior of the words; and the final rhyme. We may note, first of all, that as in rhythm, so in rhyme, we have the principle that lies at the foundation of music, — unity in variety; the greatest total of conscious impression being received through chords, — that is, through a variety of tones made possible to apprehend by their relations of agreement, or unity. If we take the old couplet (which is truly poetry, too, as being wise as well as musical),

“Love me little, love me long,
 Is the burden of my song,”

we notice first, as most obvious, the final rhyme. The books define rhyme badly, as being the agreement between two sounds. That really makes but half a rhyme. We must have the difference, as well as the agreement; the variety, as well as the unity. In other words, *ong* and *ong*, in this example, are not rhymes: they are identical sounds; they constitute a unison, not a harmony. But *long* and *song* are rhymes, since now a different consonant precedes each.

The initial rhyme involves the same principle, only reversed; the unity being now in the consonants, the variety in the following sounds. The important part which this initial rhyme plays in verse is often overlooked, from the circumstance that the alliteration is so commonly concealed; as in this line: —

“He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.”

The *r* of *rest* rhymes with the *r* of *already*, the *l* of *slumber* with the *l* of *longed*, and the *s* of *beside* with the *s* of *slumber*, though all these are concealed to the eye by not being visibly initial letters. This consonant rhyme, by the way, addresses the mind as well as the ear (as might be expected from the more intellectual character of the con-

sonants); the alliteration in good verse always striking the emphatic syllable, and (as Mr. John Earle neatly expresses it) marking out to the mind "the crests of the thought," as in the line just quoted.

The medial rhyme, or chime of interior vowels, also plays a concealed part in the music of the best verse. Taking again the couplet, "Love me little," etc., if we utter the vowels alone we shall hear their chime. Moreover, since each vowel has a natural pitch of its own, by whispering the vowels in these lines vigorously, we shall hear a distinct tune of different notes, which might be written upon a staff in musical notation.

The best verse in which to study these various musical elements is that of Mother Goose. And this for two reasons: first, because it is a kind of profanation to make a *corpus vilum* of good poetry for dissection; and secondly, because the lines of Mother Goose have been preserved purely on account of this very perfection of musical form, having had no other, or little other, *raison d'être*. Out of thousands of jingles repeated to children, the fittest only have survived, and these are, accordingly, very perfect specimens so far as the outer shell of poetry is concerned. A college class, for example, in studying verse with a thoroughly scientific analysis, could not do better than to provide themselves with copies of this immortal bard for class-room use. If one were to exhaust completely the possibilities of analysis of, say, this quatrain,

"Old King Cole was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he;
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his riddlers three,"

he would know a great deal about the very imperfectly understood science of English verse.¹

¹ The work of Sidney Lanier on English verse may be recommended as the only one that has ever made any approach to a rational view of the
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But a genuine poem, while containing (by its images to the inner eye, and its music to the inner ear) these elements of the lower arts, goes beyond them in expressing more fully than any other form has been found able to do the soul of the writer to the soul of the reader. In this way it stands as the highest species of its own — which is the highest — genus, the art of literature. And the other — the prose — forms of literature must be ranked precisely according to this power of expressiveness.

We might draw off in a tabular scheme the different forms of literature, classified on this basis. At the bottom we should have those written works which are books, indeed, but not yet literature; as the almanac, the arithmetic, the receipt-book, the text-book on natural science. These, and a vast number of others, do not belong to the art of literature, or to literature proper, simply because they do not express the writer, and therefore have no power (to come back to our test of criticism) to stir or quicken the reader. They are merely fact-books. Rising a little higher in our table of forms, we may put down certain books which, though still fact-books, begin to convey something also of the observer's own personality. Such are certain books of travel, or of the higher natural science. They begin to be literature, because they begin to be humanly expressive. A little higher in our tabular scheme will come books of human science, wherein the writer is more apt to give something of himself (not narrowly, as an individual, but as one representing universal human nature) together with his objective results. Especially is this true as we rise into the region of the profounder human problems, where our books are fact-books, to be sure, but the "facts" are now of

subject. Nor are the standard ones overlooked in making this assertion.

such breadth and importance that we incline rather to call them "truths."

More and more fitly may those works be called truth-books as we rise to the region of literature proper. Here, also, we classify and rank according to expressive power. The essay expresses more than the history, because the writer is more free to reveal his own inner life in his work; and it contributes to us, of course, just in proportion to what it takes from him. The more life goes in, the more life comes out. And above the essay ranks fiction, on this same ground. And among the different forms of fiction the novel stands the highest, as being the epitome, not only of what the writer has seen, but of what the writer has lived, and been, and now is. Highest of all, as we have said, is the poem; because here the writer felt the most freedom, and could therefore exert the most power. Keble was perhaps the first to point out that the verse form is not only a concealer, but a revealer. That is to say, it reveals just *because* the writer felt that he was concealed. The mask becomes itself the most transparent sort of window.

And which form of poetry shall we set highest, by our test, — the narrative, the dramatic, or the lyric?

We may be helped to answer this by observing a fact, which is either a mere coincidence, or goes far to corroborate our view of the true basis of our valuation of literature. It is the fact that just in proportion with the increase of expressive power, in our tabulated scheme of literary forms, goes also an increase in permanence of value in the world. The mere fact-books are superseded, and become valueless. The truth-books become more and more of permanent value as we rise to their higher regions. And we are most apt to find

that the thing that has survived time and storm in the world's shifting history is some frail bit of a lyric poem; because this holds in its crystalline heart the life of a man; and when we are dead — or half dead — spiritually, out breaks again from the heart of the crystal that spark of abounding life which is the thing that of all others we desire.

When a mind expresses in a book its mere perception of some external object, it is not yet literature. Before the same object every one's perception, if normal, would be the same. The expression of it in writing can add nothing to our inner life beyond what the object itself would add.¹ It is only when the writer, like the coral insect, builds himself into his work, expressing inner states of thought, feeling, or purpose, either of his own individuality, or, best of all, of the universal human being, that the book becomes literature. Literature, for this reason, always has a "style:" an expression characteristic of the man, the reflex of something his own; *through* which, at least, the truth — however universal — had to pass. As in other arts, if a painter exactly represented an actual laughing child, or if a musician exactly copied the wailing of a hurt child, it would not yet be art, for it would convey nothing to us beyond what the external object itself would convey, so in literature, if a poet exactly paints in words a white rose, it may be very pretty, but it is not yet a genuine poem. But let him give us the rose, plus his feeling and thought about it, — sincerely his, but based on what is ours also, and man's universally, — and it is a poem. Or let it be a fact instead of an object, — say, the falling of an apple to the ground in a garden. When a writer describes it just tract a dormant attention, and reveal many interesting facts about the non-human world, but that is all. Whereas a man's life in a book can renew and increase the whole intellectual and spiritual life.

¹ This bears on the question of the comparative values of natural science and the humanities in education. A fish in a book can be expected to go no farther toward educating a mind than a fish in a pool. It can stimulate observation, and at-

as it is, and nothing beyond it, we say it is a "fact" that the apple falls. When he gives it to us plus some activity of his reason which links it with the revolving moon, expressing now the law of universal gravitation, we say it is a great "truth." And if, in its expression, he adds also the free play of his own mind and feeling upon it, he may give us a work of pure literature; perhaps — most likely, in this case — a lyric poem.

The secret of all art, then, is simply this open secret: that it is the giver of what we most of all desire, abounding life. It draws upon an inexhaustible supply. For it is not merely the artist's own individual spirit which is imparted to us; the greater the genius, the more deeply his fountain drinks of the tides of the common humanity. And it is genius alone that knows to stir in us those truths, emotions, impulses, that are wrought into our inmost being by the long race experience. We are seldom thoroughly awake and alive. Like the little fitful spire of violet flame that we sometimes see hovering and playing over the surface of a coal fire, so our consciousness plays about the different tracts of the otherwise dormant mind: now here, now there; now sensation, now memory, now one or another of the emotions, starts for the instant into fluttering life, then darkens back into unconsciousness. What we desire is the glow and illumination of the whole spirit; and it is art, and especially the literary art, that best ministers to this desire.

It is not enough that a picture, or a novel, or a poem, should move us: the question is, *What* does it move in us? How much of the whole possible range of our inner life does it awaken? Nor is mere intensity of impression any sufficient test. For one must inquire, Whither does this tend, — toward further renewal of full existence, or toward reaction and stagnation? Some feelings

are kindled only to smoulder away and leave dead ashes on an empty hearth within the spirit; others tend to kindle on and on, awakening thought, rousing to vigorous action. Nor are the most easily moved activities always the most important ones in the effect of art and literature. Laughter and tears lie on the surface of the mind: the gleam and the dusk may interchange quickly at any passing cloud. It is the great motive powers down deep in the soul that most contribute to abounding life, and whose awakening most surely proves the presence of genius: the sense of right and justice; the feelings of pity, awe, aspiration; love, too, — not the sodden sort of love, which is dear to the decorative poets in their maudlin moods, but mother-love, and father-love, and *menschen-liebe*, and love of friend, and lover's love, that desires not selfish possession, but the infinite welfare of its object, and for this will die or will live.

The test, then, for literature, as for all art, is its life-giving power. In the essay, for example, perfection would consist in giving us, through that free and unpremeditated play of the whole bevy of spiritual faculties (which is the characteristic of this literary form), the widest excursions possible to the mind's lighter and leisure hours. In the novel, it would consist in imparting to us profound life-truths, pure emotions, noble intentions, in connection with the opportunity to re-live, or live in imagination, the most significant experiences of human existence. In the poem, the requirement is that it shall be full of lovely images, that it shall be in every way musical, that it shall bring about us troops of high and pure associations, — the very words so chosen that they come "trailing clouds of glory" in their suggestiveness; and in its matter, that it shall bring us both thought and feeling, for whose intermingling the musical form of speech alone is fitted; and that,

coming from a pure and rich nature, it shall leave us purer and richer than it found us.

Wordsworth said a profound thing, and said it very simply, as he knew how

to do, when he gave as the criterion of a book that "it should make us wiser, better, or happier." And if it be the greatest sort of book, will it not do all three?

E. R. Sill.

A TRICKSY SPIRIT.

FOR bird-lovers who know the mocking-bird only as a captive in our houses he has few attractions: a mere loud-voiced echo of the inharmonious sounds man gathers about his home, — car-bells, street cries, and other unpleasing noises, — and choosing for his performances the hours one wants to sleep. Unfortunate is the neighborhood in which one is kept. Such has been my feeling about the bird, for I never knew him in freedom, where he has a song of his own. But in my search for native birds I often saw the mocker, was surprised to notice his intelligence of look and manner, and at last took one into my bird-room, resolving that the moment he began to "mock" he should be given to some one who liked having the street in his house. My bird was very obliging in the matter; six months I watched him daily, and he was kind enough not to utter a sound, except an occasional harsh "chack." Probably he had too much liberty and too many interests about him; whatever the reason, I thanked him for it, and heartily enjoyed my study of his manners.

This bird was perhaps the most intelligent one I ever watched, the cat-bird being his only rival in that regard. Fear was unknown to him, and from the moment of his arrival he was interested in everything that took place around him: looking at each bird in succession; making close study of every member of the family; noticing the sounds of the street, including the spar-

row broils on the porch-roof; in fact, extremely wide-awake and observing. To the goldfinch's song he gave attention, standing motionless except for a slight nervous jerk of one wing, looking and listening as intently as though studying the notes for future use. The freedom of the birds in the room surprised him, as he showed plainly by the eager glances with which he followed every movement and marked each act. Upon joining the party of the free, he took note of pictures in a newspaper, distinguishing objects in the cut, which he tried to pick up, as a small wheel and a bar. In colors he had a choice, and his selection was red; from a vase of roses of many hues he never failed to draw out the red one to pull it to pieces on the floor.

Liberty, the mocking-bird emphatically enjoyed, and at once recognized a string attached to his door as a device to deprive him of it; after vainly trying to pick it apart, he betook himself to another cage, and refused to go back to his own. In any strange cage he stood quietly while I walked up to him, and made no attempt to leave his quarters, knowing perfectly well that I did not care to shut the door upon him; but when at home I could not lift my hands, or make the slightest movement, without causing him to dart out of the cage instantly. Having contention with his room-mates about the bits of apple put out for all to enjoy, he often carried a piece away to eat at his leisure. From

habit he flew first to the top of a cage, that being his favorite perching place; but he evidently appreciated that, if he dropped the morsel, he should lose it through the wires; and after looking one side and the other, plainly satisfying himself of this fact, he went to the table with it. I never before saw a bird who did not have to learn the treacherous nature of cage roofs by experience. He appeared to work things out in his mind, — to reason, in truth. One cold morning in spring, when the furnace fire was out, a large, brilliant lamp was put by his cage to take off the chill, for he felt changes keenly. He seemed to understand it at once, and though, no doubt, it was his first experience of warmth from a light, he drew as near it as possible, and remained there perfectly quiet until the sun warmed the room and it was removed. Fear, as I said, he knew not, coming freely upon the desk, or even upon my lap, after apple or bread, or anything he fancied.

It was plain to see that this bird's first week with us was one of quiet study and observation. Not a movement of bird or man escaped his notice. He wished to understand, to take measure of his neighbors, to be master of the situation. This was manifested not only by his thoughtful manner and his wise and knowing looks, but by his subsequent conduct. During this period, also, he submitted to impositions from all the birds, even the smallest, without resentment. The wood-thrush easily drove him away from the apple; the little goldfinch chased him from his perch. He appeared to be meekness itself; but he was biding his time, he was making up his mind.

The first time the mocking-bird's door was opened, he was not in the least surprised; no doubt, seeing others at liberty, he had expected it. At any rate, whatever his emotions, he instantly ran out on the perch placed in

his doorway, and surveyed his new world from this position. He was in no panic, not even in haste. When fully ready, he began his tour of inspection. First, to see if he really could reach the trees without, through those large, clear openings, he tried the windows, each of the three, but gently, not bouncing against them so violently as to fall to the floor, as more impetuous or less intelligent birds invariably do. Having proved each to be impassable, he was satisfied, and never tried again. Next, the ceiling interested him, and he flew all around the room, touching it gently everywhere, to assure himself of its nature. Convinced thus in a short time, that his bounds were only widened, not removed, he went on to investigate closely what he had looked at from a distance: every bird-cage, inside as well as outside, if the owner happened to be away, every piece of furniture, pictures, books, and the pincushion, — where he was detained some time trying to carry off the large black heads of shawl-pins. The looking-glass absorbed him most completely on the first day; he flew against it, he hovered before it, slowly passing from bottom to top, alighted on top and looked over behind. I think he never solved that mystery to his own satisfaction, as he did that of the window-glass, which must have been quite as inexplicable, and it was never without a certain charm for him. He had no trouble in finding his way home: standing on a cage next to his, he saw his own door-perch, recognized it instantly (though he had been upon it only once), and, being hungry, dropped to it and ran into the cage.

The new-comer soon made thorough acquaintance with all his surroundings, and had leisure to turn his attention to a little matter yet unsettled; namely, his position in the small colony about him. The first few days, as already noted, he submitted to impositions: allowed himself to be driven away from

the slices of apple on the matting, and turned from the bathing-dish on the floor. This was, however, the calm before the storm; though after all that is hardly a correct comparison, since there was never the least "storm" about his manner; he was composure itself. Having calmly and patiently considered the state of affairs, he suddenly asserted himself, and took the position he felt was his right, — at the head. It soon became evident that he was prepared to defend the situation by force of arms. He conducted his conquests systematically, and subdued one after the other, beginning with the least.

The English goldfinch had been very saucy, scolding and flying over him as he went around the room, in the small bird's way; but one day it came to a sudden end. The goldfinch in his cage scolded the stranger for alighting too near his door. The mocking-bird turned, looked sharply at him, ruffled up his feathers, and jumped heavily to the top of the cage, turning one eye down upon his small foe with an air that said, "Who is this midget that insults me?" The finch was surprised, but did not fully appreciate the significance of this change of manner until he was let out, when he found at once that his amiable neighbor had suddenly become an active enemy, who chased him around the room till he panted for breath, and would not allow him a moment's rest or peace anywhere. This was strange experience for the little fellow, for heretofore none of the large birds had ever disturbed him. He scolded furiously, but he went; no one could stand against that determined approach. If the goldfinch wished to bathe, his persecutor took his place on the nearest perch, not a foot away, thus driving him to the floor with the intention of using the big birds' bath. He circled around the edge, but it did not suit, and he returned to his own, looked at his enemy, spattered a little, went back to the big dish, returned

again, and thus vibrated between the two for several minutes, while the mocking-bird stood motionless, not offering any molestation, but plainly wishing to worry him. The final act occurred when both chanced accidentally to be in the same cage, not the home of either. The mocking-bird, without provocation, dropped from the upper perch upon the finch, who uttered a sharp cry and darted away. Two or three little feathers flew, though no hurt could be seen; but the smaller bird panted violently for a half hour, as though frightened, and for four or five hours sat quietly on a perch, neither eating nor making a sound, — a very unusual proceeding for the lively, chattering little fellow. This proved to be a declaration of open war, and was so vigorously followed up that before many days the larger bird's door was not opened until his victim had had his outing and returned to his home. Teasing never lost its attraction for him, however. He delighted to alight on the cage and worry his little foe, or to stand near his door and stare at him. On one such occasion a curious scene occurred. They stood three inches apart, with the wires between them, when the finch suddenly began reaching upward as far as possible; taller and taller he stretched up, till he fairly stood on tiptoe. The mocking-bird, not to be outdone, imitated the movement on his side of the bars, of course towering far above his copy. It seemed to afford both of them great satisfaction; perhaps it expressed contempt more fully than was possible in any other way.

The largest bird in the room, a Mexican thrush, was considerably stronger and fiercer than our native wood-thrush, and it seemed absurd for the mocking-bird to measure swords with him. So it would have been but for the fact that the Mexican, having lost part of his wing feathers, was clumsy, unable to fly readily, and no match for his active, agile antagonist; he always con-

quered when hostilities reached the point of a personal encounter, but he was soon soured, and declined to meet the enemy. Two or three times they flew up together, like quarrelsome cocks, but the decisive and final dispute was over the bathing-dish. It happened that morning that the Mexican came out before the goldfinch was shut up, and hence the mocking-bird's door was not yet opened. He flew at once to the top of his neighbor's cage to dress his feathers, and shake himself out. It looked like a deliberate insult, and the captive in his cage evidently so regarded it; he crouched on the upper perch and opened his mouth at the enemy, who calmly went on with his operations. The moment the finch was safe at home I opened the door, and the mocking-bird came out in haste. Pretending not to see the Mexican he descended to the bathing-dish, doubtless to cool his heated blood. The first splash, however, interested the enemy on his roof, and he flew to the floor; but the bather paid no apparent attention to him, and went on with his business. The Mexican approached slowly, a step at a time, with a low, warning "chack," which meant, "Make way there; I'm coming." The mocking-bird, manifestly hearing him, did not take the hint, nor look at his assailant, but serenely continued his splashing. The Mexican advanced to within six inches before he was convinced that force would be necessary. When he decided upon an attack, he manifested it by a grotesque little hop a few inches into the air, but this not alarming the enemy he drew near to the dish. Now at last the bather condescended to notice him. He stood up in the water and faced his adversary, bowing rather slowly and with dignity, feathers ruffled, and beak opening in the curious way usual with him,—stretching it wide, then closing it, and constantly repeating the operation.

After looking a moment at this pecu-

lar display, the Mexican hopped upon the edge of the dish, and in the same instant, as though moved by the same machinery, the mocking-bird sprang backward out upon the floor. The usurper paid him no further attention, but proceeded to bathe, while his discomfited rival took a stand on the edge of the disputed dish, which was ten inches in diameter, and fanned his wings violently. I cannot otherwise name this extraordinary movement, the wings raised high above his head, and moved quickly back and forth with a fanning motion. The Mexican turned suddenly to him, and he flew. Two or three times he repeated the performance, but was each time forced to fly before the large, strong beak wielded by his opponent, who finished his bath, and retired to a perch to dress his feathers. Now the mocking-bird resumed his splashing; but when thoroughly wet, the thought seemed to strike him that he was not in good fighting trim, and must dry himself as quickly as possible to be ready for war, which he at once did by flirting and shaking himself, bounding from one end to the other of a perch, as though he had suddenly gone mad. He was soon in order, and more than ready to resume hostilities. The enemy still occupied his favorite position upon his roof. Two cages stood side by side on a shelf, and across the tops of them, with great noise and tramping of feet, the Mexican delighted to run, thus amusing himself an hour at a time. Seeing him off his guard, the wary fellow watched his chance, and when his foe was at one end of the course he suddenly alighted on the other. The Mexican ran madly at him, clattering his bill furiously, when he gracefully rose from his place, flew over, and perched on the other end. The run was repeated, and the mischievous bird continued the annoyance until his victim was exhausted, panting, and in great excitement. From that day the Mexican gave up the contest with

his too lively antagonist, and refused to come out of his cage at all; so that in fact the stranger reduced the colony to submission.

With the wood-thrush, the encounters differed from both the preceding. This bird had opened hostilities when the mocker first appeared, presuming on being the older resident, and the only bird who cared much to be on the floor. The disputed object, as already mentioned, was the apple, which they received on the matting, two pieces being placed at some distance apart. Seeing the thrush engaged with one, the mocking-bird quietly dropped to the other, when instantly the thrush deserted his own, ran hastily across the room, and claimed that piece. As he approached, the mocking-bird lifted himself into the air by a beautiful and graceful movement; he did not seem to fly, but to simply rise on wing. The thrush being occupied with that piece, the newcomer descended upon the abandoned slice; but the inhospitable bird wanted that also. Even when three or more pieces were at their disposal, the thrush tried to monopolize them all, though the plan of collecting them in one place never seemed to occur to him. After a little of this contention, the mocker generally succeeded in carrying off a bit to some quiet place, where he could eat at his leisure. Wishing them to live peaceably, I placed a slice of the fruit on a high gas-fixtured, where the stranger was fond of alighting and no other bird ever went. He understood at once, flew over to it, and ate his fill. The Mexican observed this, and tramped over his cages (it was before he had retired from the world) in a rage, seeing "good times going on," and feeling, evidently, unable to fly so high. Somewhat later the thrush noticed the excitement, flew heavily up, with difficulty alighted beside the apple, snatched it off, and carried it to the floor.

Settlement of difficulties between

these two birds was no chance happening; it was, to all appearance, a regularly planned campaign, and, like a savage, the aggressor put on his war paint and danced his war dance. It was extremely interesting to watch, although painful to realize that a bird could be animated by emotions so — must I call them human? He selected, for the declaration of his intentions, a moment when the thrush was in his own house and the door open. The approach to this cage was by a light ladder, the top round of which, about a foot in length, rested perhaps four inches from the cage, and level with the door. Upon this round the mocking-bird executed what has been called his war dance, shaking himself, shuffling (or moving along without raising the feet), and agitating his feathers in such a way that they rustled like stiff new silk. After a few minutes of this performance he flew away, returning presently to repeat it. This he did again and again, and his motive was plain. "You've domineered long enough," his manner said: "now come out here, and we'll settle this matter at once." The bird in the cage, though plainly surprised at this sudden exhibition of spirit, received it like a thrush — in silent dignity. He paid no attention to the demonstration further than to keep his eye upon the enemy, unless he appeared to think of entering the door, when he turned his open bill in that direction. A long time having passed in these manœuvres, the thrush, apparently tired of waiting for the belligerent to vacate his front doorstep, retired to the upper perch, and the mocking-bird immediately entered below, took his stand by the food-dish, and defied the owner, who came with open beak to dispute him, but after a few moments' silent protest returned to the high perch, leaving the intruder to eat and drink as he chose.

Another point to settle was the possession of the apple. The next time

the thrush, not warned by previous operations, hurried up to claim a slice of the fruit which his foe had marked for his own, he was met by resistance. To avoid the rush, the mocking-bird lifted himself a few inches, but came down on the same spot. The thrush, astonished, but thrush-like to the last, stood motionless where he had stopped, his body drawn to a point, bill slightly open and turned toward the bold intruder. That bird ignored his attitude and placidly went on eating, and three similar experiences ended that annoyance.

One thing still remained unsettled; the mocking-bird decided to change his residence. No reason was apparent, but he preferred a special place in the room, a certain end of a particular shelf; and no matter what cage was there, he insisted on taking possession. The day he determined on this removal, he went in while the resident — the thrush — was out, and, having eaten, proceeded to the upper perches, and began jumping back and forth on them, as if at home. In due time the owner returned, visited the food-dishes, and started for the upper regions, but was met by a threatening attitude from the bird already there. He seemed to think the matter not worth quarreling over, since he readily settled himself on the middle perch, where he made a most elaborate and deliberate toilet, dressing every feather with care, and spending a half hour over the operation. All this time the invader stood on the top perch, backed against the wires, his long tail on one side like the train of a lady's dress, invincible determination in his manner. The calm indifference of the house owner evidently did not please him, and the long-drawn-out toilet was irritating; he grew thirsty, and dropped to the floor to drink, when the thrush remonstrated by a low, rapid "chook, chook, chook," and the mocking-bird made an impatient dive at him. This silenced but apparently did not hurt the bird, who stayed as long as he

chose, and then quietly came out. From that moment the usurper claimed the cage, and the amiable owner easily contented himself with the one the other had deserted.

When the mocking-bird had thoroughly established himself in every right and privilege he chose to consider his own, I hoped there would be peace, but I had not sounded the depths in his character; he began to tease. Not content with complete victory, life seemed dull without some object to worry. I really think it was his amusement; he certainly went at it as if it were. I noticed him one morning, standing on the ladder before his door, apparently working himself up to something. He first looked at me, — I had a book, and pretended not to see him, — then at the thrush, who was on the floor as usual; he jerked his body this way and that, puffed out his feathers, especially on the throat and breast, held his tail on one side, turned upward at an angle of forty-five degrees, which gave him a wicked expression. He looked full of life to the tips of his toes, and greatly excited. The other birds observed him; the Mexican in his cage rustled his wings, jerked his body, and at last gave his usual cry. Even the little goldfinch was impressed and looked on with interest.

All this agitation did not escape the notice of the bird on the floor, who stood silent, plainly understanding, and waiting for the next move. Finally the mocking-bird started, gracefully and without haste. He first flew easily and lightly to the desk, in a moment to the back of a chair, then deliberately to an arm, next to the seat, and lastly to a round; at each step pausing, shaking himself, and threatening. When he reached the floor, he ran a few steps toward the thrush, stopped short, erected himself very straight, and puffed out as big as possible; then another little run, and the operation was repeated. He proceeded till within a foot of the thrush,

when he alternated the upright position with a lowered head, and bill pointed toward the foe, changing from one to the other very suddenly. When he came so near, the thrush crouched flat on the floor, with beak turned squarely against the approaching bird, and thus awaited the onslaught.

In that attitude the mocking-bird did not apparently like to attack him. He threatened a long time, then retreated gradually, making feints, turning, running a few inches, and bringing up suddenly with a half turn back. In this manner he moved away for some distance, then flew to the round of the chair, the seat, the arm, the back, and so on till he reached the ladder again. Then for the first time the thrush changed his position and rose to his feet, when, without the least warning, the mocker flung himself madly after him, and the thrush, unprepared, ran, with a sharp cry. Obviously the mocking-bird, finding the first method of attack, which was probably his usual one, a failure, decided to try another, as the event proved, successfully. The excitement of this performance evidently gave him pleasure, no doubt helped to pass away the long hours; for he often indulged in it, always making his approach in the same deliberate way, tripping daintily a step or two at a time, examining everything in a careless way, tasting a piece of apple-skin, lifting a bit of thread, toying and dallying to all appearance, as he moved, still always advancing, and never turning aside from his purpose till he reached the distance of a foot from the thrush, crouching motionless with crown feathers erect. At that point he often stood a moment, looking grimly at his victim, then gave a quick, exaggerated jump which carried him forward not more than an inch, but sent the thrush, in a panic, running half across the room, where he brought up in a heap, — his claws sprawled as they slipped on the matting, every feather

standing up, — and made no attempt to draw his feet together. A slow, formal attack he could meet, but a sudden rush was irresistible. Then the assailant turned, slowly, gracefully, the personification of tranquillity, his air saying, "Who's done anything?" yet taking a direct line for the enemy, approaching in the same way, by easy stages, but relentlessly drawing nearer and nearer, till he ended by a quick plunge, which sent the thrush off with a cry. In a moment he began again, teasing, following, tormenting; so wily, so wicked, so determined!

The motions of this bird were most bewitching; his flight the perfection of grace. He never flew straight across the room as if on business, but always in a dancing, loitering, easy way; hovering to examine a picture, slowly pausing on wing to look at anything, turning, wheeling, up or down or any way, buoyant and light as the air itself. It was his delight to exercise on wings about the room, diving between the rounds of the ladder, darting under a stretched string or into a cage full dash. His feet found rest on any point, however small, — the cork in a bottle, the tip of a gas-burner, or the corner post of a chair; nothing was too small or too delicately balanced for his light touch, and he never upset anything. He enjoyed running up and down a ladder six feet long with six or eight rounds, passing over it so rapidly that he could not be seen to touch it at any point, yet not using his wings he must have stepped upon every round. He always used his legs with a freedom rarely seen in a bird, not moving them together as usual in his kind, but handling them with astonishing independence of each other.

The body of this bird was capable of wonderful expression, not only in the free use of each member, but every feather seemed under his voluntary control. The spasmodic movement of the wings in excitement, common to many

birds, was accomplished in an original manner by holding the wing slightly away from the body, and spreading or opening it a little at each jerk, without changing its position toward his side. His tail seemed as loosely connected with his body as if it were hung on wires: it moved even with his breathing, and the emphatic flirt of the member was an insult which every bird in the room understood. Intense interest in any sound was indicated by raising the feathers over the ears alone, which gave him the droll appearance of wearing velvet "ear muffs." In expressing other emotions he could erect the feathers of his chin, his shoulders, or his back, either part alone, or all together, as he chose. A true bird of the South, he did not enjoy our climate, and if the room became too cool he made his opinion known by drawing his head down into his shoulders, with every feather on his body fluffed out, even to the base of the beak, till he looked as if wrapped in delicate gray furs to his nose, and almost burying his eyes.

The mocking-bird's emotions were so intense and so originally displayed that he was a constant source of interest. A hand-glass lying face up gave opportunity for an amusing exhibition one day. Leaning over it, he puffed out every feather, opened his mouth, and tried the glass with his beak at every point. Meeting no satisfaction, he turned to leave it, but first peeped slyly over the edge to see if the stranger were still there, no doubt unable to get over his surprise at seeing a bird in that position and ready to meet his bill at every point. The same glass standing up brought out a different demonstration. He stood in front of it and swelled himself out, while the feathers of the shoulders and breast were erected. Then he opened his mouth wide and attacked the reflection, but was astonished to meet the glass. He touched the bill of his double with his own, and

moved all the way to the bottom of the glass, not taking it away, but apparently trying to seize the one which opposed his. He lowered his head as though to take hold of the enemy's foot, then pulled himself up as straight as a soldier, wings and tail constantly jerking with excitement. After indulging for some time in these proceedings, he dodged around behind the glass, plainly expecting to pounce upon his opponent, and surprised not to do so. Several times he drew himself up, swelled out his breast, and blustered before the glass. Once he flew up with the reflection in the manner of a quarrelsome cock, and upon reaching the top of the glass naturally went over and landed behind, without an enemy in sight. Upon this he stared a moment, as if dazed, then shook himself out, and flew away in evident disgust.

The deliberate, leisurely dressing of plumage with which many birds pass away the dull hours is an occupation in which the mocking-bird never had time to indulge. He was a bird of affairs; he had too much on his mind for loitering. A few sudden, thorough shakes, a rapid snatching of the wing and tail feathers through the beak, or, after a bath, a violent beating the air with both wings while holding tightly to the perch with his feet, sufficed for his toilet. Notwithstanding his apparent carelessness, his plumage was soft and exquisite in texture, and when wet the downy breast feathers matted together and hung in locks, like hair. Through a common magnifying-glass each tiny barbule was seen to be ringed with gray and silvery white, so finely that the rings could hardly be seen.

The most beautiful and peculiar attitude this bird assumed was when conducting an attack upon a small object. Seeing one day a steel pen-point black with ink, he stood before it at a respectful distance, and raised both wings over his back till they almost

touched each other, holding the tail on one side. In two or three seconds he lowered the wings a moment, then raised them again, while his tail leaned the other side. After half a dozen such feints he delivered a gentle peck, and instantly hopped back out of the way. Seeing that it did not move, he took it in his bill and flew to the floor, where he soon satisfied himself that it was not a new variety of beetle. This was always his method with any new object of small size.

Not only did this doughty warrior vanquish the ordinary birds about him, but when a gray African parrot made his appearance in the room (on a short visit) he boldly attacked him, in spite of his size and strength. The parrot had a temporary perch before the window, and on the cage nearest to him the mocking-bird took his place, and after posturing and threatening stooped to a crouching position, and then darted past him, trying to hit him as he went. The first time this occurred, the parrot whirled on his perch and cried "Whoo!" and after that greeted every charge with a very good imitation of a policeman's rattle, probably as the loudest and most terrifying noise he could make. So determined was the belligerent fellow to subdue or annihilate the larger bird, and so reckless were his attacks, that I had to keep him a prisoner during the few days the parrot was in the room, for hospitality must not be violated. It is interesting to note that so great was his variety of resource that he had a distinctly different method of warfare in each of the six cases mentioned.

A dignified composure was so natural to my bird that he was never startled out of it, not even when suddenly enveloped in a shawl, a proceeding that greatly alarms birds of less self-possession. It was necessary on one occasion to catch him to return him to his cage, where he might be protected from the cold of the night. All the usual ways

were tried without success, so lightly did he slip away, so gracefully and calmly did he flutter around the room, not in the least disturbed or confused by the darkness, and quite willing to play hide-and-seek all night. No other way availing, the last resource was tried, — throwing a shawl over him as he stood crouched on the top of a cage, ready for instant flight. Not a flutter nor a cry arose, and it seemed that he must have escaped; but on looking through the cage from below, he was seen, flattened against the wires, but perfectly quiet, submissive to the inevitable, like any other philosopher. He was gathered up in the folds and carefully uncovered before his own door, when he simply hopped to a perch and coolly returned the gaze of his captors, not a feather out of place, not in the smallest degree disconcerted.

Amusements were not lacking in this interesting life aside from the pleasures of worrying and teasing, which plainly were entertainments for him. He indulged in other performances which distinctly were play. Especially was this true of the habit he imitated from the Mexican, — tramping across two cages heavily, with as much noise as possible, and then with an extravagant jump landing on another cage, where he was received with a scolding, which apparently pleased him as much as any part of it. A specially quick flying-run rattled a paper fastened against the wall, which delighted him greatly; and when the cages were covered with paper, to put an end to the proceeding which annoyed the residents, he regarded it as a particular attention, and enjoyed it more than ever, doubtless because it enabled him to make a louder noise. Often he diverted himself by a mad frolic in his cage: from place to place he went, half flying, and scarcely touching anything; back and forth, with great flutter of wings and great noise; up and down, under and over and around his perches,

in the same wild way, so that it seemed as if he must beat his brains out. Then suddenly, when most riotous, he alighted like a feather, the image of serenity and repose. Sometimes he was seized with this sort of fury of play when out of his cage, and then he flung himself about the room in the same frantic manner, scarcely touching a perch, diving under a table, between the rounds of a chair, over a gas-fixture, behind and through any openings he could find. Should some bird in the room disapprove of this behavior, and scold, as the finch was quite apt to do, the mocking-bird instantly alighted beside him, humped his back till he looked deformed, sidled two or three steps towards him, stopped, and stared at his critic; then two or

three steps more, stopping again, and in every way acting more like a mischievous monster than a bird, till the astonished finch was reduced to silence, and as meek as poor Mrs. Quilp before the antics of her malicious little spouse.

In all these actions, even in his contests with his room-mates, no anger ever appeared on the part of the mocking-bird; everything seemed done to amuse himself and pass away the weary hours, rather than from desire to hurt his neighbors. In fact, he never did positively touch a bird, to my knowledge, though he always acted as though he intended to annihilate them. He could hardly be called malicious; rather (shall we say?) mischievous, and like Ariel "a tricky spirit."

Olive Thorne Miller.

THACKERAY AS AN ART-CRITIC.

AMONG Thackeray's very earliest writings — when his droll pseudonym, Michael Angelo Titmarsh, was little known, and before Yellowplush or Fitzboodle had gained celebrity in the pages of *Punch* — are some art-criticisms as characteristic of his genius as *Vanity Fair* or the *Newcomes*. Most of them were originally published anonymously in *Fraser's Magazine*, sandwiched between essays by Carlyle and Homeric Ballads by Magnin and other famous compositions of famous men. To say that these criticisms show an amazing fondness for art is only to say what every reader of the *Newcomes* or the *Paris Sketch-Book* might expect. How could any but a lover of art paint in words such a character as J. J. Ridley? Who but a wit, as well as an art-lover, could invent so droll a name as Michael Angelo Titmarsh, with its sudden descent from the sublime to the ridiculous?

These criticisms of Thackeray have all the freshness and vigor, as well as much of the peculiarity of style, of his later writings. They show, also, a vein of exaggerated merriment, which he afterward suppressed. His true nature is best revealed in the quiet and delicate humor and satire which abound in *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, and his other novels. That evening at Vauxhall Gardens, for instance, where Joseph Sedley indulges in too much rock-punch and sentiment, — if Thackeray had yielded to the impulse which sometimes controls him in these art-criticisms, the scene might have been made more rollicking; but it would have lost half the fidelity which now marks it as unequaled among the descriptions of English tipsiness. David Copperfield's first dissipation, good as that is, is broad burlesque in comparison.

In June, 1838, the first of his art-criticisms appears. Thackeray was then

twenty-seven years old. He had seen much of life in various countries: at Weimar, where he enjoyed the society of Goethe; at Rome, with Ingres, the French painter; and at Paris, among all sorts of people. His first intention was to become a painter. It is doubtful if he would ever have succeeded as an artist. He had all the artist's imagination, and some skill in sketching and in caricaturing; but his drawing was deficient in finish and faulty in perspective. He copied some of the most celebrated pictures at Paris and Rome; but, after all, it was rather for enjoyment than as a serious business. At that time his means were ample. When, afterward, it came to working for a livelihood, literature, not art, was his chosen medium for addressing the world. His hand was not equal to the execution of the scenes in which his imagination reveled. Beyond sketches — of which hundreds are found scattered through the books he read — and the illustration of some of his own novels and stories, none of his art-work is known to exist. Yet there is a freedom and power in some of these which more than makes up for their other evident defects. Who would miss the striking individuality of his representations — such, for instance, as *Miss Swartz Rehearsing for the Drawing-Room*, or *Mr. Osborne's Welcome to Amelia* — for any amount of technical skill and superiority?

Perhaps the earlier part of Clive Newcome's career is a fair representation of his own: that half-jocose, half-earnest playing at art, which never makes an artist. Yet such study as in his youth he gave to painting he afterward turned to better uses in literature. The satirical saying that the critics are those who have failed in their profession does not apply to Thackeray. Never was more kindly, or generous, or appreciative critic of painters. If there was any excellence in a picture, he was sure at least to try to find it; and if he

could not say anything good, he said nothing. He never learned to wield the bludgeon or the broadsword. His whole spirit is helpful and encouraging to every kind of merit. Nowhere can one find an expression of his concerning a picture which is not good-tempered, honest, and frank. His own failure did not sour him, nor awaken any jealousy toward others more successful. His sense of justice told him the verdict was a correct one. His own generosity of spirit made him glad to recognize their success, however he might deplore his own lack of it.

His first published essay on art matters is under the rhythmical title, *Structures on Pictures*. It is in the form of a letter from Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, and bears date, with all that particularity which distinguishes the correspondence of Englishmen, "Lord's Hotel, New Street, Covent Garden, Tuesday, 15th May, 1838." It is addressed with equal minuteness of detail to "Monsieur Anatole Isidor Hyacinthe Achille Hereuse de Bricabrac, Peintre d'Histoire, Rue Mouffetard, à Paris." It gives an elaborate account of the paintings exhibited in London, in the spring of 1838, in the three picture galleries of that city. It is full of the warm enthusiasm with which he always rejoiced to recognize merit in his contemporaries, and the bright humor and satire with which he always equally rejoiced to attack pretension. His anger is roused by the place of exhibition. The Royal Academy Exhibition is held "in one wing of a little building like a gin-shop." He is so impressed with this that he repeats the same comment the next year. He then goes on: "Thanks to your (the French) government patronage, your magnificent public galleries, and above all your delicious sky and sunshine, there is not a scavenger in your nation who has not a feeling for the beauty of nature, which is neither more nor less than art." This love of the beauty

of nature is the very key-note of all Thackeray's writings about art. Without that, art and art-criticism are impossible.

He then proceeds with a lavish hand to bestow honors upon the artists who seem to him to deserve them. As royalty and the peerage are the greatest distinctions to which, in England, a human being can aspire, he raises his favorites to the very highest grades. Mulready is placed on the throne, a king; Maclise becomes a Prince of the Blood; then Baron Briggs; Edwin, Earl of Landseer; Lord Charles Landseer; the Duke of Etty; Archbishop Eastlake, and a long list of knights. Having bestowed these honors, he tells us why. Of Mulready's Seven Ages he says, "I can't say much for the drawing, for here and there are queer-looking limbs; but the intention is godlike." (And it is because of this godlike intention that he is made king.) He then goes on: "Not one of these figures but has a grace and soul of its own. No conventional copies of stony antique; no distorted caricature like that of your *classiques*, the impostors; but such expression as a great poet would draw, who thinks profoundly and truly, and never forgets (he could n't if he would) grace and beauty withal." After this subtle and thoughtful analysis — expressed so simply that it seems as though it thought itself out, unconsciously — he passes to Eastlake, whom he has consecrated archbishop, "because," he says, "there is a certain purity and religious feeling in all he does which eminently entitles him to the honors of the prelacy." It is almost with reverence that he speaks of his pictures; two of which — one a portrait of Miss Bury, "not a simple woman, but a glorified saint," the other Saint Sebastian — "would merit to hang in a gallery where there are only Raffaelles besides."

While on the subject of religious pictures, he does not hesitate to express very heretical opinions about Titian and

Rubens. "I have heard a pious pupil of Mr. Ingres" (doubtless himself) "aver stoutly that, in matters of art, Titian was antichrist, and Rubens Martin Luther. They came with their brilliant colors and dashing worldly notions, upsetting that beautiful system of faith in which art had lived hitherto. Portraits of saints and martyrs, with pure eyes turned heavenward, and (as all true sanctity will) making those pure who came within their reach, now gave way to wicked likenesses of men of blood, or dangerous, devilish, sensual portraits of tempting women. Before Titian, a picture was a labor of years. . . . He drove the good angels away from the painters' easels, and called down a sort of voluptuous spirits instead, who have ever since held the mastery at Rome. . . . Only a few artists of our country have kept the true faith. Mr. Eastlake is one of these."

This criticism, whether well or ill founded, is certainly very ingenious and profound. It goes to the foundation of the essential canons of criticisms, all of which demand sincerity and elevation of spirit. He is not silenced, nor misled to indiscriminate praise, by the glamour of a great name. He gives his opinion, and the reasons for it, on the works of the very demigods of the artistic world as frankly and clearly as he does on those of the struggling, unknown tyro.

After Eastlake comes the Earl of Landseer. He can paint all manner of birds and beasts as no other man can. "But I don't think he understands how to paint the great beast, man, quite as well; or, at least, to do what is the highest quality of an artist, — to place a *soul* under the ribs as he draws them." Of Leslie he says: "He is the only man who can translate Shakespeare into form and color." Severn's picture of the Crusaders comes next: Godfrey and Tancred and Peter and the rest "look like little wooden dolls. As for the horses belonging to the crusading cav-

alry, I have seen better in gingerbread. But what then? There is a higher ingredient in beauty than mere form. A skillful hand is only the second artistical quality, — worthless without the first, which is a *great heart*." Maclise's Christmas touches a tender spot. "I wish you could see the wonderful accuracy with which all these pigmies are drawn, and the extraordinary skill with which the artist has arranged to throw into a hundred different faces a hundred different characters and individualities of joy. Every one of these little people is smiling; but each has his own peculiar smile. As for the coloring of the picture, it is, between ourselves, atrocious; but a man cannot have all the merits at once. Mr. Maclise has, for his share, humor such as few painters ever possessed, and a power of drawing such as never was possessed by any other, — no, not one, from Albert Dürer down."

Etty is a duke; his picture is the Prodigal Son. "There are some figures," says Thackeray, "without a rag to cover them which look modest and decent for all that; and others, which may be clothed to the chin, and yet not fit for modest eyes to gaze on." He then describes the prodigal, — tempted, overcome, riotous, wasteful, till at last, with the loss of everything, comes misery, and then repentance. "It is a grand and touching picture, and looks as large as though the three-foot canvas had been twenty." The visions conjured up by this picture are then portrayed: the loneliness, shame, sorrow, humiliation, on one side; the tender-hearted love and yearning on the other, as none but Thackeray can describe such scenes and emotions. "What a world of thought," he exclaims, "can be conjured up out of a few inches of painted canvas!"

The one thing observable in these notices is the keen analytic sense that never fails the writer; the clearness with which he marks the distinction

between the various modes in which genius manifests itself, and the quickness and fondness with which he seizes on whatever is excellent or lovely, and holds it up to admiration. Is not this the highest merit in art-criticism — to discern the dominant idea of the artist, and to tell it in words, as the artist has done in colors? Whoever reads these criticisms sees at once, if he has any imagination, or any artistic fancy, exactly what Thackeray would have him see, as well as what was in the artist's mind when he painted the picture. There is, too, a nobleness of soul and the truest manliness in conferring upon painters the honors which, in England, had always been reserved for warriors chiefly, or for lawyers; for men of action and of affairs, not for men of sentiment and idealism. It is a sort of prophecy of a new departure, since partially fulfilled in the elevation of England's greatest poet to the peerage, and one which the world may yet see realized.

The next year, 1839, Mr. Titmarsh once more makes the round of the galleries, and again gives his impressions in another letter to his friend M. Bricabrac, this time dating from "Jack Straw's Castle, Hampstead." This letter is even more vivacious than the previous one. His attention is first attracted by Turner's picture the *Fighting Temeraire*, "as grand a painting as ever figured on the walls of any academy, or came from the easel of any painter." This was written before Mr. Ruskin's enthusiastic praises of Turner had been published, and it is as strong commendation as any to be found in Mr. Ruskin's elaborate works. But Thackeray is not blind to Turner's faults, and declares that there is much in his paintings that is incomprehensible. "O ye gods, why will he not stick to Nature, — copying her majestic countenance, instead of daubing it with some absurd antics and fards of his own?" Again we have the keynote: nature is supreme, the one great

pattern whose mysteries the painter, as well as the poet and the man of science, must try to solve and exhibit, not confuse and obscure. If nature is not equal to an artist's highest aspirations, what is? Where can he turn, if not to this living fountain of beauty and grace and delight?

Wilkie's Grace before Meat is pronounced exquisite; so powerful is its effect that the words with which Thackeray describes it become rhythmical: "The eye loves to repose on this picture, and the heart to brood over it afterward. . . . When lines and colors come to be translated into sounds, this picture, I have no doubt, will turn out to be a sweet and touching hymn tune, with rude notes of cheerful voices, and peal of soft melodious organ, such as one hears stealing over the meadows on sunshiny Sabbath days, while waves under the cloudless sky the peaceful, golden corn." Eastlake, the archbishop, again comes up for notice, the subject being Our Lord and Little Children. "It gives a feeling of exquisite pleasure and content. Such pictures come straight to the heart, and all criticism and calculation vanish at once." Evidently, Mr. Titmarsh has his favorites, as have all bestowers of reward and punishment. Among those whom he delights to honor are Leslie and Maclise. Their paintings have a humor to which his own is akin. Maclise is as different from Leslie "as whiskey from rich Burgundy." Leslie's painted men and women "do not laugh themselves; they make you laugh, and there is where the esteemed American artist beats the dashing young Irish one." Through several pages of description and comment, he brings before his readers the chief characteristics of the best pictures in the London galleries. It is pleasant reading, and the ancient pages of Fraser glow to-day, as they did nearly fifty years ago, with the fires of this bright, witty, kindly criticism.

In the same year in which this article

appears is a description of art-work and art-life in Paris by Mr. Titmarsh. The chief part of it may now be found in the pages of the Paris Sketch-Book. It shows that Thackeray found as much delight in the society and the doings of the French artists as of the English, if not more. Where can one read a more graphic delineation of artistic Bohemia than in these letters? "The life of the young artist here is the easiest, merriest, dirtiest, existing, possible. He arrives, most likely, at sixteen from the province; his parents settle forty pounds a year on him, and pay his master; he establishes himself in the Pays Latin or in the new Quartier of Notre Dame de Lorette, which is quite peopled with painters; he arrives at his *atelier* at a tolerably early hour, and labors among a score of companions as merry and poor as himself. Each gentleman has his favorite tobacco pipe, and the pictures are painted in the midst of a dim cloud of smoke and a din of puns and choice French slang, and a roar of choruses, of which no one can form an idea that has not been present at such an assembly." Then follows an account of the mode of life of these "young men of genius," and of the estimation in which they hold themselves and are held by the "sober citizen." "From the height of their poverty they look down upon him with the greatest imaginable scorn,—a scorn, I think, by which the citizen seems dazzled, for his respect for the arts is intense."

Out of such surroundings and by such training have been developed the abilities of Vernet, Delaroche, Delacroix, and numberless other noted French painters. Thackeray contrasts the homage paid to the artists, and the means placed at their disposal, in France and in England, greatly to the disparagement of the latter. "Here they live in a luxury which surpasses all others, and spend their days in a palace which all the money of all the Rothschilds could

not buy. They sleep, perhaps, in a garret, and dine in a cellar; but no grandee in Europe has such a drawing-room. Kings' houses have, at best, but damask hangings and gilt cornices. What are these to a wall covered with canvas by Paul Veronese, or a hundred yards of Rubens? Artists from England, who have a national gallery that resembles a moderate sized gin-shop, who may not copy pictures except under particular restrictions and on rare and particular days, may revel here to their hearts' content. Here is a room half a mile long, with as many windows as Aladdin's palace, open from sunrise till evening, and free to all manners and all varieties of study. The only puzzle to the student is to select the one he shall begin upon, and keep his eyes away from the rest."

If with such surroundings and under such stimulus French painters do not attain great skill and develop genius, the fault is in themselves, not in their stars. In his comments on their shortcomings and the causes, Thackeray again expresses the same principles which have already been referred to. He here shows as keen insight into the laws and nature of art as, in his novels, he does into human nature and the operations of the human soul. How fondly he lingers in the society of these struggling, careless, free - and - easy, happy - go - lucky, young fellows, frank, undisciplined, audacious, full of boundless faith in themselves and their future, yet, withal, not devoid of a certain modesty and veneration for their superiors! He is not for a moment led away from the truth of nature by any of the great achievements of famous painters whose names are household words, and whose merits are recognized by decorations and titles. "At the Ecole Royale des Beaux Arts you see two or three hundred specimens of their performances; all the prize men since 1750, I think, being bound to leave here their prize

sketch or picture. . . . The hundreds of French samples are, I think, not very satisfactory. The subjects are almost all what are called classical: Orestes pursued by every variety of Furies, numbers of wolf-sucking Romuluses, Hectors and Andromaches in a complication of parting embraces, etc.; for it was the absurd maxim of our forefathers that because these subjects had been the fashion twenty centuries ago, they must remain so *in sæcula sæculorum*; because to these lofty heights giants had scaled, behold, the race of pigmies must get upon stilts and jump at them likewise; and on the canvas and in the theatre the French frogs (excuse the pleasantry) were instructed to swell out and bellow as much as possible like bulls. What was the consequence? In trying to make themselves into bulls, the frogs made themselves into jackasses, as might be expected. For one hundred and ten years the classical humbug oppressed the nation; and you may see, in this gallery of the Beaux Arts, seventy years' specimens of the dullness which it engendered. As Nature made every man with a nose and eyes of his own, she gave him a character of his own, too; and yet we, O foolish race! must try our very best to ape some one or two of our neighbors, whose ideas fit us no more than their breeches. It is the study of Nature, surely, that profits us, and not of these imitations of her. . . . Because certain mighty men of old could make heroical statues and plays, must we not be told that there is no other beauty but classical beauty? Must not every little whipster of a French poet chalk you out plays, Henriades, and such like, and vow that here was the real thing, the undeniable Kalon? The undeniable fiddlestick!"

Throughout these sketches of French art and artists, which introduce us so intimately to their mode of life and make us all at home with them, there runs a deep vein of tender feeling,

which shows how thoroughly Thackeray is imbued with the love both of art and of nature. His judgment is not coerced by great names; his criticisms are not swayed by any temporary fashion or prevailing style of composition. He always brings every work into comparison with the everlasting law of nature and beauty. "For a hundred years," he says, "the world was humbugged by the so-called classical artists; and it is curious to look at the pictorial traditions as here handed down. The consequence is that scarce one of the classical pictures exhibited is worth much more than two and sixpence. . . . Why is the classical reign to endure? . . . In the same school of the Beaux Arts, where are to be found such a number of pale imitations of the antique, Monsieur Thiers (and he ought to be thanked for it) has caused to be placed a full-sized copy of the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo, and a number of casts from statues by the same splendid hand. There is the sublime, if you please, — a new sublime, an original sublime, quite as sublime as the Greek sublime. See yonder, in the midst of his angels, the Judge of the world descending in glory; and near him, beautiful and gentle, and yet indescribably august and pure, the Virgin by his side. There is the Moses, the grandest figure that ever was carved in stone. It has about it something frightfully majestic, if one may so speak. In examining this and the astonishing picture of the Judgment, or even a single picture of it, the spectator's sense amounts almost to pain. I would not like to be left alone in a room with the Moses. How did the artist live among them and create them? How did he suffer the painful labor of invention? One fancies that he would have been scorched up, like Semele, by sights too tremendous for his vision to bear. One cannot imagine him with our small physical endowments and weaknesses, a man like ourselves." . . . "The only good

the Academy has done by its pupils was to send them to Rome, where they might learn better things. At home, the intolerable, stupid classicalities taught by men who, belonging to the least erudite country in Europe, were themselves, from their profession, the least learned among their countrymen, only weighed the pupils down, and cramped their eyes, their hands, and their imaginations, — drove them away from natural beauty, which, thank God, is fresh and attainable by us all, to-day and yesterday, and to-morrow, and sent them rambling after artificial grace, without the proper means of judging or attaining it."

In such a vein — of mingled admiration and satire — Thackeray goes through the whole series of pictures in the Luxembourg and the Louvre, giving, in clear and simple style, the effects of the pictures upon himself and his reasons for the impressions they produce. Appreciating the apparent and undeniable abilities of the French artists, he cannot resist the impulse to puncture the air-blown figures which belong to the heroic — to him mock-heroic — classical school; "as if no man could be a great poet unless he wrote a very big poem." The tendency to celebrate tragic deaths is also duly condemned. "It is a part of the scheme — the bloated, unnatural, stilted, spouting, sham sublime — that our teachers have believed and tried to pass off as real, and which your humble servant and other anti-humbuggists should heartily, according to the strength that is in them, endeavor to pull down."

These criticisms were written nearly fifty years ago. Since then, a great change — the change hoped for, and whose beginnings, indeed, were discerned by Thackeray — has come over French art. But the principles which he insists on are as important and as true now as then. Everywhere and always he pleads for sincerity, naturalness,

truthfulness in art; not, indeed, with the analysis and the rhetoric of Ruskin, but with equal directness and no less emphasis.

Indeed, to understand and appreciate Thackeray at the full, one must read his art-criticisms and study his illustrations, as well as read his novels, his sketch-books, and his satires. While he never sacrifices what he believes to be the truth in his criticisms, he has only kind and encouraging words for the artist who faithfully and honestly strives to depict some natural scene, or person, or emotion. In his attacks on the French school, it is not against individual artists and their methods, but the system of which they are the unconscious victims, that he discharges the arrows of his satire. Every evidence of excellence he gladly recognizes. See with what generous words he speaks of Delacroix, of Delaroche, of Vernet,—of all those who love nature, and who paint with sincerity and fidelity. What he demands is that the artist shall see with his own eyes, and tell in his own style what he sees; and that he shall not look through the distorted glasses of some classicist, and imitate the stilted or false style which has tyrannized over art and thought for so many years.

Thackeray recognizes that the decay of this classical school has already begun, and his method of accounting for it is characteristic. "Jacques Louis David," he says, in 1838 or 1839, "is dead. He died about a year after his bodily demise, in 1825. The romanticism killed him. Walter Scott, from his castle of Abbotsford, sent out a troop of gallant young Scotch adventurers, merry outlaws, valiant knights, and savage Highlanders, who, with trunk, hosen, and buff jerkins, did challenge, combat, and overcome the heroes and demi-gods of Greece and Rome. Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert has borne Hector of Troy clear out of his saddle. Andromache may weep; but her spouse is beyond

the reach of physic. See! Robin Hood twangs his bow, and the heathen gods fly howling. Down goes Ajax under the mace of Dunois; and yonder are Leonidas and Romulus, begging their lives of Rob Roy Macgregor. Classicism is dead. Sir John Froissart has taken Dr. Lemprière by the nose, and reigns sovereign."

These extracts do more than show Thackeray's qualities as an art-critic: they give us an insight into the man; they exhibit his thoroughly independent way of looking at works of art; they show, also, a simplicity and clearness of style which belongs to all genuine art-criticism when the critic knows what he wants to say and is sure of his ground. It is not meant to assert that Thackeray's judgment on art-matters is infallible, or that it is always sound. But it is his own; it is the clear, strong judgment of a clear-eyed man who has had his eyes open. It is also more than that: it is the opinion of a highly poetic and imaginative nature, deeply moved by the sight of any great and noble painting or statue. All his writings show the same qualities of mind and heart whenever the occasion arises. He loves to linger in such places and among such scenes. In all his sketch-books of travel, whenever he visits a church or a gallery, we have some little touch which shows how fondly he regards a beautiful picture. Thus in his *Little Travels and Road-Side Sketches*, there are numerous references to the pictures and statuary one sees in the churches and galleries in Belgium. "The picture to see here (in the museum at Brussels) is a portrait, by the great Peter Paul, of one of the governors of the Netherlands. It is just the finest portrait that ever was seen. Only a half-length; but such a majesty, such a force, such a splendor, such a simplicity, about it! The woman is in a stiff black dress, with a ruff, and a few pearls; a yellow curtain is behind

her. — the simplest arrangement that can be conceived. But this great man knew how to rise to his occasion; and no better proof can be shown of what a fine gentleman he was than this his homage to the vice-queen. A common bungler would have painted her in her best clothes, with crown and sceptre, just as our queen has been painted by —; but comparisons are odious. Here stands this majestic woman in her everyday working dress of black satin, *looking your hat off*, as it were. Another portrait of the same personage hangs elsewhere in the gallery, and it is curious to observe the difference between the two, and see how a man of genius paints a portrait, and how a common limner executes it."

Down to the time when the publication of *Vanity Fair* placed Thackeray at the head of English novel-writers, he continued occasionally to contribute art-criticisms to *Fraser's Magazine*. Some of them have since been republished in his collected works; others can be read only by referring to the pages of that magazine for the years 1841–1845. In 1850 he furnished the letter-press for a series of engravings undertaken by M. Louis Marvy, a French artist whom Thackeray had known in Paris in his younger days, now an exile, and driven to engraving for a livelihood. They are reproductions — rather poor ones — on steel of the works of such painters as Turner, Cattemole, Constable, Cox, Gainsborough, Roberts, Stanfield, and others. It is no exaggeration to say that the chief merit of the work, certainly at this day, is that part done by Thackeray. Whether M. Marvy was unequal to the task he had undertaken, or whether the art of steel-engraving at that time was at a low ebb, it is certain that most of the

lithographs of the present day have greater artistic merit and are finer compositions. Thackeray, however, did what he could to secure their success. In every one of his comments is some characteristic sentence or sentiment. In speaking of Turner, he says, "It is not given to all to understand; but at times we have glimpses of comprehension, and in looking at such pictures as the *Fighting Temeraire* or the *Slave Ship*, we admire (and can find no words adequate to express our wonder) the stupendous skill and genius of this astonishing master. . . . Turner shows sublimity for the whole continent; and, when satiated with that, rest in more quiet scenes by our glens, shores, and mountains. His works seem to give him the very foremost place of the landscape artists, — epic works, so to speak; the greatest in aim, the greatest in art, the greatest in truth to nature. . . . Admiring the early and comprehensible works of this painter is like admiring the early works of Swedenborg, and saying that he was a man of vast science and a skilled mathematician. He was all this, but his disciples only know how much besides."

It is to be borne in mind that all these criticisms were written when Thackeray was obscure and unknown, — under a *nom de plume*. They therefore show, even more than his later and acknowledged works, the real bent of his genius and the unrepressed feelings of his heart. One hardly knows what most to wonder at, — the manly and heartfelt sentiment so freely shown in every line, or the keenness and independence of intellect that so clearly discriminates between the lower and the higher, the pagan and the Christian, in the great works of art which have been the admiration of all ages.

Ephraim Young.

THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

XXII.

EUTHYMIA.

"THE Wonder" of the Corinna Institute had never willingly made a show of her gymnastic accomplishments. Her feats, which were so much admired, were only her natural exercise. Gradually the dumb-bells others used became too light for her, the ropes she climbed too short, the clubs she exercised with seemed as if they were made of cork instead of being heavy wood, and all the tests and meters of strength and agility had been strained beyond the standards which the records of the school had marked as their historic maxima. It was not her fault that she broke a dynamometer one day; she apologized for it, but the teacher said he wished he could have a dozen broken every year in the same way. The consciousness of her bodily strength had made her very careful in her movements. The pressure of her hand was never too hard for the tenderest little maiden whose palm was against her own. So far from priding herself on her special gifts, she was disposed to be ashamed of them. There were times and places in which she could give full play to her muscles without fear or reproach. She had her special costume for the boat and for the woods. She would climb the rugged old hemlocks now and then for the sake of a wide outlook, or to peep into the large nest where a hawk, or it may be an eagle, was raising her little brood of air-pirates.

There were those who spoke of her wanderings in lonely places as an unsafe exposure. One sometimes met doubtful characters about the neighborhood, and stories were told of occurrences which might well frighten a young girl, and

make her cautious of trusting herself alone in the wild solitudes which surrounded the little village. Those who knew Euthymia thought her quite equal to taking care of herself. Her very look was enough to ensure the respect of any vagabond who might cross her path, and if matters came to the worst she would prove as dangerous as a panther.

But it was a pity to associate this class of thoughts with a noble specimen of true womanhood. Health, beauty, strength, were fine qualities, and in all these she was rich. She enjoyed all her natural gifts, and thought little about them. Unwillingly, but over-persuaded by some of her friends, she had allowed her arm and hand to be modelled. The artists who saw the cast wondered if it would be possible to get the bust of the maiden from whom it was taken. Nobody would have dared to suggest such an idea to her except Lurida. For Lurida sex was a trifling accident, to be disregarded not only in the interests of humanity, but for the sake of art.

"It is a shame," she said to Euthymia, "that you will not let your exquisitely moulded form be perpetuated in marble. You have no right to withhold such a model from the contemplation of your fellow-creatures. Think how rare it is to see a woman who truly represents the divine idea! You belong to your race, and not to yourself, — at least, your beauty is a gift not to be considered as a piece of private property. Look at the so-called Venus of Milo. Do you suppose the noble woman who was the original of that divinely chaste statue felt any scruple about allowing the sculptor to reproduce her pure, unblemished perfection?"

Euthymia was always patient with

her imaginative friend. She listened to her eloquent discourse, but she could not help blushing, used as she was to Lurida's audacities. "The Terror's" brain had run away with a large share of the blood which ought to have gone to the nourishment of her general system. She could not help admiring, almost worshipping, a companion whose being was rich in the womanly developments with which nature had so economically endowed herself. An impoverished organization carries with it certain neutral qualities which make its subject appear, in the presence of complete manhood and womanhood, like a deaf-mute among speaking persons. The deep blush which crimsoned Euthymia's cheek at Lurida's suggestion was in a strange contrast to her own undisturbed expression. There was a range of sensibilities of which Lurida knew far less than she did of those many and difficult studies which had absorbed her vital forces. She was startled to see what an effect her proposal had produced, for Euthymia was not only blushing, but there was a flame in her eyes which she had hardly ever seen before.

"Is this only your own suggestion?" Euthymia said, "or has some one been putting the idea into your head?" The truth was that she had happened to meet the Interviewer at the library, one day, and she was offended by the long, searching stare with which that individual had honored her. It occurred to her that he, or some such visitor to the place, might have spoken of her to Lurida, or to some other person who had repeated what was said to Lurida, as a good subject for the art of the sculptor, and she felt all her maiden sensibilities offended by the proposition. Lurida could not understand her excitement, but she was startled by it. Natures which are complementary of each other are liable to these accidental collisions of feeling. They get along very

well together, none the worse for their differences, until all at once the tender spot of one or the other is carelessly handled in utter unconsciousness on the part of the aggressor, and the exclamation, the outcry, or the explosion explains the situation altogether too emphatically. Such scenes did not frequently occur between the two friends, and this little flurry was soon over; but it served to warn Lurida that Miss Euthymia Tower was not of that class of self-conscious beauties who would be ready to dispute the empire of the Venus of Milo on her own ground, in defences as scanty and insufficient as those of the marble divinity.

Euthymia had had admirers enough, at a distance, while at school, and in the long vacations, near enough to find out that she was anything but easy to make love to. She fairly frightened more than one rash youth who was disposed to be too sentimental in her company. They overdid flattery, which she was used to and tolerated, but which cheapened the admirer in her estimation, and now and then betrayed her into an expression which made him aware of the fact, and was a discouragement to aggressive amiability. The real difficulty was that not one of her adorers had ever greatly interested her. It could not be that nature had made her insensible. It must have been because the man who was made for her had never yet shown himself. She was not easy to please, that was certain; and she was one of those young women who will not accept as a lover one who but half pleases them. She could not pick up the first stick that fell in her way and take it to shape her ideal out of. Many of the good people of the village doubted whether Euthymia would ever be married.

"There's nothing good enough for her in this village," said the old landlord of what had been the Anchor Tavern.

"She must wait till a prince comes

along," the old landlady said in reply. "She'd make as pretty a queen as any of them that's born to it. Would n't she be splendid with a gold crown on her head, and di'monds a glitterin' all over her! D'you remember how handsome she looked in the tableau, when the fair was held for the Dorcas Society? She had on an old dress of her grandma's, — they don't make anything half so handsome nowadays, — and she was just as pretty as a pictur'. But what's the use of good looks if they scare away folks? The young fellows think that such a handsome girl as that would cost ten times as much to keep as a plain one. She must be dressed up like an empress, — so they seem to think. It ain't so with Euthymy: she'd look like a great lady dressed anyhow, and she has n't got any more notions than the homeliest girl that ever stood before a glass to look at herself."

In the humbler walks of Arrowhead Village society, similar opinions were entertained of Miss Euthymia. The fresh-water fisherman represented pretty well the average estimate of the class to which he belonged. "I tell ye," said he to another gentleman of leisure, whose chief occupation was to watch the coming and going of the visitors to Arrowhead Village, — "I tell ye that girl ain't a gōn to put up with any o' them slab-sided fellahs that you see hangin' raound to look at her every Sunday when she comes aout o' meetin'. It's one o' them big gents from Boston or New York that'll step up an' kerry her off."

In the mean time nothing could be further from the thoughts of Euthymia than the prospect of an ambitious worldly alliance. The ideals of young women cost them many and great disappointments, but they save them very often from those lifelong companionships which accident is constantly trying to force upon them, in spite of their obvious unfitness. The higher the ideal,

the less likely is the commonplace neighbor who has the great advantage of easy access, or the boarding-house acquaintance who can profit by those vacant hours when the least interesting of visitors is better than absolute loneliness, — the less likely are these undesirable personages to be endured, pitied, and, if not embraced, accepted, for want of something better. Euthymia found so much pleasure in the intellectual companionship of Lurida, and felt her own prudence and reserve so necessary to that independent young lady, that she had been contented, so far, with friendship, and thought of love only in an abstract sort of way. Beneath her abstractions there was a capacity of loving which might have been inferred from the expression of her features, the light that shone in her eyes, the tones of her voice, all of which were full of the language which belongs to susceptible natures. How many women never say to themselves that they were born to love, until all at once the discovery opens upon them, as the sense that he was born a painter is said to have dawned suddenly upon Correggio!

Like all the rest of the village and its visitors, she could not help thinking a good deal about the young man lying ill amongst strangers. She was not one of those who had sent him the three-cornered notes or even a bunch of flowers. She knew that he was receiving abounding tokens of kindness and sympathy from different quarters, and a certain inward feeling restrained her from joining in these demonstrations. If he had been suffering from some deadly and contagious malady she would have risked her life to help him, without a thought that there was any wonderful heroism in such self-devotion. Her friend Lurida might have been capable of the same sacrifice, but it would be after reasoning with herself as to the obligations which her sense of human rights and duties laid upon her,

and fortifying her courage with the memory of noble deeds recorded of women in ancient and modern history. With Euthymia the primary human instincts took precedence of all reasoning or reflection about them. All her sympathies were excited by the thought of this forlorn stranger in his solitude, but she felt the impossibility of giving any complete expression to them. She thought of Mungo Park in the African desert, and she envied the poor negress who not only pitied him, but had the blessed opportunity of helping and consoling him. How near were these two human creatures, each needing the other! How near in bodily presence, how far apart in their lives, with a barrier seemingly impassable between them

XXIII.

THE MEETING OF MAURICE AND EUTHYMIA.

These autumnal fevers, which carry off a large number of our young people every year, are treacherous and deceptive diseases. Not only are they liable, as has been mentioned, to various accidental complications which may prove suddenly fatal, but too often, after convalescence seems to be established, relapses occur which are more serious than the disease had appeared to be in its previous course. One morning Dr. Butts found Maurice worse instead of better, as he had hoped and expected to find him. Weak as he was, there was every reason to fear the issue of this return of his threatening symptoms. There was not much to do besides keeping up the little strength which still remained. It was all needed.

Does the reader of these pages ever think of the work a sick man as much as a well one has to perform while he is lying on his back and taking what we call his "rest"? More than a thousand

times an hour, between a hundred and fifty and two hundred thousand times a week, he has to lift the bars of the cage in which his breathing organs are confined, to save himself from asphyxia. Rest! There is no rest until the last long sigh tells those who look upon the dying that the ceaseless daily task, to rest from which is death, is at last finished. We are all galley-slaves, pulling at the levers of respiration, — which, rising and falling like so many oars, drive us across an unfathomable ocean from one unknown shore to another. No! Never was a galley-slave so chained as we are to these four and twenty oars, at which we must tug day and night all our life long!

The doctor could not find any accidental cause to account for this relapse. It presently occurred to him that there might be some local source of infection which had brought on the complaint, and was still keeping up the symptoms which were the ground of alarm. He determined to remove Maurice to his own house, where he could be sure of pure air, and where he himself could give more constant attention to his patient during this critical period of his disease. It was a risk to take, but he could be carried on a litter by careful men, and remain wholly passive during the removal. Maurice signified his assent, as he could hardly help doing, — for the doctor's suggestion took pretty nearly the form of a command. He thought it a matter of life and death, and was gently urgent for his patient's immediate change of residence. The doctor insisted on having Maurice's books and other movable articles carried to his own house, so that he should be surrounded by familiar sights, and not worry himself about what might happen to objects which he valued, if they were left behind him.

All these dispositions were quickly and quietly made, and everything was ready for the transfer of the patient to

the house of the hospitable physician. Paolo was at the doctor's, superintending the arrangement of Maurice's effects and making all ready for his master. The nurse in attendance, a trustworthy man enough in the main, finding his patient in a tranquil sleep, left his bedside for a little fresh air. While he was at the door he heard a shouting which excited his curiosity, and he followed the sound until he found himself at the border of the lake. It was nothing very wonderful which had caused the shouting. A Newfoundland dog had been showing off his accomplishments, and some of the idlers were betting as to the time it would take him to bring back to his master the various floating objects which had been thrown as far from the shore as possible. He watched the dog a few minutes, when his attention was drawn to a light wherry, pulled by one young lady and steered by another. It was making for the shore, which it would soon reach. The attendant remembered all at once that he had left his charge, and just before the boat came to land he turned and hurried back to the patient. Exactly how long he had been absent he could not have said, — perhaps a quarter of an hour, perhaps longer; the time appeared short to him, wearied with long sitting and watching.

It had seemed, when he stole away from Maurice's bedside, that he was not in the least needed. The patient was lying perfectly quiet, and to all appearance wanted nothing more than letting alone. It was such a comfort to look at something besides the worn features of a sick man, to hear something besides his labored breathing and faint, half-whispered words, that the temptation to indulge in these luxuries for a few minutes had proved irresistible.

Unfortunately, Maurice's slumbers did not remain tranquil during the absence of the nurse. He very soon fell into a dream, which began quietly enough, but

in the course of the sudden transitions which dreams are in the habit of undergoing became successively anxious, distressing, terrifying. His earlier and later experiences came up before him, fragmentary, incoherent, chaotic even, but vivid as reality. He was at the bottom of a coal-mine in one of those long, narrow galleries, or rather worm-holes, in which human beings pass a large part of their lives, like so many larvæ boring their way into the beams and rafters of some old building. How close the air was in the stifling passage through which he was crawling! The scene changed, and he was climbing a slippery sheet of ice with desperate effort, his foot on the floor of a shallow niche, his hold an icicle ready to snap in an instant, an abyss below him waiting for his foot to slip or the icicle to break. How thin the air seemed, how desperately hard to breathe! He was thinking of Mont Blanc, it may be, and the fearfully rarefied atmosphere which he remembered well as one of the great trials in his mountain ascents. No, it was not Mont Blanc, — it was not any one of the frozen Alpine summits; it was Hecla that he was climbing! The smoke of the burning mountain was wrapping itself around him; he was choking with its dense fumes; he heard the flames roaring around him, he felt the hot lava beneath his feet, he uttered a faint cry, and awoke.

The room was full of smoke. He was gasping for breath, strangling in the smothering oven which his chamber had become.

The house was on fire!

He tried to call for help, but his voice failed him, and died away in a whisper. He made a desperate effort, and rose so as to sit up in the bed for an instant, but the effort was too much for him, and he sank back upon his pillow, helpless. He felt that his hour had come, for he could not live in this dreadful atmosphere, and he was left alone. He could

hear the crackle of fire as the flame crept along from one partition to another. It was a cruel fate to be left to perish in that way, — the fate that many a martyr had had to face, — to be first strangled and then burned. Death had not the terror for him that it has for most young persons. He was accustomed to thinking of it calmly, sometimes wistfully, even to such a degree that the thought of self-destruction had come upon him as a temptation. But here was death in an unexpected and appalling shape. He did not know before how much he cared to live. All his old recollections came before him as it were in one long, vivid flash. The closed vista of memory suddenly opened to its far horizon-line, and past and present were pictured in a single instant of clear vision. The dread moment which had blighted his life returned in all its terror. He felt the convulsive spring in the form of a faint, impotent spasm, — the rush of air, — the thorns of the stinging and lacerating cradle into which he was precipitated. One after another those paralyzing seizures which had been like deadening blows on the naked heart seemed to repeat themselves, as real as at the moment of their occurrence. The pictures passed in succession with such rapidity that they appeared almost as if simultaneous. The vision of the “inward eye” was so intensified in this moment of peril that an instant was like an hour of common existence. Those who have been very near drowning know well what this description means. The development of a photograph may not explain it, but it illustrates the curious and familiar fact of the revived recollections of the drowning man’s experience. The sensitive plate has taken one look at a scene, and remembers it all. Every little circumstance is there, — the hoof in air, the wing in flight, the leaf as it falls, the wave as it breaks. All there, but invisible; potentially present, but impalpable,

inappreciable, as if not existing at all. A wash is poured over it, and the whole scene comes out in all its perfection of detail. In those supreme moments when death stares a man suddenly in the face the rush of unwonted emotion floods the undeveloped pictures of vanished years, stored away in the memory, the vast panorama of a lifetime, and in one swift instant the past comes out as vividly as if it were again the present. So it was at this moment with the sick man, as he lay helpless and felt that he was left to die. For he saw no hope of relief: the smoke was drifting in clouds into the room; the flames were very near; if he was not reached and rescued immediately it was all over with him.

His past life had flashed before him. Then suddenly rose the thought of his future, — of all its possibilities, of the vague hopes which he had cherished of late that his mysterious doom would be lifted from him. There was something, then, to be lived for, — something! There was a new life, it might be, in store for him, and such a new life! He thought of all he was losing. Oh, could he but have lived to know the meaning of love! And the passionate desire of life came over him, — not the dread of death, but the longing for what the future might yet have in store for him.

All this took place in the course of a very few moments. Dreams and visions have little to do with measured time, and ten minutes, possibly fifteen or twenty, were all that had passed since the beginning of those nightmare terrors which were evidently suggested by the suffocating air he was breathing.

What had happened? In the confusion of moving books and other articles to the doctor’s house, doors and windows had been forgotten. Among the rest a window opening into the cellar, where some old furniture had been left by a former occupant, had been left unclosed. One of the lazy natives, who had lounged by the house smoking a bad cigar, had

thrown the burning stump in at this open window. He had no particular intention of doing mischief, but he had that indifference to consequences which is the next step above the inclination to crime. The burning stump happened to fall among the straw of an old mattress which had been ripped open. The smoker went his way without looking behind him, and it so chanced that no other person passed the house for some time. Presently the straw was in a blaze, and from this the fire passed to the furniture, to the stairway leading up from the basement, and was working its way along the entry under the stairs leading up to the apartment where Maurice was lying.

The blaze was fierce and swift, as it could not help being with such a mass of combustibles, — loose straw from the mattress, dry old furniture, and old warped floors that had been parching and shrinking for a score or two of years. The whole house was, in the common language of the newspaper reports, “a perfect tinder-box,” and would probably be a heap of ashes in half an hour. And there was this unfortunate deserted sick man lying between life and death, beyond all help unless some unexpected assistance should come to his rescue.

As the attendant drew near the house where Maurice was lying, he was horror-struck to see dense volumes of smoke pouring out of the lower windows. It was beginning to make its way through the upper windows, also, and presently a tongue of fire shot out and streamed upward along the side of the house. The man shrieked Fire! Fire! with all his might, and rushed to the door of the building to make his way to Maurice’s room and save him. He penetrated but a short distance when, blinded and choking with the smoke, he rushed headlong down the stairs with a cry of despair that roused every man, woman, and child within reach of a human voice. Out they came from their

houses in every quarter of the village. The shout of Fire! Fire! was the chief aid lent by many of the young and old. Some caught up pails and buckets: the more thoughtful ones filling them; the hastier snatching them up empty, trusting to find water nearer the burning building.

Is the sick man moved?

This was the awful question first asked, — for in the little village all knew that Maurice was about being transferred to the doctor’s house. The attendant, white as death, pointed to the chamber where he had left him, and gasped out, —

“He is there!”

A ladder! A ladder! was the general cry, and men and boys rushed off in search of one. But a single minute was an age now, and there was no ladder to be had without a delay of many minutes. The sick man was going to be swallowed up in the flames before it could possibly arrive. Some were going for a blanket or a coverlet, in the hope that the young man might have strength enough to leap from the window and be safely caught in it. The attendant shook his head, and said faintly, —

“He cannot move from his bed.”

One of the visitors at the village, — a millionaire, it was said, — a kind-hearted man, spoke in hoarse, broken tones: —

“A thousand dollars to the man that will bring him from his chamber!”

The fresh-water fisherman muttered, “I should like to save the man and to see the money, but it ain’t a thaousan’ dollars, nor ten thaousan’ dollars, that ’ll pay a fellah for burnin’ to death, — or even chokin’ to death, anyhaow.”

The carpenter, who knew the framework of every house in the village, recent or old, shook his head.

“The stairs have been shored up,” he said, “and when the j’ists that holds ’em up goes, down they’ll come. It ain’t safe for no man to go over them

stairs. Hurry along your ladder, — that's your only chance."

All was wild confusion around the burning house. The ladder they had gone for was missing from its case, — a neighbor had carried it off for the workmen who were shingling his roof. It would never get there in time. There was a fire-engine, but it was nearly half a mile from the lakeside settlement. Some were throwing on water in an aimless, useless way; one was sending a thin stream through a garden syringe; it seemed like doing something, at any rate. But all hope of saving Maurice was fast giving way, so rapid was the progress of the flames, so thick the cloud of smoke that filled the house and poured from the windows. Nothing was heard but confused cries, shrieks of women, all sorts of orders to do this and that, no one knowing what was to be done. The ladder! The ladder! Five minutes more and it will be too late!

In the mean time the alarm of fire had reached Paolo, and he had stopped his work of arranging Maurice's books in the same way as that in which they had stood in his apartment, and followed in the direction of the sound, little thinking that his master was lying helpless in the burning house. "Some chimney afire," he said to himself; but he would go and take a look, at any rate.

Before Paolo had reached the scene of destruction and impending death, two young women, in boating dresses of decidedly Bloomerish aspect, had suddenly joined the throng. "The Wonder" and "The Terror" of their school-days — Miss Euthymia Tower and Miss Lurida Vincent — had just come from the shore, where they had left their wherry. A few hurried words told them the fearful story. Maurice Kirkwood was lying in the chamber to which every eye was turned, unable to move, doomed to a dreadful death. All that could be hoped was that he would per-

ish by suffocation rather than by the flames, which would soon be upon him. The man who had attended him had just tried to reach his chamber, but had reeled back out of the door, almost strangled by the smoke. A thousand dollars had been offered to any one who would rescue the sick man, but no one had dared to make the attempt; for the stairs might fall at any moment, if the smoke did not blind and smother the man who passed them before they fell.

The two young women looked each other in the face for one swift moment.

"How can he be reached?" asked Lurida. "Is there nobody that will venture his life to save a brother like that?"

"I will venture mine," said Euthymia.

"No! no!" shrieked Lurida, — "not you! not you! It is a man's work, not yours! You shall not go!"

Poor Lurida had forgotten all her theories in this supreme moment. But Euthymia was not to be held back. Taking a handkerchief from her neck, she dipped it in a pail of water and bound it about her head. Then she took several deep breaths of air, and filled her lungs as full as they would hold. She knew she must not take a single breath in the choking atmosphere if she could possibly help it, and Euthymia was noted for her power of staying under water so long that more than once those who saw her dive thought she would never come up again. So rapid were her movements that they paralyzed the bystanders, who would forcibly have prevented her from carrying out her purpose. Her imperious determination was not to be resisted. And so Euthymia, a willing martyr, if martyr she was to be, and not saviour, passed within the veil that hid the sufferer.

Lurida turned deadly pale, and sank fainting to the ground. She was the first, but not the only one, of her sex that fainted as Euthymia disappeared

in the smoke of the burning building. Even the rector grew very white in the face, — so white that one of his vestrymen begged him to sit down at once, and sprinkled a few drops of water on his forehead, to his great disgust and manifest advantage. The old landlady was crying and moaning, and her husband was wiping his eyes and shaking his head sadly.

"She will never come out alive," he said solemnly.

"Nor dead, neither," added the carpenter. "Ther' won't be nothing left of neither of 'em but ashes." And the carpenter hid his face in his hands.

The fresh-water fisherman had pulled out a rag which he called a "handkercher," — it had served to carry bait that morning, — and was making use of its best corner to dry the tears which were running down his cheeks. The whole village was proud of Euthymia, and with these more quiet signs of grief were mingled loud lamentations, coming alike from old and young.

All this was not so much like a succession of events as it was like a tableau. The lookers-on were stunned with its suddenness, and before they had time to recover their bewildered senses all was lost, or seemed lost. They felt that they should never look again on either of those young faces.

The rector, not unfeeling by nature, but inveterately professional by habit, had already recovered enough to be thinking of a text for the funeral sermon. The first that occurred to him was this, — vaguely, of course, in the background of consciousness: —

"Then Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego came forth of the midst of the fire."

The village undertaker was of naturally sober aspect and reflective disposition. He had always been opposed to cremation, and here was a funeral pile blazing before his eyes. He, too, had his human sympathies, but in the dis-

tance his imagination pictured the final ceremony, and how he himself should figure in a spectacle where the usual centre piece of attraction would be wanting, — perhaps his own services uncalled for.

Blame him not, you whose garden-patch is not watered with the tears of mourners. The string of self-interest answers with its chord to every sound; it vibrates with the funeral-bell, it finds itself trembling to the wail of the *De Profundis*. Not always, — not always; let us not be cynical in our judgments, but common human nature, we may safely say, is subject to those secondary vibrations under the most solemn and soul-subduing influences.

It seems as if we were doing great wrong to the scene we are contemplating in delaying it by the description of little circumstances and individual thoughts and feelings. But linger as we may, we cannot compress into a chapter — we could not crowd into a volume — all that passed through the minds and stirred the emotions of the awe-struck company which was gathered about the scene of danger and of terror. We are dealing with an impossibility: consciousness is a surface; narrative is a line.

Maurice had given himself up for lost. His breathing was becoming every moment more difficult, and he felt that his strength could hold out but a few minutes longer.

"Robert!" he called in faint accents; but the attendant was not there to answer.

"Paolo! Paolo!" But the faithful servant, who would have given his life for his master, had not yet reached the place where the crowd was gathered.

"Oh, for a breath of air! Oh, for an arm to lift me from this bed! Too late! Too late!" he gasped, with what might have seemed his dying expiration.

"Not too late!" The soft voice

reached his obscured consciousness as if it had come down to him from heaven.

In a single instant he found himself rolled in a blanket and in the arms of — a woman !

Out of the stifling chamber, — over the burning stairs, — close by the tongues of fire that were lapping up all they could reach, — out into the open air, he was borne swiftly and safely, — carried as easily as if he had been a babe, in the strong arms of “The Wonder” of the gymnasium, the captain of the Atalanta, who had little dreamed of the use she was to make of her natural gifts and her school-girl accomplishments.

Such a cry as arose from the crowd of on-lookers ! It was a sound that none of them had ever heard before or could expect ever to hear again, unless he should be one of the last boatload rescued from a sinking vessel. Then, those who had resisted the overflow of their emotion, who had stood in white despair as they thought of these two young lives soon to be wrapped in their burning shroud, — those stern men — the old sea-captain, the hard-faced, money-making, cast-iron tradesmen of the city counting-room — sobbed like hysteric women ; it was like a convulsion that overcame natures unused to those deeper emotions which many who are capable of experiencing die without ever knowing.

This was the scene upon which the doctor and Paolo suddenly appeared at the same moment.

As the fresh breeze passed over the face of the rescued patient, his eyes opened wide, and his consciousness returned in almost supernatural lucidity. Euthymia had sat down upon a bank, and was still supporting him. His head was resting on her bosom. Through his awakening senses stole the murmurs of the living cradle which rocked him with the wave-like movements of res-

piration, the soft *susurrus* of the air that entered with every breath, the double beat of the heart which throbbed close to his ear. And every sense, and every instinct, and every reviving pulse told him in language like a revelation from another world that a woman’s arms were around him, and that it was life, and not death, which her embrace had brought him.

She would have disengaged him from her protecting hold, but the doctor made her a peremptory sign, which he followed by a sharp command : —

“Do not move him a hair’s breadth,” he said. “Wait until the litter comes. Any sudden movement might be dangerous. Has anybody a brandy flask about him ?”

One or two members of the local temperance society looked rather awkward, but did not come forward.

The fresh-water fisherman was the first who spoke.

“I han’t got no brandy,” he said, “but there’s a drop or two of old Medford rum in this here that you’re welcome to, if it’ll be of any help. I alliz kerry a little on ’t in case o’ gettin’ wet ’n’ chilled.”

So saying he held forth a flat bottle with the word *Sarsaparilla* stamped on the green glass, but which contained half a pint or more of the specific on which he relied in those very frequent exposures which happen to persons of his calling.

The doctor motioned back Paolo, who would have rushed at once to the aid of Maurice, and who was not wanted at that moment. So poor Paolo, in an agony of fear for his master, was kept as quiet as possible, and had to content himself with asking all sorts of questions and repeating all the prayers he could think of to Our Lady and to his holy namesake the Apostle.

The doctor wiped the mouth of the fisherman’s bottle very carefully. “Take a few drops of this cordial,” he said, as

he held it to his patient's lips. "Hold him just so, Euthymia, without stirring. I will watch him, and say when he is ready to be moved. The litter is near by, waiting." Dr. Butts watched Maurice's pulse and color. The "old Medford" knew its business. It had knocked over its tens of thousands; it had its redeeming virtue, and helped to set up a poor fellow now and then. It did this for Maurice very effectively. When he seemed somewhat restored, the doctor had the litter brought to his side, and Euthymia softly resigned her helpless burden, which Paolo and the attendant Robert lifted with the aid of the doctor, who walked by the patient as he was borne to the home where Mrs. Butts had made all ready for his reception.

As for poor Lurida, who had thought herself equal to the sanguinary duties of the surgeon, she was left lying on the grass with an old woman over her, working hard with fan and smelling-salts to bring her back from her long fainting fit.

XXIV.

THE INEVITABLE.

Why should not human nature be the same in Arrowhead Village as elsewhere? It could not seem strange to the good people of that place and their visitors that these two young persons, brought together under circumstances that stirred up the deepest emotions of which the human soul is capable, should become attached to each other. But the bond between them was stronger than any knew, except the good doctor, who had learned the great secret of Maurice's life. For the first time since his infancy he had fully felt the charm which the immediate presence of youthful womanhood carries with it. He could hardly believe the fact when he found himself no longer the subject of

the terrifying seizures of which he had had many and threatening experiences.

It was the doctor's business to save his patient's life, if he could possibly do it. Maurice had been reduced to the most perilous state of debility by the relapse which had interrupted his convalescence. Only by what seemed almost a miracle had he survived the exposure to suffocation and the mental anguish through which he had passed. It was perfectly clear to Dr. Butts that if Maurice could see the young woman to whom he owed his life, and, as the doctor felt assured, the revolution in his nervous system which would be the beginning of a new existence, it would be of far more value as a restorative agency than any or all of the drugs in the pharmacopœia. He told this to Euthymia, and explained the matter to her parents and friends. She must go with him on some of his visits. Her mother should go with her, or her sister; but this was a case of life and death, and no maidenly scruples must keep her from doing her duty.

The first of her visits to the sick, perhaps dying, man presented a scene not unlike the picture before spoken of on the title-page of the old edition of Galen. The doctor was perhaps the most agitated of the little group. He went before the others, took his seat by the bedside, and held the patient's wrist with his finger on the pulse. As Euthymia entered it gave a single bound, fluttered for an instant as if with a faint memory of its old habit, then throbbed full and strong, comparatively, as if under the spur of some powerful stimulus. Euthymia's task was a delicate one, but she knew how to disguise its difficulty.

"Here is a flower I have brought you, Mr. Kirkwood," she said, and handed him a white chrysanthemum. He took it from her hand, and before she knew it he took her hand into his own, and held it with a gentle constraint. What could she do? Here was the

young man whose life she had saved, at least for the moment, and who was yet in danger from the disease which had almost worn out his powers of resistance.

"Sit down by Mr. Kirkwood's side," said the doctor. "He wants to thank you, if he has strength to do it, for saving him from the death which seemed inevitable."

Not many words could Maurice command. He was weak enough for womanly tears, but their fountains no longer flowed; it was with him as with the dying, whose eyes may light up, but rarely shed a tear.

The river which has found a new channel widens and deepens it; it lets the old water-course fill up, and never returns to its forsaken bed. The tyrannous habit was broken. The prophecy of the gitana had verified itself, and the ill a fair woman had wrought, a fairer woman had conquered and abolished.

The history of Maurice Kirkwood loses its exceptional character from the time of his restoration to his natural conditions. His convalescence was very slow and gradual, but no further accident interrupted its even progress. The season was over, the summer visitors had left Arrowhead Village; the chrysanthemums were going out of flower, the frosts had come, and Maurice was still beneath the roof of the kind physician. The relation between him and his preserver was so entirely apart from all common acquaintances and friendships that no ordinary rules could apply to it. Euthymia visited him often during the period of his extreme prostration.

"You *must* come every day," the doctor said. "He gains with every visit you make him; he pines if you miss him for a single day." So she came and sat by him, the doctor or good Mrs. Butts keeping her company in his presence. He grew stronger, — began to sit up in

bed; and at last Euthymia found him dressed as in health, and beginning to walk about the room. She was startled. She had thought of herself as a kind of nurse, but the young gentleman could hardly be said to need a nurse any longer. She had scruples about making any further visits. She asked Lurida what she thought about it.

"Think about it?" said Lurida. "Why should n't you go to see a brother as well as a sister, I should like to know? If you are afraid to go to see Maurice Kirkwood, I am not afraid, at any rate. If you would rather have me go than go yourself, I will do it, and let people talk just as much as they want to. Shall I go instead of you?"

Euthymia was not quite sure that this would be the best thing for the patient. The doctor had told her he thought there were special reasons for her own course in coming daily to see him. "I am afraid," she said, "you are too bright to be safe for him in his weak state. Your mind is such a stimulating one, you know. A dull sort of person like myself is better for him just now. I will continue visiting him as long as the doctor says it is important that I should; but you must defend me, Lurida, — I know you can explain it all so that people will not blame me."

Euthymia knew full well what the effect of Lurida's penetrating head-voice would be in a convalescent's chamber. She knew how that active mind of hers would set the young man's thoughts at work, when what he wanted was rest of every faculty. Were not these good and sufficient reasons for her decision? What others could there be?

So Euthymia kept on with her visits, until she blushed to see that she was continuing her charitable office for one who was beginning to look too well to be called an invalid. It was a dangerous condition of affairs, and the busy tongues of the village gossips were free in their comments. Free, but kindly,

for the story of the rescue had melted every heart; and what could be more natural than that these two young people whom God had brought together in the dread moment of peril should find it hard to tear themselves asunder after the hour of danger was past? When gratitude is a bankrupt, love only can pay his debts; and if Maurice gave his heart to Euthymia, would not she receive it as payment in full?

The change which had taken place in the vital currents of Maurice Kirkwood's system was as simple and solid a fact as the change in a magnetic needle when the boreal becomes the austral pole, and the austral the boreal. It was well, perhaps, that this change took place while he was enfeebled by the wasting effects of long illness. For all the long-defeated, disturbed, perverted instincts had found their natural channel from the centre of consciousness to the organ which throbs in response to every profound emotion. As his health gradually returned, Euthymia could not help perceiving a flush in his cheek, a glitter in his eyes, a something in the tone of his voice, which altogether were a warning to the young maiden that the highway of friendly intercourse was fast narrowing to a lane, at the head of which her woman's eye could read plainly enough, "Dangerous passing."

"You look so much better to-day, Mr. Kirkwood," she said, "that I think I had better not play Sister of Charity any longer. The next time we meet I hope you will be strong enough to call on me."

She was frightened to see how pale he turned, — he was weaker than she thought. There was a silence so profound and so long that Mrs. Butts looked up from the stocking she was knitting. They had forgotten the good woman's presence.

Presently Maurice spoke, — very faintly, but Mrs. Butts dropped a stitch at the first word, and her knitting fell into her lap as she listened to what followed.

"No! you must not leave me. You must never leave me. You saved my life. But you have done more than that, — more than you know or can ever know. To you I owe it that I am living; with you I live henceforth, if I am to live at all. All I am, all I hope, — will you take this poor offering from one who owes you everything, whose lips never touched those of woman or breathed a word of love before you taught him the meaning of that word?"

What could Euthymia reply to this question, uttered with all the depth of a passion which had never before found expression?

Not one syllable of answer did listening Mrs. Butts overhear. But she told her husband afterwards that there was nothing in the tableaux they had had in September to compare with what she then saw. It was indeed a pleasing picture which those two young heads presented as Euthymia gave her inarticulate but infinitely expressive answer to the question of Maurice Kirkwood. The good-hearted woman thought it time to leave the young people. Down went the stocking with the needles in it; out of her lap tumbled the ball of worsted, rolling along the floor with its yarn trailing after it, like some village matron who goes about circulating from hearth to hearth, leaving all along her track the story of the new engagement or of the arrival of the last "little stranger."

Not many suns had set before it was told all through Arrowhead Village that Maurice Kirkwood was the accepted lover of Euthymia Tower.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

LOVE'S DREAD.

EYES, but for you I had not seen
Her motion, grace, and lovely mien!

Ears, but for you I had not heard
Her voice that spake no loveless word!

And Touch, thou mad'st me understand
Her lips' delight, her soothing hand!

I thank ye for each message brought,
I thank ye for each beauty taught;

But oh, for senses trustier
To give me true reports of her,

Till I might rise myself above
And adequately know my love!

O careless Fate, Love's all to trust
To these frail gossips of the dust!

Paul Hermes.

 RECENT ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

THE illustrated edition of the Sermon on the Mount¹ may be taken as a late nineteenth-century version of an illuminated gospel. It is in black and white instead of in color; it brings in the aid of the graver and of mechanical processes; it represents the labor of several artists, instead of that of one patient monk; and finally it exhibits the naturalistic treatment of the subject curiously mingled with one suggested by a fading tradition of ecclesiasticism.

As if to emphasize the fact that this bit of gospel is to be construed in a wholly modern spirit, the publishers have secured an introduction by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, who is noted

¹ *The Sermon on the Mount*. Illustrated. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1886.

for the earnestness with which he seeks to translate the gospel into the terms of current life. It is a singular piece of writing, in which an off-hand talk blends with serious discourse. We are not especially concerned with the literature of the volume, however, but merely note in passing that it anticipates the slight incongruity of treatment which runs throughout the work. The plan provides for a division of the discourse into three parts, in accordance with the conventional chapter division of the New Testament: each of these sections has its half-title, with brief contents; the text then follows, engrossed in a modification of black letter, and surrounded by decorative borders, which are occasionally repeated; but these full pages

of text are broken up by full-page drawings without text, illustrative of single points, and by vignette drawings, set in the text, which interpret salient passages.

The incongruity in treatment which strikes the eye is in the frequent transition from a conventional to a naturalistic manner, and in the divergent view of the theme arising from the variety of aspects which it assumes to the different artists engaged upon it. One regards the symbol, another the matter of fact, another the fantastic, another the historical, and there seems to be a lack of any especially unifying principle. It is, to be sure, interesting to get a contributory view of the sermon on the mount, and one might go on at some length speculating upon the agreement of such a view with the diverse mind of this generation; nevertheless, in a work of art one is hardly satisfied with such miscellaneousness of method, and would prefer to see evidence of a little more unity of design.

The most thoroughly satisfactory part of the book, if one looks at it piecemeal, is Mr. Fenn's contribution from his studies in the East. He has thrown that oblique light upon the text, which we in this day are wont to expect. With our closer knowledge of geographical and ethnological details, we are no longer satisfied with a local or conventional presentation in art of biblical subjects. To a Venetian or Florentine, Palestine was a bit of Italy, and an apostle was a devout neighbor; but we insist upon a geographical Palestine and an Hebraic apostle. Thus we get what we want in Mr. Fenn's view of the desolate mount on which the sermon was said to have been delivered, and at once begin our skeptical speculations as to how the scene could have been realized in such a place. Very lovely, too, is his representation of a real city set upon a real hill, and his Mount of Olives is not a painstaking restoration of the

place in the Saviour's day, but a faithful picture of its present appearance. This picture, by the way, is interjected as a general accompaniment to the series, for it does not strictly appertain to the discourse. So, also, the view of Jerusalem, by the same artist, is that which he took on the spot, unaffected by any purpose at realizing "the city of the great king." His final sketch of a ruined house is the only one which may be said to have an imaginative reference to the text.

One looks at these delicate engravings, after an artist who has a delightful sense of pure color, with unbroken enjoyment. One is not disturbed by any question as to what they illustrate. He could see them in a portfolio or on the wall, and never have a suspicion of the sermon on the mount. A frugal publisher could use them to illustrate any number of other biblical portions with equal pertinence, or could apply them to anthologies of verse, or some *Travels in the East*. If they were dropped out of this book altogether the explication of the text would not be lessened. But we are very glad they were not left out, for we are getting our pleasure from the book in a disjointed, fragmentary fashion; and when once we have thrown away any regard for the unity of the volume, these pictures by Mr. Fenn remain as on the whole the most genuine and satisfactory part, and certainly very lovely.

Turning to the other pictures, whether full-page or vignette, we are disposed to consider them by the artist, rather than by the order in which they occur; for we easily fall into the way of considering the book as consisting of sets of contributions. Mr. Sandham's name is attached to the greatest number of designs. He has conceived his subjects in the historical-romantic manner, and his work is in kind what one expects in a carefully prepared book of this sort. There is an occasional remnant of the

traditional; the two similar groups of the Saviour delivering his discourse and a disciple preaching are distinguished by placing the Saviour in the background and surrounding his head by a halo, and by bringing the disciple and his hearers immediately before the eye and freeing them from any unusual character. He attempts an occasional allusive treatment. Thus the beatitude for mourners is illustrated by the angel announcing Christ's resurrection to the two Marys at the tomb. We like this artist best when he keeps closest to realism. The misty angel, mysteriously, if not uncomfortably, seated on a rock which partakes of the angelic character, points upward with an over-developed hand, while the two women take attitudes which, if proper, yet seem somewhat studied for artistic purposes. On the other hand, the dramatic action in the secret almsgiving and the faces and figures in the hypocrites of sad countenance are freshly conceived and vigorously executed. "Solomon in all his glory," again, is a rich and showy figure, though one cannot escape the feeling that it is some one who wants to look as he thinks Solomon may have looked, and thus has a little of the swagger of a stage despot.

Mr. Church throws in a characteristic New England reading of the line, "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake." A Priscilla-like young matron with her babe stands in the wintry forest, while Indians rage, having just tomahawked her husband. The elements of the story are suggested by the figures and scene rather than scrupulously defined, since a matter-of-fact analysis would require the figure in the foreground to be more hidden, and the Indians to be more remote, if the face of the mother records her emotions fairly; but here again, dismissing all context, one may find a sincere pleasure in the pathetic group.

Mr. Harper, on his part, has provided

the enigmatical and hyperpoetical form of interpretation. He has three subjects, and he darkens the text with them. We admire greatly the rich chiaroscuro effects in his picture, "Ye are the light of the world," though we are disposed to quarrel with the engraver for not better distinguishing between the texture of the prophet's robe and the rock before and on which he stands, but the solid black is laid on with courage. It is only when we come to explain the exact significance of the figure that we are embarrassed. We suppose it to symbolize the church offering to the world below a light illuminating the clouds; but the world itself certainly gets very little light thrown upon it. However, the meaning is tolerably clear beside that of the design accompanying the words, "Enter ye in at the strait gate," from which all our ingenuity, patiently applied, can extract no reasonable meaning. The same artist's interpretation of "Depart from me, ye that work iniquity" belongs to the feebly melodramatic order of which the work of John Martin offers typical example. Compared with the corresponding work of more truly imaginative artists, as Vedder, for instance, it seems singularly weak and ineffective.

The other set designs are mainly good, and further show the somewhat desultory nature of the treatment; Mr. Taylor's illustration of prayer giving us a nineteenth-century maiden surrounded by the old furniture which she has picked up at Lynn and Salem, and his miser being drawn from the story-books. Mr. Fraser succeeds better with his publicans saluting one another, which has a bright, really humorous touch, than with his Jewish Family, which is rather formal.

We have reserved to the last a consideration of the work upon this volume which divides the honors with Mr. Fenn's Oriental studies. The decorative borders show a fertility of resources and

a richness of detail which separate them from ordinary borders. Mr. Smith is indeed partial to one or two forms of arabesque ornament which quickly betray his hand, but the elegance and freedom of his modeling easily reconcile us to a general repetition. He shows, however, in this book a wide range of treatment, and if the scheme had required him to supply a fresh border for each design we have no doubt that he would have been quite equal to the emergency. Of the borders which make no use of the human figure we should especially praise the arch and pillars inclosing the words "That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven;" the choice of the form is a very happy one, the impartial goodness of God being symbolized with dignity in the perfect harmony and symmetry of the parts. We are tempted to ask for a little more depth and rotundity in the technical rendering of the design, but the whole effect is so satisfying that the eye rests on it long with pleasure. Again, there is a most brilliant setting of the Lord's Prayer by this same artist, which one longs to see translated into glass; and the reproduction of architectural and sculpturesque effects is singularly well considered, the statues in the niches losing none of their stony character. All of the figure decorations are carefully studied, and not mere meaningless forms. One is reminded of this when, in the repetition of these borders, the use in one instance is fit and clear, in another far-fetched and not immediately applicable; but that is not the artist's fault.

The variety discoverable in this book follows very naturally from the distribution of the parts to several artists, and the apparent absence of any controlling mind, harmonizing all into an intelligible unity. There is no doubt that the entire effect, if a little bewildering, is

rich and ornate, and tempts one to a comparison of details. The contrary impression easily follows from an examination of Mr. Kingsley's illustration of a selection from Mr. Whittier's poems.¹ The reading of the title-page suggests the spirit in which the work has been undertaken. Mr. Whittier's poetry is recognized as finely interpretative of nature. It has the breath of life in it; it is nature living, pulsating, in sympathy with man, sometimes even fantastically reproductively of human sentiment, but always a nature which has been seen out-of-doors, so to speak. Mr. Kingsley, on his part, is understood to approach nature in the same spirit, to undertake the translation of her moods into line as the poet into verse. Hence when he selects Mr. Whittier's stanzas for illustration, we may assume that his intent has been to see into the subjects of the poetry from the same angle as that employed by the poet. Although this book contains no formal announcement of Mr. Kingsley's method, it is no secret that the draughtsman is his own engraver, and that he professes to rely for a portion at least of his results upon open-air work with his tools.

From such conditions one may justly expect a unity and an integrity in the execution of this work of a remarkable sort. It would seem impossible to provide conditions more favorable to a fine success. Mr. Whittier, feeding his eye upon the Conway intervalle, breaks out into the lines, so fervid with emotion, which record his spiritual pilgrimage as he travels through the gateway of the hills. Many a person reading *A Summer Pilgrimage* has taken the lines to himself as repeating, more definitely than he could invent, his own sentiment. But Mr. Kingsley is permitted to see the same view, and with the poem in mind, while the sunlight falls upon the actual scene before him, to reproduce,

¹ *Poems of Nature.* By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Illustrated from nature by ELBRIDGE

KINGSLEY. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

not the view as it lies before the unthoughtful observer, — a photograph could do that, — but the view poetically charged by the information which the poet has given it.

We have taken for our example the first of the designs in the book, but all are substantially to be subjected to the same test. If this soul of poetry be not in the pictures, all excellence of technique is but a barren result, and the mere conditions of execution are of no significance; if it be there, one is privileged to inquire how far its presence is due to extraordinary means. Is the artist and engraver a Whittier on wood?

That Mr. Kingsley does see into nature these pictures intimate rather than show unmistakably. In each design there is something more than a mechanical rendering of landscape effects, yet no one picture, unless it be *Deer Island Pines* or *November*, satisfies one that the artist has passed beyond a certain crude state of expression into that of a really serene poetic mood. Even *November*, in which the gray, gusty aspect of nature is delicately reproduced, has an irritating note in the sombre, misty figure on the hillside. The want of precision in the lines of an object apparently so near the eye indicates a helplessness in this artist when dealing with the human figure, which is further instanced by the two figures in *The Mirage of Memory*, and by the almost childish treatment of the string of men in *The Decoy Beacon*. We should say in general that composition — that test of the real artist — was only partially developed in Mr. Kingsley, and that he succeeded best in those scenes which the camera would outline for him. Thus his comparative failures in this book are *The Storm on Lake Asquam*, *Night after a Storm at Sea*, *The Three Bells*, and *The Decoy Beacon*. In all of these he has used a certain violence of fancy in place of a strong, commanding im-

agination. Let one, for instance, compare his rendering of *The Storm on Lake Asquam* with Whittier's corresponding verses. The poet has made his few masterly lines to sweep through all the sudden changes of the air with an unfeverish, yet quick, majestic movement, while the prelusive reference to the prophet *Elijah* seems to linger in the reader's mind throughout. There is no straining for effect, but the storm comes and goes in these few verses with a rush and a subsidence which are the very image of nature. Mr. Kingsley, on the other hand, who can of course seize only a moment, manages to solidify the scene by the hard emphasis which he has laid upon the cloud forms, and by the unpleasant marking of his foreground, — a fault which reappears in other pictures, — while the clouds themselves offer a grotesque suggestion of a gigantic form struggling.

It is when Mr. Kingsley contents himself with patient rendering of some fraction of a picture that we can take satisfaction in his work. Besides those of which we have spoken, we may call attention to *A Winter Storm*, where he has wisely limited his work to the expression of a single phase. Evening by the *Lakeside* strikes us as nearest to success in composition, while owing its greatest merit to its reproduction of atmospheric effect. *Mount Chocorua*, if one can keep his eyes upon the mountain, instead of having them drawn off in curiosity to the foreground, is strong where strength is most needed, but the large, broad view with which the book opens is minified by the lines which fracture the effect instead of heightening it.

Yet in all these pictures there are bits so good, so truthful, so full of fine suggestion and poetic thought, that one is almost ready to forgive the artist for his pardonable ambition to make great pictures in the frequent opportunities which this ambition has brought him of

showing how admirably he is capable of expressing a single thought. If the general impression of the book is one of crudeness, the most abiding one, after all, is of native force, and enthusiasm, and genuine love of nature, with a dexterity of manipulation which hits oftener than it misses.

There is a certain uniqueness in the design of this Whittier volume which interests one at the outset. The illustrated *Childe Harold*¹ comes with no such coigne of vantage. It is one of a large class of picture books with which the public is tolerably familiar. The example was set, we believe, by Rogers's *Italy*, and has been followed with fair success, especially on this side of the water. A poem which needs no heralding is placed in the hands of a number of artists, who are bidden express in black and white their views of certain scenes and figures; where actual landscapes or buildings are referred to in the verse, an attempt is made to delineate these; the divisions of the poem are marked by ornamental devices; there are head-pieces and tail-pieces, and sometimes initial letters. The book is printed on paper which is well calendered and tinted, is generally small quarto in form, and is furnished with a cover of temperate richness in decoration.

The fashion being a well-established one, the opportunity for excellence lies not in the variation here and there from the accepted form, but in the thoroughness and general excellence with which the design is carried out. One asks if the printing is even; if the engraving is uniformly good; if the designs, all three or four inches square, are hack work, or genuine, fresh studies by artists who do not count the cost, but give the best they have. It is this last test which is the crucial one. The fact is, the whole sys-

tem of giving out books for illustration is an artificial one, which is not calculated to bring out a high order of work. Suppose the reverse method were adopted, and the company of poets whom Mr. Stedman invited to his recent reception were called upon to furnish verses which would serve as mottoes to one of the exhibitions of the National Academy. They could do it, and there is enough cleverness among them to insure some happy turns in thus matching poetry with art; but one sees, without trying the experiment, that the process is essentially mechanical.

On the other hand, there have been fortunate hits under this general system of book illustration. An artist has worked in a vein which naturally suggests a certain poet, or he has made, out of his own interest, studies in the very art of interpretation of this writer. Then the task of the publisher who is ordering an illustration is an easy one, and the danger of getting a piece of perfunctory work is removed. The secret, we suspect, of success, when one of these formal picture-books is lifted into a real exhibition of good art, lies in the tact and experience of the manager of the enterprise. If he knows thoroughly the aptitude of artists, and avails himself of their interest and enthusiasm rather than attempts to force inspiration upon them, he is likely to be rewarded with at least occasional pictures of spontaneous worth.

We are not preparing by this accidental excursus for swooping down upon the illustrated Byron. It is an excellent specimen of its class. The page is a fair one, printing and paper are commendable, there is an evenness of execution which implies good oversight, and after one has accepted easily the trim, agreeable cuts which occur at pretty regular intervals he turns back to a few which invite more than a passing glance.

Such are those illustrating the lines

¹ *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. A Romaunt, by LORD BYRON. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1886.

"Childe Harold basked him in the noon-tide sun,"
 "Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,"
 "And Ardennes waves above them her green
 leaves,"

and the subjects of *The Field of Waterloo*, and *Pathless Woods*. Some of the decorative head-pieces, again, notably those to *Cantos I. and IV.*, are rich and extremely effective. It seems a pity, since the designs are all of much the same order of treatment, that there could not have been a corresponding agreement between the various decorative designs. Had these all been in the manner and of the vigor of those which we have noted, the contrast between the decorative and pictorial portions would have been heightened, to the manifest advantage of each. The eye is relieved by the occasional appearance of these sculpturesque forms, but takes little interest in the incidental posies, caps and spears, and the like which serve as flourishes.

It is quite another affair when an artist takes some short poem for a theme, and plays variations upon it. No judicious publisher, laying out a holiday book, could call into being so ingenious and efflorescent a trifle as is spun by the wit of two artists working, the one as a complement of the other, upon the material offered by Dr. Holmes's *The Last Leaf*.¹ Mr. Edwards has supplied the figures and the lettering and devices, Mr. Smith the landscapes. The innocent reader, familiar with the airy little poem, may ask, What landscapes? and while reflecting upon the opportunities for figure work may puzzle himself to discover more than one. Little he knows of the nimble fancy by which these clever artists have tossed the poem back and forth between them, seeing a whole story in a word and a life history in a line. Nor is the ingenuity idle or strained. There is reason for each of the well-studied drawings, and what es-

pecially pleases us is the seriousness with which Messrs. Edwards and Smith have taken their pictures as soon as they have slipped away from the suggestion so deftly caught from the text. Once given a clue to a picture, and the picture itself occupies the attention altogether. The only case where we observe a somewhat idle importation of the poem into the picture is in the charming design of the old fellow out on his walk, leaning over the bars by a field. The sketch is quite sufficient by itself without the very obvious moral of a single leaf upon the bare branches of the tree by the roadside.

Occasionally the reference in the picture is allusive, as in the illustration of the lines

"And his cheek was like a rose
 In the snow,"

where there is an interior just ready for an old body: rocking-chair set with slippers in front of it, rose-bushes on the window-seat, and frost and snow without,—a somewhat far-fetched sentiment, but adding a little variety to the treatment. Usually the reference is direct enough, but the picture is full with its own purpose.

The tints used in printing and the graceful variety of the embroidery of the text suit well the light, playful character of the verse; the strength of the picture again responds to that lingering note of gravity which makes this poem a marvel among its kind. Mr. Smith, with his free, forcible charcoal drawings, so admirably reproduced by the phototype process, is not more serious than Dr. Holmes himself, only the seriousness in both cases is the bass in a perfect harmony. The artists may be congratulated that they have found to their purpose a mechanical process which answers easily both to their light and to their heavy touch, and the general effect produced in this well-conceived and well-

¹ *The Last Leaf*. Poem by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Illustrated by GEORGE WHARTON ED-

WARDS and F. HOPKINSON SMITH. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

executed volume is so harmonious as almost to have the value of a new artistic invention. It can hardly set an example to be followed, but we think it

will encourage artists to believe that there are more ways open than they had supposed to a satisfactory reproduction of their happy thoughts in art.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to me as follows:—

"It is believed by many that from the discussion now perplexing the nation concerning a proper memorial to General Grant the need we have of an American Pantheon or Westminster will make itself manifest. The principal arguments advanced in favor of such a project are, —

"First, that unless the remains of America's most honored dead are soon brought together their graves will be forgotten; and

"Second, that the glories of the dead are belittled by the obscure and scattered places in which their remains at present repose."

There are doubtless a dozen other arguments that might be brought forward in support of the plan indicated; but there remain about two thousand objections to it. As the Contributors' Club could not begin to hold so many objections, I shall offer only two or three in outline, after remarking that the conditions which made, and make, Westminster Abbey are wholly lacking in this country, and will be forever lacking.

In the first place, we ought to have a single London, instead of six or seven, each vociferously claiming to be the only original genuine London, the one bright particular spot upon which the national mausoleum should be erected. In the second place, such an institution should be under the ægis of a great established church, in default of which our Pantheon would ultimately become the receptacle

of extinct pugilists and those local statesmen who prepare themselves behind bar-room counters for the toils (and spoils) of public life. With each change of the administration there would be a revolution in the management of the Pantheon, and a cry of "Turn the rascals out!" With the straight Republicans in office, no horrible Mugwump, however distinguished, would be allowed sanctuary there; with the Democrats in power, the gates would be pitilessly slammed on the noses of defunct "offensive partisans." In the third place, the tomb at Mount Vernon and the romancer's grave on the hillside in Sleepy Hollow (to mention no other shrines) are very well where they are, and no sensible person wants them removed. In regard to celebrities who may hereafter pass away — and here comes in a perplexing contingency — it is by no means certain that their families would look with favor on the Pantheon. They might prefer some baseball-ground, or Jones's Wood, or the Point of Pines.

There is something very impressive and touching in the idea of a Poets' Corner, where the sweet singers and sober historians and realistic novelists are peacefully brought together (however little they may have agreed with one another in the flesh), and flattered with statues and mural tablets; but if the nation really wishes to honor that class of its unprotected but faithful children, and at the same time do honor to itself, let the nation make an equitable copyright treaty with England, and the

literary fellers will provide their own headstones. Such a treaty would cost less than an attempt at an American Westminster Abbey, and would be greatly preferable to that amusing but, fortunately, impracticable piece of architecture.

A man of letters wants so many things before he wants to be buried — a comfortable income while living is so much more satisfactory to him than a sculptured monument when dead — that this talk about a national Pantheon, in the absence of an international copyright law, is, so far as he is concerned, a little exasperating. It falls coldly on his ear when he reflects how he is pillaged by foreign publishers, and that even his native land gives him only a few years' proprietorship in the work of his own hand and brain.

— Has it been noted generally that Mr. Howe's *Story of a Country Town* is a striking instance of the provincial influence in literature? What a hopeless and depressing book it is! One feels in reading it that the author has depicted his own weariness of his environment much more than he has portrayed the environment itself. A *littérateur* or an artist, whose lines of life are cast outside the great centres of thought, is very apt, I imagine, to fancy himself accursed of the gods and under the shadow of an immitigable evil. Such an one, if he chance to be enamored of realism, is sure to saturate his art work with an evasive but powerful reflex of his personal hopes and despairs. The preface to Mr. Howe's story is a peculiarly bitter, almost hypochondriacal bit of realism; it is, in fact, sincerity so bald and autobiographically put that it has the ring of a bitterness too personal for the public ear. I do not mean criticism here, for, after all, this preface throws a strangely fascinating light forward over the whole length of the story, suggesting and resuggesting the fact that it could not have been written

under any other than the bleakest provincial influences. The tragic force of *Jane Eyre* is not found in Mr. Howe's story, but one is continually reminded of Charlotte Brontë, as one reads page after page of cheerless quasi-realism, gloomy, almost romantic, that affects one like a confession. The *Story of a Country Town* is, in fact, a romance. It is not true to Western life, which is the most cheerful and rollicking life in the world; but it is true to Mr. Howe's disgust for its limitations, its lack of sympathy with art, its rawness, and its uninspiring air of mere largeness. Mr. Howe is a realist only in method. He is a visionary, a dreamer of weird dreams, a builder of strange, haunted castles. The people of his book are not the wide-awake, cheerful, energetic, virile Westerners whose achievements have astonished the world; they are the creatures of a powerful imagination, laboring under galling restraints, and tinged — nay, deeply dyed — with the morbidness born of personal isolation and an inordinate longing for recognition. Nothing would seem more natural than for the provincial author, subjected, as he must be, to harrowing hindrances, vexations, and disappointments, to fall into a jaundiced state, and see everything around him through a cheerless mist. It would be a curious and interesting study for some patient investigator, this question of provincial literary life, and of the value of provincial literature. I imagine that an author born and reared far from the great centres of culture, and who undertakes to achieve recognition with his pen at such a distance from all the strongest literary influences, may not be able to keep his own personal history out of his work. The world over, your provincial is a person who considers his special ambition the whole of life. Once he takes into his nostrils a whiff from the "odorous Araby of art," he begins longing "to go on pilgrimages," and

to drink from the wells of a "far countrie." Not often has this solitary victim of ambition that desperate energy which hurled Alphonse Daudet and his great predecessor, Balzac, into Paris ; but persistence and unlimited earnestness he is sure to possess. He becomes next to a monomaniac on the subject of authorship and his especial mission therein. He imagines rich pastures from which he is temporarily walled out, and he racks his brain over cunning plans for breaking in. The result is a sort of literature quite *sui generis*, having scarcely any element in it that would make it of kin to the great body of contemporaneous work. There is a flavor of genuine originality in these provincial literary fruits which gives them a value that is not to be overlooked or underestimated. Such books as the *Story of a Country Town*, *Where the Battle was Fought*, and the earlier stories of Cable come to us from outside the circle of the choir, so to speak, and bear upon their pages the impress of genius, growing and blowing in an atmosphere which, while not suited to its highest needs, has afforded it certain constituents so rare and fine that one doubts after all whether its loss is greater than its gain. It is a noteworthy fact that it evidently is hard for a provincial writer to be realistic in the accepted sense of the word. Mr. Howe, Miss Murfree, and Mr. Cable have struggled hard to be analysts ; but they have not yet got the poetry and romance, so dear to provincial hearts, quite subdued and repressed, nor have they been able to gain control of that kind of humor which is the fragrance of a literary vintage peculiar to the great centres of culture. Still, in place of these qualities, they have to offer a freshness and an air of concentrated earnestness seldom noticeable in the works of our sophisticated world-wise authors who toil in the great cities.

— Doubtless no article on a literary

subject, lately written, has been more widely read, not to say conned and studied, than Mr. Stevenson's article on *Style*, which appeared first in the *Contemporary Review*, and which has since been freely quoted and reprinted in the American magazines and journals. The fact is, that mighty little weapon which Bulwer thought so much of everybody is now trying to learn how to wield, and perhaps they all expect that Mr. Stevenson has disclosed some secrets. Rhythm he has taken for his theme, and though not so sensitive as some are to the influences of sound, we must admit that he has written a very ingenious and interesting paper, and because it is ingenious and interesting it will pay for at least one attentive reading ; but as far as any practical assistance to the writer goes, the results of Mr. Stevenson's lucubrations are *nil*. Nay, when we come to this sentence, "The vowel demands to be repeated, the consonant demands to be repeated, and both cry aloud to be perpetually varied," it seems to us that the plot thickens. Not that the circulation of practical hints in authorship is supposed by any means to have been the motive of Mr. Stevenson's paper, or that those who have read it with so much eagerness were aware that there might have been a connection between their preferences for the article and their own aspirations, secret or otherwise. The fact, however, that there was, doubtless, such a connection remains true, and the most interested readers, without doubt, laid down the article, after reading it through, with some sense of disappointment. They vaguely expected that so much analysis would lead to something in the end. It is true the article has a conclusion, and a formal conclusion, too, with a summing-up of the points ; but it is a little too much like the famous conclusion of *Rasselas*, and — to carry the analogy further — the pursuit in question like the old pursuit of the phantom of hope.

If it is inspiration that the reader wants, he had better by far take up such an article as Mr. Stevenson's brilliant little essay entitled *A Gossip of Romance*.

Many were disappointed in George Eliot's *Life and Letters* because she had so little to tell concerning her literary performance, and because they found so little apparent connection between her life and her work. Anthony Trollope was not so reticent. He took people literally behind the scenes, and showed them so much of his methods and machinery that even his admirers were disenchanted. But let those thus initiated try to produce a work similar to any work produced by Anthony Trollope, and what is the result? Who is it that can imitate him?

No work of Hawthorne's was more eagerly sought for and read, at the time of publication, than his *Note-Books*, crude though the Notes were when compared with his finished work. This was because in the *Note-Books* Hawthorne's admirers were allowed to follow him into his workshop, into his laboratory even, and find out his secret if they could. This they seem about to do, when the great master-workman turns his back upon them, as it were, and they miss the one process that determines the whole effect. The secret of original authorship is something that cannot be imparted. Inventions, methods, thoughts, ideas, may be communicated to one and another, but when it comes to style, *le style c'est l'homme*.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Art. Engène Delacroix, par Lui-même (J. Rouam, Librairie de L'Art, Paris), is not, in spite of the "par lui-même," an autobiography. From Delacroix's own letters, the memoranda of his contemporaries, and various other sources, M. Dargenty has compiled a charming account of the life, impressions, trials, and triumphs of the great French painter, — the strongest and most original painter of his epoch. In order to be a fine artist a man must be something more than that, and Delacroix was a great deal more. The editor was wise in drawing the chief portion of his material from M. Burty's collection of the painter's correspondence, all of which is stamped with the magnetic personality of the man. To those familiar with these letters the volume will bring little that is new; but the story of Delacroix's life is well worth retelling, and here it is very spiritedly and picturesquely told. — We have received from the same publisher: *La Tapisserie dans l'Antiquité*, par Louis de Ronchaud; *L'Encaustique et les autres procédés de Peinture chez les Anciens*, par MM. Cros et Henry; and the *Dictionnaire des Émailleurs depuis le Moyen Age jusqu'à le fin du XVIII^e Siècle*, par Émil Molinier. These admirable works are rather too technical for the general reader; indeed, they are especially addressed, both in text and in illustration, to collectors and amateurs. The *Dictionnaire des Émailleurs*, however, would be a valuable hand-book for anybody in the slightest degree interested in one of the most delicate and fascinating of the arts. — From Messrs.

Macmillan & Co. we have the latest numbers of *The Portfolio* and *L'Art*, containing the usual variety of excellent letter-press and choice engravings.

Literature and Criticism. Malthus and his Work, by James Bonar, M. A. (Macmillan & Co.), is, so far as we are aware, the clearest and most satisfactory exposition that we have had of Malthus's economic theories and speculations. The writer's attitude is that of the historian rather than the critic: he gives an impartial statement of the problems which Malthus endeavored to solve, and presents the various arguments that have been brought to bear against the *Essay on Population* and the author's other works. The chapters devoted to the critics of Malthus are not so exhaustive as they might have been, yet perhaps sufficiently full for Mr. Bonar's plan. An excellent brief biographical sketch closes the volume, which is written in a sprightly and engaging style not usual in books dealing with so dry a subject as political economy.

Fiction. *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, by Harriet Beecher Stowe, appears in a new, cheap edition (Houghton), and in this form will be a new book to thousands of readers. We shall watch with interest for the effect which the book produces upon persons who read it now as a historical romance. — *Madame de Presnel*, by E. Frances Poynter (Holt), is one of the *Leisure Hour Series*. The author has taken great pains with her characters, individualizing them carefully and avoiding mere car-

icature. The variety, both in persons and in incidents, is marked; and if the work seems a little labored, the reader at any rate perceives that he is in the hands of an intelligent story-teller. — *The Tinted Venus*, a farcical romance, by F. Anstey. (Appleton.) We wish this clever writer would hold his forces more in reserve, and not waste them on such tawdry material as this book offers. Burlesque in literature should be used lightly, and not slapped on as it is here. — *Luck of a Wandering Dane*, by Hans Lykkejaeger. (For sale by all newsdealers.) This fortune-hunter offers in text and illustration a sketch of his early years, which he tells us, in italics, is the record of actual experiences. There is no unlikelihood in this, and occasionally the tale is told with snap and cleverness, but on the whole its humor is rather of the swaggering sort, and hardly worth smiling over. — *A Prince of Darkness and A Vagrant Wife*, by Florence Warden (Appleton), are two more of the unwholesome books which this writer is tumbling into the world. They remind one of the photographs of comedienues liberally displayed in shop windows, proper enough so far as externals go, but dreadfully suggestive of a world in which there is no reserve. — *The Old Doctor*, a romance of Queer Village, by John Vance Cheney. (Appleton.) We think Mr. Cheney is a victim of his own wit, and that in his eagerness to be sprightly he has overshot the mark. — *As it was Written, A Jewish Musician's Story*, by Sidney Luska. (Cassell.) Whatever faults this book has, they are not those of most current fiction; whatever promise it gives, it does not suggest a variation on popular novels. — *Under the Snow and A Picture Story*, by Katharine Macquoid (S. P. C. K., London; Young, New York), are a couple of short stories of Swiss and French life, bound in one volume. — *In Healey*, Jessie Fothergill takes up again the story of mill life in Lancashire, which has heretofore drawn her attention, and to which she gives an artist's eye and a woman's sympathetic thought. The volume is uniform with her previous novels in the *Leisure Hour Series*. (Holt.) — *A Social Experiment*, by A. E. P. Searing. (Putnams.) The basis of the experiment is so improbable that one regards the trial itself as altogether too merely — suppose a case. — *Philip Osborn*, a romance of the Revolution, by E. J. Edwards. (Greenwich Graphic, Greenwich, Conn.) We do not know if this unpretentious little paper-covered book be founded on fact, but the writer has thrown himself into the story with real story-telling vim, and has used the historical material without too much conscious antiquarianism. — *Mr. Arlo Bates*, who has already made one or two ventures in fiction, now comes forward with what may be regarded as a more positive challenge of the public attention in *A Wheel of Fire*. (Scribners.) — Recent numbers of *Harper's Handy Series* are: *Cut by the County*, by M. E. Braddon; *Paul Crew's Story*, by Alice Comyns Carr; *No Medium*, by Annie Thomas; and *In Peril and Privation*, by James Payn. — Recent numbers of *Harper's Franklin Square Library* are: *Entangled*, by E. Fairfax Byrrne; *Lady Lovelace*, by E. Pirkis; *A Coquette's Conquest*, by Basil; *The Waters of Her-*

cules, by E. D. Gerard; *The Royal Highlanders*, by James Grant; *Love's Harvest*, by B. L. Farjeon; and *George Eliot's Adam Bede*. — *Le Père Goriot* forms the initial volume of Roberts Brothers' series of translations from Balzac. The novel is, on the whole, very carefully translated. The publishers are to be praised for the fresh and charming style in which they have issued the book.

History and Biography. The *Life and Letters of John Brown*, liberator of Kansas and martyr of Virginia, edited by F. B. Sanborn. (Roberts.) If one did not go beyond the title-page he would still find something to criticise. *Liberator of Kansas* is a title which no man can carry, not even Governor Robinson, who deserves the title better. But one will not stop at the title-page, and he will be rewarded by a large and important collection of material with which to begin his estimate of John Brown's character and place. — *New York and the Conscription of 1863*, a chapter in the history of the civil war, by James B. Fry. (Putnams.) As Provost Marshal-General at the time, the author of this vigorous little work has a right to be heard, and his claim that Governor Seymour was at heart opposed to the law is deserving of careful consideration. — *History of the Town of Cheshire, Berkshire County, Mass.*, by Mrs. Ellen M. Raynor and Mrs. Emma L. Pettitlerc, (Clark W. Bryan & Co., Holyoke, Mass.), is a delightful variation from ordinary town histories, since it attempts to reproduce the local life without too much anxiety to secure dignified attributes. By following a chronological method, and sweeping in everything they can find as they go along, small and great, the authors have set an example which might well be followed, say, by the graduates of our girls' colleges, who go back to their country homes and wonder what they shall do next. — *Champions of the Right*, by E. Gilliat (S. P. C. K., London; Young, New York): a series of biographical sketches of the didactic sort, treating of Alfred the Great, St. Hugh of Lincoln, Jeanne d'Arc, Wiclif, More, Raleigh, and others. — *Michigan*, by T. M. Cooley, is the fifth number of the *American Commonwealths Series* (Houghton), and will be read with interest outside of the limits of the commonwealth of which it treats. The study of wild-cat banking, given in one of the chapters, is singularly clear, forcible, and suggestive; and the whole examination of the growth of a typical commonwealth will be of great service to all students who regard American history as something more than a matter of narrative; the relation of the State to the Union may be studied here in facts as well as in philosophy. — *The Story of Greece*, by James A. Harrison (Putnams), is the first of a series entitled *The Story of the Nations*. It may savor of hypercriticism, but we would ask if the word *story* is not likely to be overworked. The first suggestion which the title of this volume and series presents is that the publishers or editors are uneasy lest they should happen to be offering something dull. History is history, and this book aims at giving the history of Greece in a compact form, but not a desiccated form. In his anxiety, however, not to be dry, Mr. Harrison has rushed to the other extreme, and irritates the reasonable

reader by his jocularly and forced vivacity. The young reader is aimed at, but the young reader, we hope, does not need to be treated as if he were a poor *blasé* creature, who has had a surfeit of fiction, and now must be cajoled back into honest history. — *Some Noted Princes, Authors, and Statesmen of our time*, by Farrar, Fields, Forbes, Whipple, Parton, Mrs. Moulton, and others, edited by James Parton (Crowell): a collection of short sketches, not formal biographies, of noted men and women. The authors are for the most part those who could bring a personal acquaintance to the task. The book is a readable one, though of very varying literary merit. — *The First Three English Books on America [? 1511]—1555*, being chiefly translations, compilations, etc., by Richard Eden, from the writings, maps, etc., of Pietro Martire, Sebastian Münster, and Sebastian Cabot, edited by Edward Arber. (Scribner & Wellford.) We have not given in full the title-page of this important reprint, which is a quarto volume, and due to the energy of that extraordinary literary missionary, Mr. Arber. The work is of great value to historical students, both of the Elizabethan era and of early America, and to the student of literature as well. — Mr. Lodge's edition of the *Works of Alexander Hamilton* (Putnam's Sons) has reached its fourth volume. We shall speak in detail of the work on the appearance of the unpublished writings promised by the editor. — *Memoirs of Karoline Bauer*, translated from the German (Roberts Bros.), is a gossipy and not slightly malicious volume of reminiscences, dealing with certain Continental folk in the early part of this century. The original is greatly condensed in the translation, and rather improved morally.

Education and Text-Books. Students' Songs, compiled and edited by William H. Hills (Moses King, Cambridge), is a collection of threescore songs sung at college. To hear these songs on the campus is one thing, and the hearer leaves his critical ears behind him. To sit down in cold blood and examine them is to tempt one to altogether too much scorn. What a pity that with all this nonsense and silliness college students should not occasionally mingle a simple old English melody or a song of Franz's! Perhaps if this were done, by and by some college student would produce genuine music. — *Scott's Marmion* has been edited with notes by W. J. Rolfe (Ticknor), upon the same general plan as the acceptable *Lady of the Lake*. Mr. Rolfe again shows himself a most scrupulous textual editor, and the richness with which Scott either directly or indirectly annotated the poem enables him to give a very interesting body of comment and illustration. We think the book is well calculated to give the young student a real enthusiasm for Scotland. — *The Manual of Phonography*, by Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard (Phonographic Institute, Cincinnati), is a revised edition of the manual which for thirty years has been the standard text-book of phonography in America. — *Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene* is a manual for the use of colleges, schools, and general readers, — that is, readers in general, — by Jerome Walker, M. D. (A. Lovell & Co., New York.) The reader looks with favor upon

this manual because it is the outcome of practical teaching in the schools of Brooklyn, and because the book has already passed the criticism of a number of specialists. At first we were inclined to think the book too large, but the division of subjects and the considerable space given to the appendix matter make it possible to use it judiciously without necessarily using the whole. — *The Education of Man*, by Friedrich Froebel, translated by Josephine Jarvis. (A. Lovell & Co., New York.) This is Froebel's first work, and precedes his development of the kindergarten. Its value, therefore, is not so much in its practical suggestion, although that forms an important part, as in its philosophical analysis of the growing man. Miss Jarvis's translation is sometimes apparently faithful to the original at the expense of freedom and clearness. — *Outline of Lecture Notes on General Chemistry*, by John T. Stoddard (Harris, Rogers & Co., Boston): a compact handbook for use in the laboratory. — *Text-Book of Newfoundland History*, for the use of schools and academies, by the Rev. M. Harvey. (Doyle and Whittle, Boston.) While this little book necessarily appeals first to Newfoundland people, it is so clear and well arranged an account of a history which in its early passages is identified with the English possession of America that it will be found of value to all young students of our history. The writer is singularly well equipped for his task. — Austin Stickney has prepared a text of Cicero's *De Officiis*, with an introductory essay and commentary. — *The Song Budget*, a collection of songs and music for schools and educational gatherings, compiled by E. V. De Graff. (Bardeen, Syracuse.) The bulk of the book is made up of songs which have caught the ear of two or three generations. — Mr. W. H. Rawle's *Phi Beta Kappa* address has been published by Porter & Coates, under the title *The Case of the Educated Unemployed*. — *The Study of Political Economy*, by J. Laurence Laughlin (Appleton), is a little volume of hints to students and teachers given by an enthusiastic professor, who sees in the study to which he has devoted himself the wide relations borne to law, theology, politics, history, and various departments of practical life. His words are intended to lure other men, especially other young men, to this study. A reading of the book by teachers ought to lead to a more intelligible and a broader treatment of the themes.

Public Affairs. Our *Sea-Coast Defenses*, by Eugene Griffin, is the first of a series of *Military Monographs*, published by the Military Service Institution. (Putnams.) The work is not revolutionary in its tone, but critical, examining the several methods now in use. The author naturally expends much of his inquiry upon the condition of New York harbor, and shows clearly how defenseless the place is. — *The Annual Report of the operations of the United States Life-Saving Service*, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1884 (Government Printing Office, Washington), contains, besides its official and technical information, uncopyrighted material for the use of novelists who need to wreck their characters. — *The Science of Business*, a study of the principles controlling the

laws of exchange, by Roderick H. Smith (Putnams), will arrest attention by the clearness of its statements, the confidence which the author shows in his positions, and the firm grasp of the laws underlying commercial operations. It is not often that so trenchant a book appears. — The American Caucus System, its origin, purpose, and ability, by George W. Lawton. (Putnams.) Mr. Lawton gives a crisp and apparently well-studied historical account of the caucus. He is disposed to accept it as a necessity, and so suggests measures by which it may be a servant, and not a master. Perhaps it did not come within the scope of his subject, but would it not have been well to outline the methods used in parts of America where the caucus does not hold, to accomplish the same results? — The Writings and Speeches of Samuel J. Tilden, edited by John Bigelow. In two volumes. (Harpers.) We are very glad that so convenient a repertory of Mr. Tilden's writings has been formed. A public man's character is tried chiefly by his deeds, and Mr. Tilden suffers the enormous disadvantage of defeat; but these writings so far record his public acts and views that if he ever is to enjoy a rehabilitation at the hands of historians they will have no excuse for examining well his claims to the place which his devoted friends assign to him. — Population by Ages, a contribution to the analysis of the social condition of the United States, with special reference to the cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, by William S. Landsberg, Baltimore: a pamphlet of thirty pages.

Books for Young People. The Adventures of Jimmy Brown, written by himself and edited by W. L. Alden (Harpers), is hardly to be commended, and reads as if the author were desperately resolved not to be serious. It belongs to the general order of cheap and not over-nice fun. It supposes not merely a mischievous boy, but a witless one. — Lives of Poor Boys who became Famous, by Sarah K. Bolton. (Crowell.) Mrs. Bolton has chosen her twenty-eight subjects from various nationalities and professions. There is no apparent system except that of variety. The one thread which runs through them is suggested by the title; but is not this notion rather overdone? Judging from the literature of the subject, one would say that to be famous one must begin poor. Will not some one encourage the disheartened rich boy? The truth is that in the churning of modern society the distinction of poor and rich in the matter of fame is pretty well obliterated. At any rate, there is more need of telling the story of truth, honesty, and righteousness with utter subordination of poverty and wealth. — Chapters on Plant Life, by Sophie Bledsoe Herrick (Harpers), is an interesting little volume, which commends it-

self by the unaffected simplicity of its language and its freedom from that feverish fear lest one's audience should slip away, which characterizes so much of the literature of knowledge for young people. — The Pine Cone Stories, by Willis Boyd Allen (Lothrop), is a volume of short stories slightly strung on a thread of incident. They are cheerful, brisk stories, by a disciple apparently of Dickens and Mr. Hale. — The Boy's Book of Battle Lyrics, by Thomas Dunn English (Harpers), is a collection of poems relating to America, but stopping at the war for the Union. These poems are all by Dr. English, and are furnished with historical notes and introductions. The patriotic boy, who looks more to action in verse than to perfect rhythm, will not be so severe a critic of the poetry as his less mercurial sire. — The Adventures of Harry Marline, or Notes from an American Midshipman's Lucky Bag, by Admiral Porter. (Appleton.) Avast there! At this point our nautical style breaks down, but we wish we could go on, for ordinary language fails in noticing a book which sets back the clock to the time when Captain Marryat sailed the seas with all the boys behind him. Admiral Porter's book suggests a voyage round the world for the writing of it, and another for the reading. — Birchwood, by Jak (Crowell), is a readable book detailing the experiences of some young people, who profited by the hints of sensible elders, and worked out on a small scale the problem of self-education in natural history.

Travel and Nature. By-Ways and Bird Notes, by Maurice Thompson. (John B. Alden, New York.) We are always, unfailingly, glad to meet Mr. Thompson out-of-doors, and we should have no objection if this charming little book were longer, but for heaven's sake, not longer in the page. — Fish and Men in the Maine Islands, by W. H. Bishop (Harpers), is a pleasant little reprint from Harper's Monthly, but shockingly ill made up in its form, without title-page, and with the cuts all looking as if they were not at home. — Souvenirs of Some Continents, by Archibald Forbes (Harpers): the bright, somewhat fragmentary experiences of a clever journalist, who is always listened to attentively because he is both a man of the world and an honest, wholesome reporter of men and things. — Old World Questions and New World Answers, by Daniel Pidgeon. (Harpers.) Mr. Pidgeon, who is a civil engineer, visited this country, and had in his mind those social and industrial problems which are vexing Europe, and especially England. He was a good observer and a thoughtful man, and his studies were made with care and apparently without prejudice. It is not often that an English traveler sends back such useful hints to America. These last three volumes are in Harper's Handy Series.